THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

Volume 202, Number 49

June 7, 1930

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Isaac F. Marcosson—Charles Brackett—Clarence W. Barron—Thomas Beer
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. . . .

Care of the teeth, at home, was modernized *by* DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush.*

. . . .

This daily restores what food and drink dim:

All foods and beverages either dull or stain the natural whiteness of tooth-enamel. Gentle double polishing, with DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste, daily restores this natural beauty.*

A REAL DELIGHT

Delicious cool refreshment for mouth, tongue, palate, is provided in DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. It lasts for hours. Everything tastes better. Children love it. Smokers praise it.

the natural clean WHITENESS *of tooth enamel*

REMARKABLE DOUBLE POLISHING (*not scouring!*) PLUS THOROUGH CLEANSING —EACH TIME YOU USE THIS *MODERN* DENTIFRICE

There has never been anything just like this in a dentifrice before.

Night finds your teeth coated with deposits from the day's food and drink. Perhaps coffee and smoking have left stains. Natural brightness hidden!

To repair this damage, every day, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste has been perfected. Gently but thoroughly it polishes, restoring the natural white brilliance of the enamel. Two simple polishing actions take place, *plus* thorough cleansing.

The *two* finest polishers known to the dental profession were selected and refined for DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Together they are much more effective than either, alone. Although far softer than tooth-enamel they polish away the stains and deposits. There is no scratching or scouring—just gentle double *polishing.*

This polishing is not unlike the polishing you give fine silverware when it darkens. *Something never before available!*

There is also thorough *cleansing.* Pure vegetable cleansers purify and sterilize all crevices. Gums are invigorated and protected.

Every good result a dentifrice can safely give is combined in this carefully perfected tooth paste. Made to meet modern needs, it acts with unusual speed.

It's certainly worth trying

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste was perfected by the makers of famous DR. WEST'S toothbrushes and backed by their name and reputation, valued at millions. It is already the greatest success in dentifrice history.

At your favorite store get DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste today. Two sizes: big 25c tube, double quantity 40c tube. The greatest quantities offered by any standard dentifrice at these prices. Get some—and use it.

Just let your teeth have the benefits of this safe, daily polishing. Then watch the striking improvement! The WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Toronto.

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Send free test of DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste to:
Name.....
Address.....
City..... *State*.....

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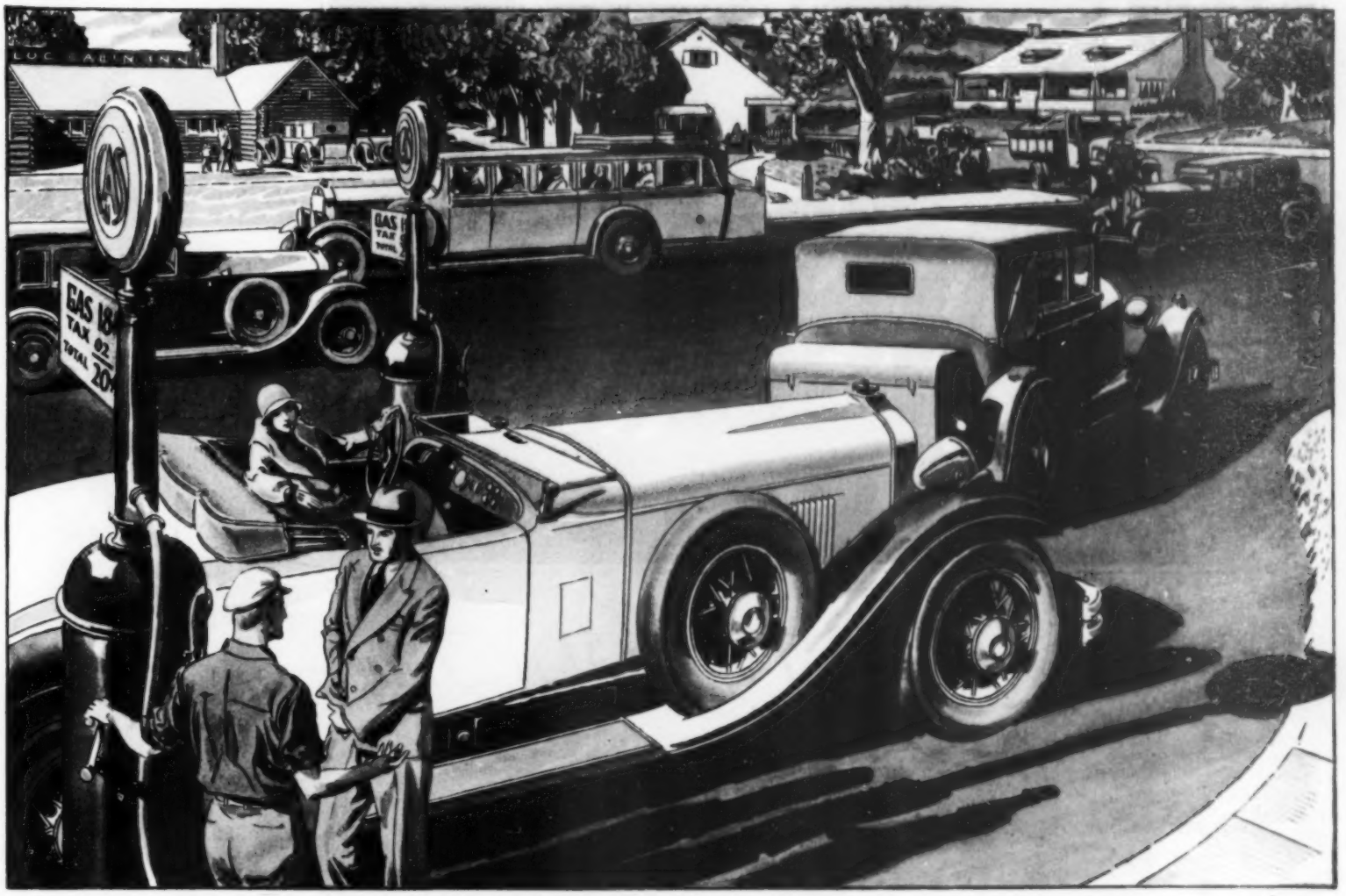
You buy your road when you buy your gas



During 1928, twenty-one states increased their gasoline tax. Massachusetts, Illinois and New York—last of the "free states"—have finally established it. Many states have increased the tax for 1930.

NOW you know who pays. You know that good roads *don't just happen*—that they aren't provided free of charge by a benevolent government. If ever you nourished such dreams, the little signs on every filling station, "Gasoline Tax 2 cents (or more)," have set you right.

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For 26 years, the Tarvia organization has been preaching and practicing the doctrine of "good roads at low cost." Tarvia experience can advise where and how to make economies. Tarvia engineers know how to save money by drawing on local materials—by utilizing old gravel roads as foundations for modern, hard-surfaced highways. Tarvia and Tarvia service will help put those economies into effect.

Tarvia highways are smooth, skid-safe, dust-free—roads which are a credit to any community, without involving the community's credit. The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

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GOOD ROADS at LOW COST

The New CRESTWOOD Tray of COMMUNITY PLATE

is the newest, most charming gift of wedding-silverware for the bride of 1930!

The Tray (shown above) is as romantic as her most secret imaginings — as cleverly practical as her own slim fingers—*free*... with the silverware...

The silverware—COMMUNITY PLATE—so gay and gleaming—new and 'chic'—that it's come to be known as *"The bride's silverware"*—and 'belongs' to a wedding as much as the cake! Six designs—all lovely—to choose from... at your jeweler's.

The design shown is the *"DEAUVILLE"*—Community's very new, very popular, modern design... The assortment is a service for eight people—spoons, knives, forks, and serving pieces—and costs $48.00. Other services from $36.50 to $70.50. And, of course, you can get charming single pieces, in matching designs, for presents that will be the bride's favorites...from $1.00 to $24.00. Guaranteed for 50 years.

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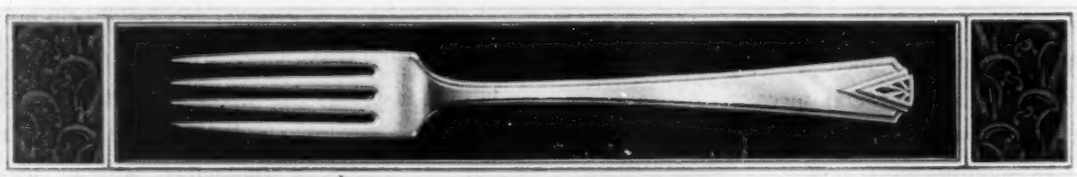
—that you can get silverware services of TUDOR PLATE, designed, made and guaranteed by the same craftsmen who create *Community*? TUDOR PLATE teaspoons are $2.00 for six; a service for six people costs $18.00. Ask about it!



COMMUNITY PLATE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President

John B. Williams, Second Vice-President
Walter D. Fuller, Second Vice-President and Secretary. Philip S. Collins, Second Vice-President and Treasurer
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Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 202 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., JUNE 7, 1930 | $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) | Number 49

CUBA'S BITTER SWEET

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

EVERY schoolboy knows the story of Cuban independence, achieved through the intervention which shook us from our world isolation. That independence, a historic tribute to disinterested American altruism, is now menaced by an economic dependence which is frustrating the fruits of a hard-won freedom. Cuba is in bondage to sugar, and the price of sugar has sunk below the cost of production. Furthermore, the staple faces an additional hazard embodied in the tariff increase which subsidizes our home-grown output and gives further stimulus to the crops in our insular possessions, which come in duty-free. For the Pearl of the Antilles' sugar has become a bitter sweet.

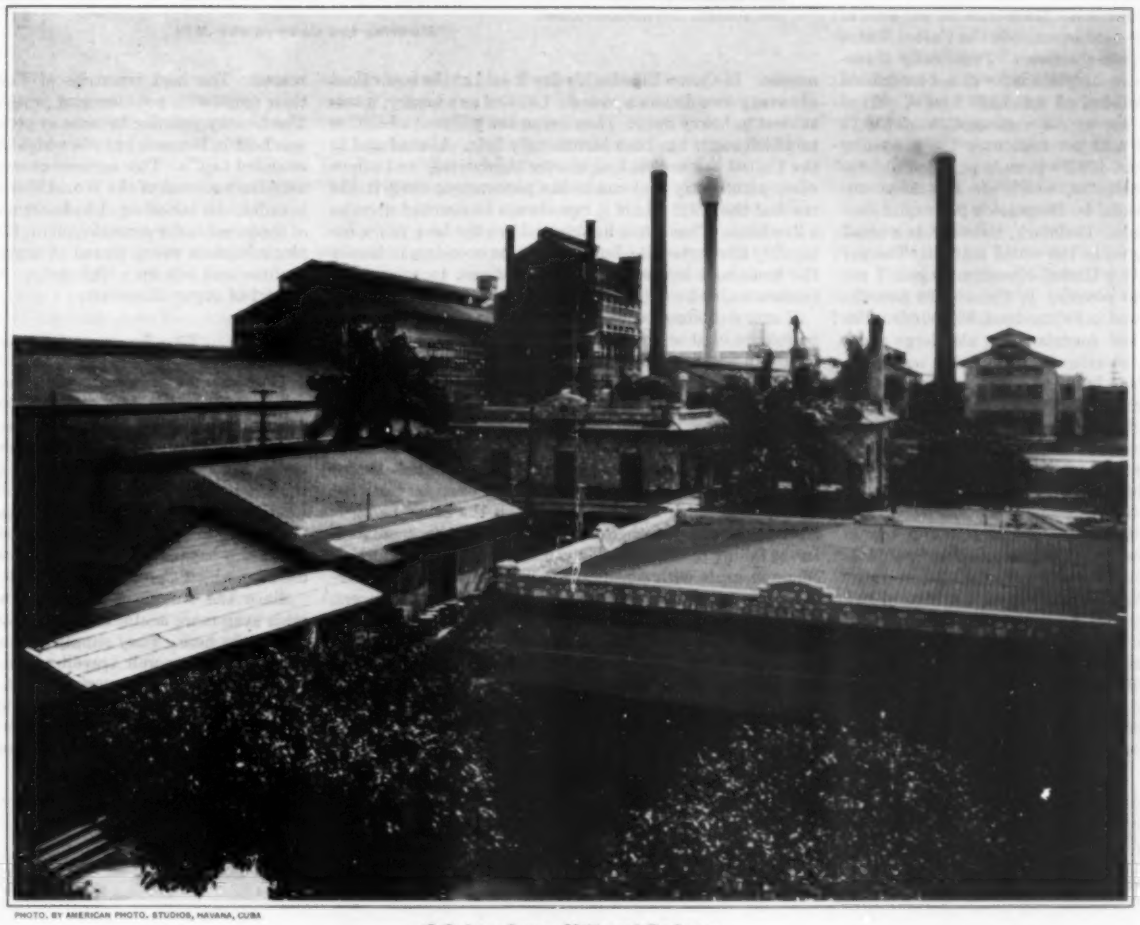


PHOTO. BY AMERICAN PHOTO. STUDIOS, HAVANA, CUBA

A Cuban Sugar Mill and Refinery

The tourists who flocked to Havana last season saw little external evidence of the economic blight that has descended upon the palm-embowered island. The sun was just as brilliant, the sky as blue and the flowers as fair as ever. Ancient castle and modern skyscraper contribute their contrast to a sky line both unique and picturesque. But beneath that tropical opulence lurk unemployment, depreciated purchasing power, widespread poverty and deep-seated pessimism. Cuba looks through the glass darkly because her meal ticket, which we supply through purchase of three-quarters of her principal product, seems likely to shrink. The specter of near ruin stalks about.

Cuba's Claims for Consideration

NOW, if Cuba were a foreign country we could say that it is a case of overproduction in a one-crop country at a time when the world equilibrium of the raw sweet is sadly out of gear. We could argue that she has paid the usual penalty attached to government interference with business. We could slap on an additional tariff, just as we have done with other nations, and feel that we have merely run true to protection form. No one need be told, at this late date, that we live in a time when nationalistic and economic impulses are setting up barriers to international trade and good will almost without precedent. Everybody is doing it.

It so happens, however, that Cuba has various claims upon us which should inspire a degree of consideration in her hour of extremity. The first is purely sentimental, because we shed blood upon her soil in the prosecution of the Spanish War, sponsored her birth into power, and through the Platt Amendment exercise a stewardship over her fiscal and political welfare. The second grows out of the fact that in the racking days of the World War, when one source of the supply of essential commodities like sugar was locked in the battle lines of Europe, or the output fed to the fishes by reason of submarine attacks on cargo vessels, we encouraged Cuba to increase her crop and gave priority to all the machinery to that end. Then was laid the foundation for the excess which has brought her to her present plight. Third is our stake of $1,300,000,000, invested in the island; the bulk of which is in sugar acreage and mills.

Cuba Libre!

CUBA is also in the front line of our Latin-American customers. Moreover, the duty on Cuban sugar is exactly one-quarter of all our customs revenues, which amounted to considerably more than $602,000,000 during the last fiscal year. Our little neighbor on the south, therefore, not only fills our sweet tooth but helps to fill our national coffers as well.

There is still another reason why Cuba should enjoy particular American forbearance. Nor is it because historically she represents the beginnings of the New World or that she is the halfway house on the highway that stretches to the southern seas. Cuba is the key to our Latin-American relations. Our influence beyond Panama is largely regulated by our attitude toward, and our status in, the area where Columbus first set foot on land after his sixty-nine days of sailing through the unknown. If we impair her economic growth and thereby engender resentment, it is bound to have a repercussion in the vast domain where, when all is said and done, a considerable portion of our export future lies. Latin-American amity, for us, is an indispensable commercial asset.

Hence an analysis of the Cuban situation—especially in the light of our latest tariff tinkering—is both timely and important. That Cuba should be in a state of crisis is no new manifestation. Ever since "the dance of the millions"—that gilded orgy of Cuban spending which rode the crest of the postwar boom in sugar, only to crash in the deflation that flattened the pocketbook of the rest of the world—sugar has been storm-tossed.

Three years ago I visited the island when one of the periodic crises existed. Then politics vied with sugar for the center of the stage. Cuba had another outbreak of "*Cuba Libre*," which means "Free Cuba." Her immediate objective was abrogation of the Platt Amendment, which would mean an unhampered international foot. Acquiescence to the mandate was, and is still, construed as vassalage to the United States. In 1927, sugar had its part in the drama; the first experiment in crop restriction was about to be enforced.

Today the gesture for freedom from the Platt Amendment is submerged in the larger problem of self-preservation on the sugar front. This does not mean that Cuba has lost her ambition to step out on her own. It does mean that food, shelter and the fiscal integrity of the national structure are more important at the moment than world political ambitions. The element of politics is not lacking in the existing impasse, but it is at the Washington end of the picture. Restriction failed for the simple reason that while Cuba conserved, the rest of the sugar world increased its production. Absorption of supply has not caught up with output, despite an average annual increase of 5 per cent in consumption since the war. That, however, is a later story. The point to be emphasized here is that the present narrative will stick solely to Cuban sugar, its vicissitudes of the intervening years, the new intrusion of government into the industry, the effects of our tariff increase, and the possible way out.

No commodity save bread so touches the great mass of the people as sugar. Everybody has some contact with it because it is an indispensable modern food. Nor has any product been so enmeshed in the international political fabric.

PHOTO, BY AMERICAN PHOTO STUDIOS, HAVANA, CUBA

Hauling the Cane to the Mill

Sugar at Twenty-Two Dollars a Pound

SUGAR has a peculiar interest for us because we are the world's greatest consumers. More than 80 per cent of the sweetening materials used annually in the United States consists of sugar or its derivatives. Practically three-quarters of our annual consumption is for direct household use. During 1929 we polished off 5,810,980 tons of refined sugar, which means a per capita consumption of 108.13 pounds, an increase of 4.82 per cent over the preceding year. In 1926 it reached 109.30 pounds per capita. According to the 1927 statistics, which are the latest authentic world figures available, Denmark's per capita consumption was 122 pounds. Denmark, however, is a small country and cuts no figure in the world market. The per capita consumption in the United Kingdom—again I use the 1927 estimate—is 93 pounds; in Canada, 90 pounds; in Holland, 89 pounds; and in Switzerland, 83 pounds. The Germans, Australians and Austrians are also large sugar consumers.

We take our breakfast lump of sugar as a matter of course, seldom realizing the romance and reality associated with it. Cane, which has become the principal source of supply, was known in India as the honey-bearing reed long before the Christian era. The Bengalese were the pioneers in extracting the product from it in the fourth century after Christ, though the Crusaders introduced it into Europe. The first production in the New World was in Brazil and Central America. Empire-building Spaniards brought the cane to Cuba; thereby introducing a crop that has influenced the economic and political destinies of two continents. Those proud Spanish galleons which conveyed Mexican and Peruvian treasures to Spain while Drake roamed the seas also hauled sugar, which was as precious a loot to the buccaneers of the Main as gold or jewels.

What most people do not know, perhaps, is that in the Middle Ages sugar was regarded as a condiment and a remedy, and was not employed as a food product for the masses. In Queen Elizabeth's day it sold at the equivalent of twenty-two dollars a pound. Labeled as a luxury, it was subject to heavy duty. Then began the political affiliation to which sugar has been increasingly heir. Abroad and in the United States it is fought over legislatively and otherwise, with costly and rancorous persistence, until it has reached the point where it can always be counted upon as a live issue. Thus sugar has come down the long years, ostensibly to sweeten life, but actually, on occasion, to harass the household budget, to embroil nations, to precipitate trade wars, and to disrupt the market.

If ever a product belied its quality, it is sugar. Not even petroleum, that other prize disturber of economic traffic, is so rich in potentialities for international irritation. Oil occupies the attention of chancelleries to a greater extent than territorial aggrandizement in other decades, but it is largely because of the widening world struggle for raw materials. Like sugar, it has eccentricities of production. Unlike sugar, the output cannot be easily regulated. Petroleum gushes forth in a mighty flood and must be garnered while the gushing is good. Sugar, on the other hand, is cultivated, and can therefore be economically regulated. In the failure to bring about a common policy of production commensurate with consumption lies the root of the international trouble today. Being the biggest of all producers, Cuba is hit the hardest. Her restriction failed because it was not part of a larger kindred world movement.

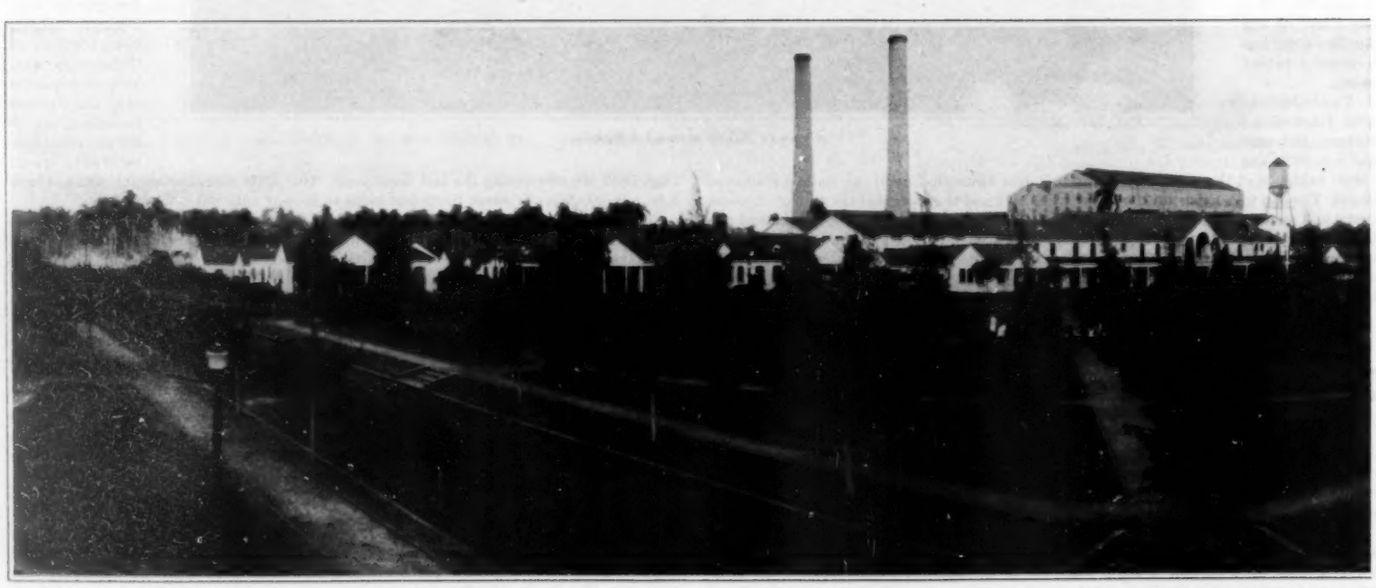
Oil has so far escaped the tariff tangle with all its ramifications of political discord. Sugar, as I have already intimated, has no such alibi. There are no free markets for the product anywhere. About both cane and beet—the other source of supply—every conceivable kind of safeguard is reared. The beet countries of Europe have encouraged their crops with bounties and protected them with tariffs. The bounty practice became so persistent that a congress was held in Brussels in 1903 which abolished subsidies and modified tariffs. This agreement went into the scrap heap with the outbreak of the World War and bounties are again in order. In her attempt to foster a sugar industry as part of the panacea for unemployment, Great Britain, for example, subsidizes every pound of sugar produced within her confines and sets up a high duty. Australia prohibits the import of sugar altogether.

The Beet-and-Cane Rivalry

NOR have we been inactive bystanders, which brings us at once to the crux of the Cuban plight. In a single decade more than eighty bills were introduced into Congress touching sugar in some way. There is keen rivalry between beet and cane producers in the United States, although cane is produced commercially in only one state—Louisiana. The beet interests are, naturally, hostile to the Cuban product. It was at their instigation that the proposed new sugar-tariff increase was written into the schedule over which Congress sweated so long.

Since the American tariff rise will make the Cuban crisis even more acute, we may as well dispose of the main facts right here. They supply the *motif*, as it were, of the narrative of economic travail which is to follow.

Until the Spanish-American War, Cuban sugar, as well as the Porto Rican, Philippine—in fact, the sugar of all other foreign countries or countries under alien sovereignty—paid the full duty of 1.68 cents a pound. United



Factory and Model Industrial Community at Central Jaronu, One of the Two

COPYRIGHT BY THE GREAT WESTERN SUGAR COMPANY

An American Sugar-Beet Field

States beet and cane, and also Hawaiian, were, of course, free. At that time Cuba furnished 13 per cent of our supply. Full-duty sugar came mainly from Porto Rico and the Philippines, amounting to 55 per cent, while the free end accounted for 32 per cent.

Our little brush with the Dons in 1898 not only changed the world map but the tariff schedule as well. Porto Rico, and eventually the Philippines, came under the free-of-duty umbrella. The full duty was continued at 1.68 cents a pound. Cuba, under the reciprocity treaty approved by Congress in 1903, was given a preferential tariff, which is 20 per cent less than that imposed upon like products of other foreign countries. The treaty also provides for a reciprocal reduction of 20 to 40 per cent on products that the United States exports to Cuba. Since 1903, therefore, Cuban sugar has enjoyed a 20 per cent preference in United States markets as compared with other foreign sugar.

More and More Duty-Free Sugar

THIS imposed no hardship on the European, Eastern or Near Eastern commodity, because practically all the overseas sugar that we consume, other than that grown in our insular possessions, comes from Cuba. It meant that beginning late in 1903, the duty on her sugar was 1.34 cents a pound. By 1909 Cuba was supplying 44 per cent of our needs, while the full duty, paid on the San Domingo and Haiti product, provided 6 per cent. The rest was free—grown under the Stars and Stripes at home or abroad.

By 1914 the full sugar duty was reduced to 1.25 cents, which made the Cuban duty 1 cent a pound. This continued until May, 1921, when the Emergency Tariff measure raised the full rate to 2 cents, which placed the Cuban rate at 1.60 cents. In 1922 there was a further increase of the full duty to 2.20 cents, which stood the Cuban product at 1.76 cents a pound; the rate prevailing at the time this article is written, which is early in April.

During these years of tariff change our consumption of Cuban sugar steadily increased. When the World War broke, Cuba was shipping us 54 per cent of our supply, while the free product had risen to 45 per cent. Full duty was being paid on only 1 per cent of what we consumed. Our overseas possessions, under the stimulus of free entry, began to expand their output to the increasing detriment of Cuban shipments. The steady advance in the Philippine output constitutes one of the many menaces to the Cuban industry today.

In 1921 Cuba was sending us 42 per cent of our consumption. Meanwhile, because of the American SOS due to war shrinkage of supply in Europe, she has enhanced her production, until last year, when, after the cessation of restriction, she produced the greatest of all her crops, which aggregated 5,156,000 tons. It contributed additional excess to a world surplus, and prices, already in the dumps, slumped lower.

The Cuban hang-over at the beginning of this year's crop was 417,000 tons; a dead weight to an overburdened market.

For the past three years Cuba has provided practically half of the sugar we absorb, the balance of our needs being furnished by the domestic beet and cane crop of continental United States and the noncontiguous territories of Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands and the Philippines. Full-duty sugar has become a negligible factor.

To complete the tariff cycle so that you can appreciate the effect on Cuba, you must find out just what the proposed new tariff does. In the House the full rate was shoved up to 3 cents a pound, making the Cuban preferential rate 2.40 cents, while the Senate agreed on a full rate of 2.50 cents, thus raising the Cuban rate to 2 cents. These changes, let me interpolate, were made despite a report, following an elaborate survey, in 1924, by the United States Tariff Commission, which stated:

> A careful weighing of all the arguments and of all the results developed by the inquiry leads to the conclusion that from the standpoint both of revenue and protection sugar is a suitable commodity to be subject to a moderate rate of duty. A rate that will maintain roughly the present proportions of domestic and foreign sugars in the domestic market is recommended. From the data now available, a rate of from 1.25 to 1.5 cents per pound on 96 Cuban centrifugal—the standard raw—is suggested as adequate to accomplish this purpose.

It means that, with stagnation staring her in the face, another handicap is placed on the product which supplies the island with more than 80 per cent of her income. The home consumption of Cuban sugar seldom exceeds 150,000 tons a year and, save for sporadic shipments to England and the possibility of a few sales in the near future to Soviet Russia, her major export dependence is upon us.

Moreover, the American manufacturer, consumer and investor are all penalized. Obviously the new tariff will play additional havoc with those hundreds of millions of dollars of ours planted in Cuban cane fields and mills.

At the hearings of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, held in January, 1929, the United States Sugar Association, made up of American concerns operating in Cuba, presented a statement showing earnings of twenty-three companies producing approximately 49 per cent of the total Cuban production, and representing $300,000,000 invested capital. The crop year of 1924-25 yielded a profit of $711,076; 1926-27 netted a profit of $4,229,404; while 1925-26 showed a loss of $7,545,034. Thus, between 1925 and 1928, these companies, including some of the largest and most efficient sugar operators in the world, lost money. The smaller units fared even worse.

What the Tariff Means to the Consumer

ON THE householder's side, the figures are interesting. Taking the estimated raw-sugar consumption of a population of 120,000,000 in the United States this year as 6,248,366 long tons, or 116.64 pounds per capita, you find that under the existing tariff—that is, 1.76 cents a pound for Cuban sugar—the cost to the consumer is $247,007,405. Under the Senate increase it would be $279,926,797, while under the House raise it would reach $335,912,156. Putting it in another way, the present sugar tariff costs an average family of five persons $10.29 a year. By the Senate bill it would cost $11.66, or an increase of $1.37, and by the House Bill $14, or an increase of $3.71.

Granulated sugar has been selling around five cents a pound. This is regarded as a very low price level for sugar, especially when the fact is realized that two cents of the nickel goes to the United States Treasury when the sugar

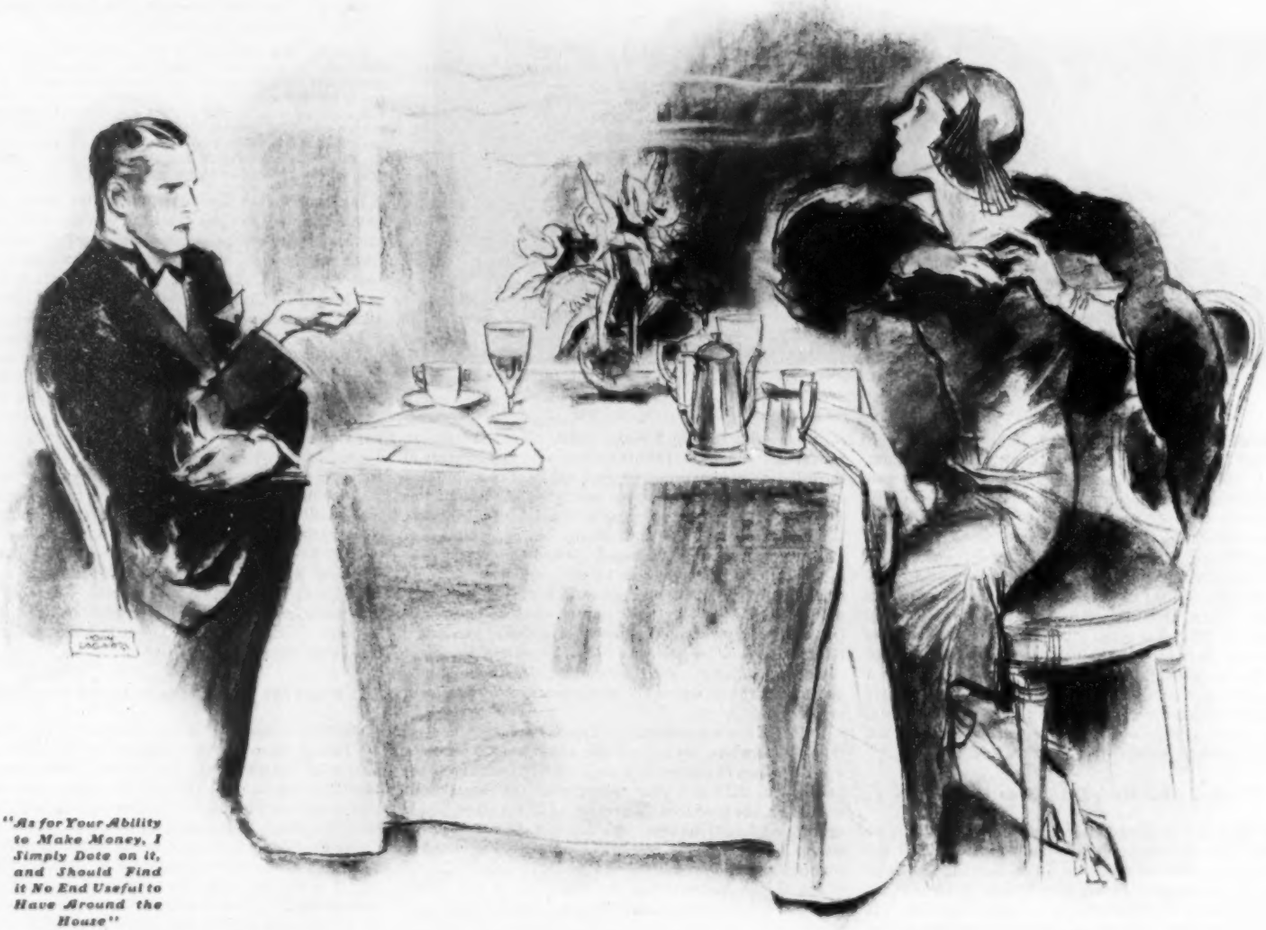
(Continued on Page 105)

Factories in Cuba Owned by a Subsidiary of the American Sugar Refining Company

LADIES CHANGE

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA



"As for Your Ability to Make Money, I Simply Dote on it, and Should Find it No End Useful to Have Around the House"

IF YOU hadn't talked efficiency to me until I thought I was E. Fish & Co. in person," Lew Carmichael said to his cousin, Maude Stevens, "I'd never have made that fool boast that I'd bring in a big account within three days."

"Yes, and you'd never have got the job," Maude returned, all the force of a shot put behind every word.

"Well, I'm not going to get it now," Lew pointed out. "Those were the only two real possibilities I had, and one's in Oklahoma and the other in bankruptcy. The time is half up and ——"

Maude Stevens had been twisting about in her chair, as she did when about to broach a difficult subject.

"You haven't even tried your best possibility," she interrupted him to say.

They had discussed the matter before. He was brief: "And I'm not going to."

"That's right—be a little gentleman," Maude sneered. "If I'd known you were going to have such namby-pamby scruples, I'd never have dug you out of that rut you got into in England."

"It was a very comfortable rut," Lew informed her; "and what made you want to dig me out anyway, Maude? I'm really curious."

"Because, of my five good-looking, attractive male cousins I'd like to have just one amount to something more than a damn. The other four are growing petrified in safe, inconsequential positions that bore me to death. You're my last hope."

It was a pretty good camouflage for the maternal instinct which Maude would have died rather than admit. She herself hadn't been afraid to meet the world in hand-to-hand conflict, but it must be admitted that Maude looked rather like a battle-ax.

"By the way, what do you hear from Alex?" Lew asked.

"We won't change the subject," she informed him. "Now, why shouldn't you call up Mrs. Godfrey? She's one of the oldest friends you have in the world, and she'd be perfectly delighted ——"

"Drop it, Maude."

"I suppose you're embarrassed because you bounded in, the day of her wedding, and tried to stop her from making a mess of her life. You needn't be. If she remembers that, it must be with a kind of affectionate amusement. She must realize that it looked like a crazy mistake for her to marry a stoker, or whatever he was."

"It isn't that at all!" Lew roared at his cousin. "A man simply doesn't ask business favors from a girl he's been in love with."

"Horse feathers," was Miss Stevens' reply. "You've been in England too long. It's time you forgot what is cricket and isn't cricket. People love to show their old friends how they've come up in the world. I counted on this. Why, two years ago, when I saw the item that Milton C. Godfrey was being moved from Cleveland to head a forty-million-dollar syndicate, I knew that there was your big chance, and the moment that this job ——"

"We won't discuss it any more," Lew informed her. "I'm going in to luncheon. Come on."

"I've got to call up the office first."

Maude Stevens was on a newspaper, so he never suspected her excuse, but when she got to the phone booths she immediately looked up "Godfrey, Milton C., res.," deposited a nickel and gave the number so listed to the operator.

"May I speak to Mrs. Godfrey?" she inquired.

"What is the name, please?"

"I'm speaking for Mr. Lewis Carmichael, of Thompsonville."

It was a long time since Lew had been so described. After some spelling out, the butler understood.

"I'll see if Mrs. Godfrey can be disturbed," he said, and went away.

By then the sense of guilt was strong in Maude Stevens, and it seemed an endless time before a die-away, feminine voice said, "Hello."

"Is this Mrs. Godfrey?"

"Yes."

"I'm Lew Carmichael's cousin, Maude Stevens. I used to visit in Thompsonville, but you wouldn't remember me because I'm a million years older. I called up to say that Lew arrived from England the day before yesterday."

"Where is he stopping?" the limp voice asked.

"At the Shelbrook. What I wanted to say is that he's on the trail of an awfully good job, and it would be the greatest help in the world if he could have a few words with Mr. Godfrey. He didn't want to ask you a favor like that, so I'm doing it without his permission."

"Oh!" There was quite a pause, then the voice said, "Mr. Godfrey is so terribly busy these days. I might see what I ——"

"I'm very sorry I troubled you, Mrs. Godfrey," Maude Stevens said, and slamming up the receiver, flounced into the dining room.

"Well, I did it, and you were right," she announced furiously as she sat down.

"Did what?"

"Called up Mrs. Godfrey, and I got slapped in the face with a high hat for my pains."

"Maude, you didn't! You're absolutely the dog-gonnedest."

Maude, however, was only interested in her own rage.

"Put a beggar on horseback," she fumed.

"Ann was no beggar," Lew informed her. "The Fultons had just as much money as the Carmichaels, I can tell you."

"Their house wasn't as nice."

"You mean it wasn't as big, but Ann was the little queen of Thompsonville. She had the best-looking clothes and

the most suitors, and when she married what everybody considered a big-mouthed bum, it turned the town almost upside down."

"There never can have been very much to her or she wouldn't act this way about an old friend. It's probably given her a big head that her father's money gave Milton Godfrey his start."

"I don't believe her father's money did. The pill we've all had to swallow is that Milton Godfrey is as smart as they come. I understand he had Cleveland eating out of his hand before he'd lived there three years."

"And New York is apparently going to do the same thing. Oh, if you'd only kept in touch with them, Lew! I don't suppose you so much as sent Christmas cards."

"Not after he got in the big money. Who was I ——"

"Mr. Carmichael," a bell boy droned—"Mr. Carmichael." Lew followed him to the nearest phone.

"This is Mr. Milton C. Godfrey's secretary," the receiver said. "I had a message from Mrs. Godfrey to make an appointment for you with her husband. He's out at luncheon just now, but I got him by phone and he'll see you at 3:45 at his office."

"You were mistaken about the height of the hat," Lew said exultantly when he rejoined Maude, and he recounted the message.

A rebuff to Maude was not expunged so easily, however.

"I know you won't believe it," she said in her sourest voice, "but what happened is that I shamed that woman into a little common decency."

"So good of you, under the circumstances," Lew told her.

Maude gave a contemptuous sniff.

"Well, anyway, you've got a head start with Mr. Godfrey now," she said; "not that I think you'll use it to much advantage, you insist on being so lah-dee-dah."

In another restaurant farther uptown and smaller, but a great deal more expensive, Mr. Milton C. Godfrey, who had been dragged from a most important conversation by his secretary's telephone call, returned to his table with an impatience which vanished at the sight of the lady sitting there finishing her demi-tasse. Unpleasant emotions were apt to evaporate in her presence, for she was a lady of infinite charm.

"Well, have you made up your mind?" Mr. Godfrey inquired of her.

"I can't," the lady said.

"But it's perfectly simple. You say you don't dislike me."

"I like lots of things about you very much," the lady informed him. "I like your looks and the sense of power you give off. I think you have an interesting mind. As for your ability to make money, I simply dote on it, and should find it no end useful to have around the house."

"Then what's the reason for any hesitation?"

In business Mr. Godfrey always demanded lightning decisions.

"A very old-fashioned one," the lady admitted.

"What?"

"I'm sorry for your wife."

Mr. Godfrey rarely cussed in the presence of the opposite sex, but he did so now.

"Hell!" he said. "How about being a little sorry for me?"

"I know it must be trying to be married to an invalid."

"If she were a real invalid," Mr. Godfrey said, "I'd stand it and never peep, but with all the will in the world, she and the greatest specialists in New York haven't been able to find anything really the matter with her."

"Nevertheless, she's a pathetic figure, and I haven't the character to be ruthless. If I consented I'm afraid our marriage would be like that great house of Mr. Rochester's where Jane Eyre was so uncomfortable. There wouldn't be demoniac laughter drifting down from the attic, but there'd be the distant sound of sniffles from a very unbecoming red nose."

"I keep telling you she'd be happier. The demands of the position I've made are the source of most of her troubles. She'd have liked it better if I'd stayed in Thompsonville and become a leading booster."

"But you didn't. You've brought her this far in your adventures. If you split up now what would she do?"

"Find the sort of second-rate people she likes."

"All alone? That sounds like a pretty bleak search," replied the lady.

"It wouldn't take any time at all with plenty of money in some nice suburb."

"But she'd start handicapped by the knowledge that she was the one enterprise with which you've ever been connected that had failed."

"If that's going to bother her it must be bothering her right now."

"Don't talk to me about her any more, please," the lady bade him. "I find you singularly lacking in charm when you do. Most husbands are when they discuss their wives."

Milton Godfrey was clever enough to know that that was so.

"Say yes to me," he begged, though petition was not his forte. "I start for Colorado tomorrow afternoon. It will make all the difference in my trip if you do."

"You mean I'd be off your mind?" the lady caught him up. "That's the last thing in the world I want. I'll remain fascinatingly indefinite, thank you."

Lew had been waiting more than half an hour in a great, burl-walnut office before the door was flung back and Milton Godfrey strode in.

Like most people, Mr. Godfrey had different personalities for different occasions. For the interview with Lew he had become the heavy executive.

Lew rose to greet him.

"Hello, Carmichael," Milton said, thrusting out his hand for a hurried clasp. "Glad to see you again. What can I do for you?"

The heavy executive was rather expert at getting rid of people quickly.

More eloquent than any description of his manner is the fact that even to Lew Carmichael, who could remember Milton as a green young man who had trouble with his cuffs, the heavy executive wasn't ridiculous.

Milton Godfrey had always been strong, and had the good looks of strength, but the years of success had given him that personal assurance which is one of the magnificent dividends of success. Moreover, he had taken on a polish which, if it was only of the surface, was as convincing as any polish Lew had ever seen. Though not a great man, perhaps he would have been recognized anywhere as a man of immense importance.

"Hello, Milton," Lew said. "I hated to have to push in on you like this, but it's a matter in which time is essential."

Milton Godfrey had picked up some papers and was glancing through them.

(Continued on Page 130)

"And Would You Mind Sitting Next to Me, So That if a Ghost Appears I'll Have Someone to Clutch?"

This Billion-Barrel

An Assembly of Gates and Valves for the Control of Enormous Gas Pressure at the Kettleman Hills Field

OIL is the giant of our national products. It is as futile to try to be conservatively descriptive about oil and set forth the adequate facts, as it is to seek to depict a vast tidal wave or an enormous earthquake in mild and measured terms. Oil demands superlatives.

There is a great drama in oil, and prodigious speculative adventure. There are fabulous riches in it, and gigantic losses. Oil is indispensable to our progress and prosperity. The use of it ramifies in nearly every commercial, manufacturing, distributing, motor, lubricative, heating and transport direction. It warms us and lights us. It runs our tractors and trucks and automobiles, pulls our passenger and freight trains on great railroad systems, propels our ships, whirls countless factory wheels, generates much of our power, fights our wars and flies our airplanes. The by-products of it are used in hundreds of utilitarian ways, and among other things, they make medicine of it.

The Crew That Drilled the Deepest Oil Well in the World—the Mascot No. 1, at the Midway Field, California

A New Industrial Monarch

THESE claims are familiar: Coal is King; Cotton is King; Iron is King. But Oil is Emperor. For example, every person, save a negligible few, who takes a ride in an automobile anywhere in this country takes that ride by grace of a few barrels of oil that came mostly from beneath our own soil. Some comes from Mexico, some comes from Canada, some from Venezuela, and some from other places, but almost all of it is our own product. If you want to be informed concerning the amount of oil we produce in this country, I set you this example in multiplication: The daily average oil output in the United States in 1929 was 3,196,000 barrels. Multiply that by 365, for oil wells, when they work, work every day. Thus we find that our total oil output in 1929 was 1,166,540,000 barrels. Almost one and one-sixth billions. Then, if you are still seeking for big figures, multiply the yearly output by forty-two, which is the number of gallons in a barrel, and there will be a total that will give you a headache.

We might go on, translating this into dollars, adding in the investment costs, and the manufacturing and distribution costs, and the consumption costs, but what would be the use? The totals would be so great as to be incomprehensible. Enough has been shown to prove the assertion that Oil is Emperor, the giant of industry, and an enormous factor in the making of these United States.

It was only seventy years ago that Col. E. L. Drake drilled the first commercially successful oil well in this country, at Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, going down a few hundred feet, using primitive tools, producing some high-grade oil and pioneering this present gigantic industry. Primitive tools is right: A solid drill that was pounded up and down in the hole from a squatty derrick with power furnished by a wheezy steam engine. It will not be long now until oil wells are two miles deep. Wells that are more than a mile deep are too common to excite comment.

There are numerous wells that are producing oil from below the 8000-foot level, and on April ninth of this year the Standard Oil Company of California had a well in the Midway Field, near Taft, California, that was 9629 feet deep, and going strong. Two miles are 10,560 feet.

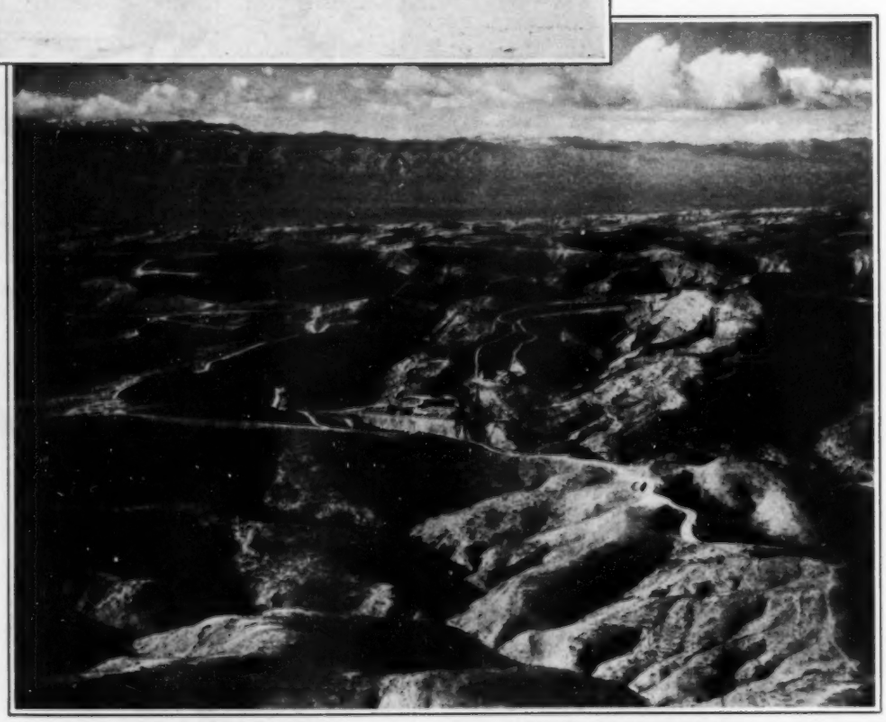
This well is Mascot No. 1, and was spudded in in January, 1929. No special equipment was provided, but the drilling started with the routine tools which have been used in all the work. The efficacy of this equipment, used in all California development, is shown by the fact that there has been no lost time on the project, or had not been up to April ninth, because of accident to the equipment, which was the ordinary rotary drill.

Cementing Pipe a Mile Down

THE rotary drill is simply an enormous auger that bores through the formation as a carpenter's auger bores through wood. It is attached to hollow steel drill pipe, and through this drill pipe and through the bit itself are openings through which a mud mixture flows at all times. This mud is forced out at the bottom of the hole, where the rotary is cutting, and facilitates in that cutting through the formation. It is then forced up on the outside of the drill, carrying with it the rock cuttings made by the drill. The walls of the hole are plastered with mud-and-rock mixture which ordinarily permits the hole to go for a considerable distance before it is necessary to put in casing, or pipes, to preserve the hole.

When the rock is of loose formation or there are cracks and checks in it, the mud mixture enters these, too, and stops them up. Thus, it is necessary to maintain a continuous circulation of the mud mixture to facilitate drilling. There was considerable difficulty in maintaining this circulation during the early part of the drilling of this world's deepest well, and in maintaining that circulation various agents were used, and in large quantities. For example, the drilling mud was at times mixed with such materials as 62,000 pounds of aqua gel, 580 tons of dry mud, 8350 barrels of mixed mud, 650 sacks of cement, 6300 pounds of fissure-sealing compound, 660 sacks of cottonseed hulls, 781 sacks of sawdust and 23 bales of hay.

There is utilitarian drama for you: A drilling crew,



A Portion of the North Dome of Kettleman Hills Pictured From the Air

Oil Country

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

working down through a hole a few inches across and a mile and a half deep, stopping up a bothersome hole in the wall of the well by mixing, say, a few bales of hay with some mud.

When an oil-well hole is drilled, the permanent casing must be run in, and that is one of the uses of the derrick. In this Mascot No. 1, the Standard of California ran in 6350 feet of nine-inch casing pipe, which had a total weight of 143 tons and had to be cemented into place more than a mile below the derrick floor. Think that over for a job of skillful work. The lines and derrick were relieved of about 15 per cent of the total weight by the use of a float valve in the end of the nine-inch casing pipe, which enabled the workers to float the pipe on the mud mixture, but the derrick carried 120 tons of dead weight at that, and will carry as much when the drilling pipes are pulled out. Until this setting of the nine-inch casing, the size of the hole was twelve and one-eighth inches, but after 500 sacks of cement had been dropped with exactitude down more than a mile to cement the pipe in, the hole was reduced to seven and seven-eighths inches, and that was the size of it when it had reached 9629 feet—the world's deepest well—on April ninth of this year, with every prospect of getting down to 10,000 feet or more. The production of oil is all drama, while the manufacture and distribution of it is one of the most highly organized and technical businesses in the world.

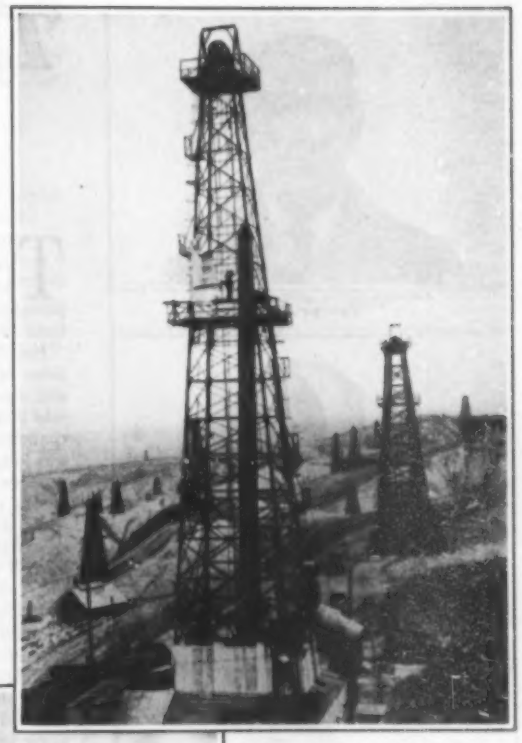
The Drama of Oil

GREAT numbers of inventors, engineers, artisans, experimenters, machinists and mechanical geniuses have so elaborated and improved and developed oil-production machinery since the days of Colonel Drake that now there is no more similarity between his methods and theirs than there is between an oxcart and an airplane.

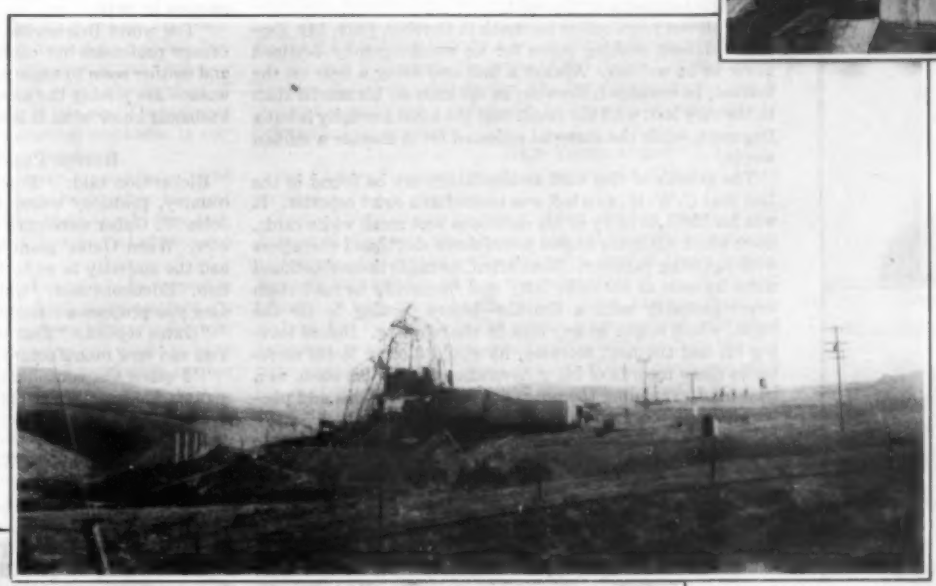
The processes of production have become more and more highly mechanized and efficient, especially during the past fifteen years, and now the great rotary drills, the towering steel derricks, the intricate appliances for getting from the gas the gasoline that was formerly wasted, the vast and scientifically up-to-the-minute refineries, the improved drill piping, the pipe lines, the pumps, the electrical devices, the core-taking machines make even the machinery of five years ago more or less obsolete.

Even so, they have not obliterated the drama of it. Any person who can stand on the platform of a drilling well and watch a head driller and his crew—with the sure and certain knowledge of their craft, and no more fuss than a gang of carpenters make in nailing sheathing on the frame of a house, working with their gigantic tools a mile and a half or more beneath them, with that enormous auger down there grinding through the rock toward the golden sands—without a thrill is a poor, unimaginative clod.

Down this hole drops a mile, or a mile and a half, or more, of heavy steel pipe—7000 feet of pipe—8000 feet—and at the end of the pipe is the gigantic rotary drill, the big bits of it whirling rapidly and boring, boring down toward either wealth or absolute loss. Who knows? Perhaps the sands are not there. Perhaps there is a geological fault. Perhaps the deadly serpentine obtrudes. Perhaps, as often happens, $250,000 or more is being thrown to the winds of chance, for there is no finished commercial enterprise, operation or experiment that has less value than a dry hole. It may have cost $300,000 to make, but if it does not produce oil it isn't worth a nickel. And so many of them are dry—so many.



The Steel Derrick of the Standard Oil Company of California in Use at the Mascot No. 1 Well



A Blow-Out in a Mariand Well at Kettleman Hills, Showing Enormous Power of Gas Which Twisted the Massive Steel Derrick

The rotary drill is a temperamental thing. Not even the most experienced driller knows exactly where his rotary is going when he starts his hole. Of course the assumption is that it is going down in a reasonably straight hole, and the effort is to make it do just that, but there is no telling what devious courses a rotary may pursue, once it gets down a ways. A rotary has its own ideas about where it prefers to go, and it goes where its errant fancy dictates. It may find a bowlder or a formation not to its liking, and go around it, or go slithering off to the right or the left for long distances.

A Peripatetic Drill

THE drill pipe, being made of sections of pipe jointed together, has sufficient flexibility to indulge the rotary in its desires, and there have been instances where the bottom of a hole was a quarter of a mile away from the top, or more. Sometimes this eccentricity loses a well, for the drill may go away on such a bender that it escapes the sands entirely. We thought we had a fairly straight hole in a well I was interested in, but when we found out about it, we discovered that the bottom of the hole, instead of being beneath the derrick, was several hundred feet away under a water tank, with the well about 4000 feet deep. Recent inventions enable the drillers to survey their holes, and even photograph them, but there is no invention as yet, that I have heard about, that will keep a rotary from wandering around in curves and dips and side shoots if the rotary is inclined that way.

All this is what makes the oil business the most adventurous speculative business in the world, not excluding gold mining—and drilling for oil is mining, at that. This is the fascination, the lure and the drama of it. You may sink a well at a place with every geological and physical sign of oil.

(Continued on Page 66)

Another Air View of Kettleman Hills, North Dome

PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y. C.
George Ade

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.
John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.
Charles M. Schwab

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J. P. Morgan, Sr.

P. & A. PHOTO.
J. P. Morgan, Jr.

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO.
Andrew Carnegie

THEY TOLD BARRON

Notes of an American Pepys in Wall

Foreword

THIS material is compiled from a running record of conversations between C. W. Barron, the father of financial journalism in America, and those varied persons of importance with whom he talked intimately during the ten years from 1918 to 1928.

People talked to Barron not only because he was the publisher of the Wall Street Journal and other financial papers, and a power in journalism, able to push or retard their interests and plans, but also because his personality invited the confidences of overburdened souls. In physical appearance he was jolly Kriss Kringle in the flesh. Short of stature, but impressive in breadth and girth, his sparkling blue eyes, ruddy cheeks and whitening beard completed a Santa Claus picture which did not belie its owner; for his heart was as benevolent as his appearance. Always a reporter, he was ever putting himself in the way of news; but his interest in human beings, their circumstances and personal problems, far outran the possibilities in his specialized field. Thus we find his notes a treasure of intimate human portraits in which office boys and innkeepers mix daily with statesmen, caught off their guard, amid the escapades of the elect.

For eleven years before his death in October, 1928, Mr. Barron had been making notes for an autobiography destined never to be written. Always a bull and never a bear on the market, he remained, likewise, an optimist on his mortal span to the very last, with the result that the autobiography is but a fragment, while the material collected for it exceeds a million words.

The genesis of this vast accumulation can be found in the fact that C. W. B., as a lad, was trained as a court reporter. It was his habit to carry in his capacious vest small white cards, upon which his flying fingers jotted down shorthand characters with lightning rapidity. More often, he made these shorthand notes as soon as his caller left; and frequently he read them over—probably with a chuckle—before turning in for the night, which might be any time in the morning. Before leaving his bed the next morning, he would dictate to his secretaries these records of his conversations, using his cards as a basis, but expanding the notes out of his prodigious and photographic memory.

The notes were taken and recorded without a trace of guile or malice, for no other reason than to enable the writer to reproduce the varied contacts of his career in a book which should engross his old age and be of some service to posterity.

It remains merely to say that these notes, though lacking the literary polish which they would have received at Mr. Barron's hands in an autobiography, are unmistakably more veracious, in many respects, than any autobiography he could have written. He was both a warm friend and a discreet man; and in the writing of an autobiography from these notes, friendship and discretion would have sat at either elbow, pulling this stroke or that, emphasizing this or reducing that. These articles, on the contrary, have all the merits and demerits of raw material which, we have an idea, will be considered source material by posterity. Source material, too, of an epoch without parallel in history, embracing as it does a war of unparalleled destructiveness and its reconstruction era, a shifting of power in international affairs and the crescendo soaring of a market boom in which the author of these notes stood near the center and watched the millions roll.

THIS chapter covers a medley of the things busy Americans talk about in their off moments. Here are gathered stories and incidents which escape classification elsewhere, but which reveal famous personalities and colorful incidents in the worlds of business and society at home and abroad.

AT INTER-ALLIED CLUB, PARIS, August 25, 1918.

George McFadden says: "There are five McFaddens in the firm at Philadelphia, but there are forty-one organized houses of McFadden over the world, and we have a force of young men to fill into any place made vacant. The Philadelphia house takes 51 per cent of the profits of its subconcerns."

I said, "Morgan always took 51 per cent of the firm's profits, although he had about a dozen partners."

McFadden said, "We took the idea from Morgan."

ABOARD S. S. MEGANTIC, one of fourteen ships convoyed eastward by the cruiser H. M. S. Leviathan and American destroyers, August 3, 1918.

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis says President Wilson sent for Charles M. Schwab and, quoting Schwab's exact language, said, "You can consider that the President, in whom you have no confidence, does not exist as far as shipbuilding is concerned, and likewise my two-by-six cabinet." Schwab had, therefore, to accept the place of shipbuilding head.

John D. Rockefeller, walking from Stillman's house down Fifth Avenue with Lyman J. Gage, after dinner one evening, said, "Whose house is that?"

"Senator Clark's. It cost $5,000,000 and there are $5,000,000 worth of pictures inside."

John D. exclaimed, "Where do all the people get all the money?"

ABOARD S. S. AQUITANIA, February 1, 1919.

Spent the evening with the Dohenys in their suite.

Mr. Doheny said: "If you believe in democracy you cannot believe in Socialism. Socialism is the poison that destroys democracy. Democracy means opportunity for all. Socialism holds out the hope that a man can quit work and be better off. Bolshevism is the true fruit of Socialism, and if you will read the interesting testimony before the Senate committee about the middle of January, you will see that a majority of the college professors in the United States are teaching Socialism, and that fifty-two college professors were on so-called peace committees in 1914.

"The worst Bolshevists in the United States are not only college professors but capitalists and the wives of capitalists, and neither seem to know what they are talking about. Many women are joining the movement, and neither they nor their husbands know what it is or what it leads to."

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, February 7, 1920.

Richardson said: "Edenborn, one of the rich men of this country, probably worth $50,000,000, told me that he and John W. Gates were once the only manufacturers of barbed wire. When Gates' plant was burning down, Gates actually had the audacity to go to Edenborn and propose a consolidation. Edenborn said: 'Gates, your factory has burned. How dare you propose a consolidation?'

"Gates replied: 'That is just why I want a consolidation. You can now manufacture and I can sell.'

"'I made the consolidation, for Gates was right. I could manufacture and he could sell.'"

NEW YORK, April 7, 1920.

Major Kidder said: "We must get together some evening with A. Barton Hepburn. Some years ago Hepburn told me that a Mexican promoter had invited him down there several times, and he has also had sometime an engagement to go shooting with me down at Tamassee and Tampico. He said he would be willing to go with me very soon. So we went. At Tampico we were met by the promoter, Limatour and General ——. They gave us the greatest dinner at Vera Cruz I had ever seen. Then we went out to buy Panama hats and selected some at thirty dollars. Up steps the promoter to Hepburn and said: 'Excuse me, but permit me.' And he presented Hepburn with the finest Panama hat I had ever seen, costing more than $100 in gold.

"Hepburn accepted and we went on to Mexico City. I could not get Hepburn to leave the City of Mexico, so, at the end of the ten days he said: 'You go down to Tampico and I will join you later.' At the end of about three weeks he came to Tampico.

"About a year later the promoter blew up. I told Hepburn that I was sorry if he lost anything by him. He said: 'Oh, no. The bank lost nothing.' Then he said: 'Major, I could not tell you down at Mexico City what I was after, but the Chase Bank formerly gave this man a credit of $250,000. Now, when he presented me with that Panama hat, I asked myself, "Why?" I am worth a good deal more than he is, and I stayed in the City of Mexico until I found out why. When I came back we cut his credit to $150,000, and then to $50,000, and then later asked him to take up his account.'"

GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK, November 29, 1920.

Miss Grace Bigelow said: "Anne Morgan is a nice girl, and it is a pity that she should be estranged from the family. But Anne Morgan has one of the brightest minds I have ever known and she admires brains.

"I believe in the French idea as respects social intercourse between men and women. The young French boy is brought up to respect women and to pay court and attention to older women, who can give him instruction and wisdom and manners. But in the United States only the young women seem to count. The boys are not instructed properly and do not pay proper attention or respect to the older women."

EDITED BY ARTHUR POUND AND SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE

Street—Big Figures and Small Talk

PARIS, April 4, 1921.

E. Clarence Jones said: "My office boy wrote: 'Life is a struggle, but marriage is a hand-to-hand fight.'"

NEW YORK, November 2, 1921.

Mr. Ernest R. Graham said: "When I was in New York over Sundays, I used to call on Carnegie and walk around the reservoir with him. He had the smallest feet, and was one of the vainest of men. At one time I said to him: 'You have got to look out for the other side. They are grafters.' This was on a South American contract. He replied: 'Oh, that is all right. I have bought that side, so we have both of them.'

"Frick poisoned himself with hatred for Carnegie. He hated Schwab because he was with Carnegie. Frick's doctor had told him that he must never get into discussion or get angry, for, with his high blood pressure, his life would stop. Therefore, in the last years of his life he never attended meetings or entered into controversies.

"In this country today they're not making railroad men or bankers. Forgan is the dean of the banking world. He is poor, but he has never flirted with his bank money. He and Mitchell and George Reynolds and Hurlbut are the banking talent today.

"My ambition is, before I am sixty, to found an American Art Institute such as every European nation has, called Des Beaux Arts. I don't want it called by my name, but I want to be sure of certain fundamental things—that the head of it travels over the world and has enough to live on. The bad pay of our educators is today the fundamental weakness in our institutions. They are starved and go Bolshevik.

"Blood will tell. I know when I have a good man, right at the start, in my office, by the way he handles his lead pencil. You are right in your idea that there should be a personal service to find out how that man lives and what his associates are.

"One of the brightest boys in my office would have been a big man, but he died early. When I went to investigate his living conditions it was too late. He was one of many children with bad surroundings. But he was a jewel and ought to have been saved, and would have been saved if I had looked farther back to see what his home surroundings were.

"Ogden Armour gives more attention to hiring an office boy than to any other detail of his business.

"An associate of Marshall Field & Co. tells me they employ 40,000 people, and there is not a university man in the whole establishment except fifth down the line. You get your men of the future from the office boys and the young men who come into your office."

BOSTON, December 2, 1921.

Galen Stone said: "I am glad to pay taxes, which is paying for fighting Germany. Last year my losses were such that I did not have to pay any for 1920, but for 1919 I had to pay, in 1920, $1,500,000 in taxes. I have a man who attends to my taxes and makes them out under the letter of the law, and I pay no attention to them except to pay the money. I can't understand the state of mind of people who are fussed up over their tax bills.

"Whatever money I have made has been in staying with a property and not regarding fluctuations. I have made all my children rich and have told them it was all right to go into a property as a partnership, but they must elect to stay with it and not mind the fluctuations and not speculate. I never made any money in speculation or dealing with fluctuations. I don't think money is made that way.

"John D. Rockefeller made his money by holding that 24 per cent Standard Oil interest. No concern lost money faster in the history of the world than the Standard Oil this summer. The S. O. people had misgauged the market, and when they expected a famine in oil there was a big slump for three months and the S. O. was a heavy loser."

AMES, IOWA, December, 1921.

George Ade's family said: "George does not know more than the rest of us, but he writes it down."

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, December 11, 1921.

Patterson, of the National Cash Register, tells me that at fifty-five years of age he fasted for thirty-seven days, taking nothing but water. He had stomach trouble and indigestion. The doctors told him he should not eat until he had an appetite. He said he would starve himself to an appetite, but he promised his doctors not to go more than forty days without food. They told him that Nature would strengthen him about two days before his appetite arrived, and it turned out exactly as they said. On the thirty-fifth day he felt young and strong, and on the thirty-seventh day his appetite had returned.

At breakfast Sunday morning W. B. T. said: "Davison is all in, in Texas, and it will be months before he recovers his health. They do not expect him back at the office for a good while. I think he was disappointed that more was not made of him when he returned to the United States. He was very welcome and much honored abroad.

"Lamont's support of Wilson is easily understood. Lamont got in with Wilson at Paris and wrote the financial part for Wilson's League of Nations and was more relied upon abroad in financial matters than was Barney Baruch. In fact, Baruch, I hear, did not see much of Wilson in Europe."

EN ROUTE, BOSTON TO NEW YORK, June 21, 1921.

Timothy E. Byrnes said: "I met Paderewski at dinner. For two years he had been working in the United States but had never seen the President, or any member of the cabinet, or the Washington people, or got anywhere to help Poland. We had some champagne together and loosened up to each other. He came down to Washington to see me, and I said I would introduce him. He was surprised when he found out that I had never met those I proposed to introduce him to, said he never called upon a man without getting a letter of introduction to him.

"We saw Hitchcock, chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, and Lodge, the Senate chairman. Both thought it would be a grand idea to have Paderewski appear before their committees."

NEW YORK, August 13, 1921.

Mr. Charles Norman Fay stayed overnight with me. I was up until 1:30 A.M., talking.

Forgan, the Chicago banker's father, was the maker of golf clubs at St. Andrews, and his older brother inherits the business.

Haskell, of Cleveland, who married a niece of Mark Hanna, was one day talking with a representative of Goodrich and telling him why his golf balls were no good, and the agent explained that the rubber in the center, when covered with a hot compress, would melt and solidify differently, so that the golf balls would be uneven. Haskell said: "Why don't you wind the center, then put your shell compress on that? You can wind it evenly with rubber or anything else."

Fay said: "A few days afterward Haskell was called up from Akron by his friend, who said: 'I have been thinking over what you suggest. If you will go down to see our lawyers in Cleveland and put your ideas into shape, we will pay the expense of taking out a patent and give you 10 per cent royalty.'

"This cost perhaps thirty minutes' work, and he told me later—I think about 1903—that his royalties amounted the previous year to $30,000."

NEW YORK, June 28, 1922.

With George Whelan, Thomas F. Ryan and James B. Duke, for an hour at Whelan's Fifth Avenue office.

Duke said: "Your New England mills cannot expand. The South will take away your cotton spinning. We can make cotton cloth in the South five to seven cents a pound cheaper than you can make it in New England, and we can make the finest goods. We have cheap white help; colored help is no good in the mills."

S. S. OLYMPIC, May 9, 1921.

Sam Hill says: "McBurney cut out William Rockefeller's appendix, and Rockefeller paid the bill without a murmur. At dinner, later, McBurney said: 'It has now been determined by doctors that the appendix ought to be cut out before people are fifteen years old.'

"William Rockefeller said: 'McBurney, you have a better thing than Standard Oil.'"

NEW YORK, October 30, 1922.

Sargent, the portrait painter, said John D. Rockefeller was the most interesting sitter he ever had. His brother, William Rockefeller, said the portrait was good, but he didn't like the look of John D.'s hand—it was still reaching.

EN ROUTE FROM FLORIDA, November 29, 1922.

Samuel Spring said: "I am now with the Associated First National Pictures. We have three contracts for eight pictures from Charlie Chaplin. The Kid was the fifth picture of the series. When we were paying him $100,000 a month, he was riding around in an old Buick. We have actually paid him $1,000,000.

"Griffith is always broke, because he puts too much into his pictures. Cecil De Mille puts $400,000 into a picture. Fairbanks and Griffith each might put in $1,000,000 or more at times.

(Continued on Page 166)

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO.
John T. Derrance

PHOTO. BY MATZENE, FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.
J. Ogden Armour

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO.
John Hays Hammond, Sr.

P. A. A. PHOTO.
Andrew W. Mellon

INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO.
Woodrow Wilson

PHOTO. FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE, N. Y. C.
Henry C. Frick

HIP! HIP! HEREDITY!

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Throwing Her Arms About My Neck, She Said, "Melton, Do You Hear That Elfin Music?"

EXACTLY two weeks before I reached the age of twenty-one, and three weeks previous to the time I left my Aunt Lu's home to accept a civil-service position at the state capital, there occurred the incident I am about to relate.

I had just returned from an evening spent with one of my old pals of the Boys' High, and was standing for a moment in the garden, when, from a second-story window, my Aunt Lu remarked:

"Melton, get out of the moonlight this instant and stop sniffing at those lilac bushes. Come into the house, and if you can't go directly to sleep, review a couple of chapters in your algebra."

Barely five minutes had sped by when the same relative burst open the door of my room with the indignant exclamation, "Well, Melton, and what do you think you are doing now?"

"Practicing on my new saxophone," I replied in a self-possessed way.

My Aunt Lu placed her left hand over her heart and at the same time clutched the door knob, swaying to and fro as though about to topple over.

"His Grandpa Waller," she whispered—"his Grandpa Waller all over again! . . . Melton, tell me the truth—have you started writing poetry yet?"

"No," I replied truthfully, "not yet."

"Throw that saxophone on the ash heap, Melton, and never touch another musical instrument as long as you live. Why do you suppose I never permitted you to take dancing lessons? Why do you imagine I entered you in Boys' High instead of Coed Prep? Why do you think I encouraged you to go in for stamp collecting, amateur photography, bird stuffing and wireless? I had one reason, Melton, and only one—that was to save you from the humiliation and disgrace that all your life long will be dogging your footsteps."

"I don't understand, Aunt Lu."

"You will, Melton—you will. If only your Grandpa Leech had not gone to his reward on May 6, 1894, all might have been so different. He would have acted. But twenty-two years ago, when your poor mother decided to marry young Mr. Waller, and when I protested, was any attention paid to what I said? Oh, no; I was only the younger sister. My ideas were of no importance. The wedding bells rang out, with the usual consequences. Melton, always remember that the skeleton in your closet doesn't come from the Leech side of the family; it comes from the Wallers."

"What is the skeleton in my closet, Aunt Lu?"

"You will know when you are twenty-one, Melton. I will write a letter which will explain all. But for the moment there are just two words which I hope you will engrave on your heart—never marry."

"Why shouldn't I marry, Aunt Lu?" I asked this question because of the strangeness of her remark, not because I was in any hurry to enter into the state of matrimony. In fact, I often wondered how I would ever be able to bring up the subject at the proper time, because the mere presence of girls had the effect of paralyzing my voice.

"You will appreciate the reasons when you know them, Melton. It is enough now to remember that if you wish to save some sweet girl the pangs and tortures of mental anguish, you will never marry. Never! Never! Never!"

II

BEFORE describing the remarkable event which took place on the eve of my twenty-first birthday, I will note as briefly as possible what had happened to me in the meantime.

In spite of all my protests, my Aunt Lu had accompanied me to the state capital, where she had arranged for my board and room in a private family of two elderly people. In addition to dating me every Saturday night for a chess game with the old gentleman, she had matriculated me in two university extension courses, an amateur photographers' club, a wireless club, a moral-problems club, a stamp collectors' club, an evening gym class, and a correspondence course in mathematics. In fact, before she left town she had arranged my life for me right down to the last quarter of an hour. When not engaged at my desk in the Bureau of Public Works, I was scheduled for tasks, duties and diversions which left me no time to make the acquaintance of any girls whatever, let alone marrying them.

Ten days passed in this new environment—days which saw me on the jump from A.M. to P.M. I was just beginning to forget about my Aunt Lu's mysterious warning when, the night before my twenty-first birthday, something happened.

It was 6:45. Up in my room I was running over my economics notebook when the electric lights snapped off. Dropping the notebook, I walked over to the window, raised the screen, and leaned out to see if the street lamps had remained lit.

Somewhere in the distance a saxophone was throbbing; from the garden below came the mingled odor of honeysuckle and lilacs; and at that precise moment the moon, floating out from behind a cloud, flooded the entire front of the house with light.

It would be impossible to describe the sensation which now overcame me. The best I can do is to state that in a faint way it recalled the evening in 1918 when Uncle Henry cured me of the flu after using an entire bottle of what he called his favorite prescription. When I moved my arms they went as lightly as though operated by elastic cables, and I had the impression that if I jumped out of the window I could fly. Across the street the roofs and tree tops glittered with an unearthly beauty. The whole effect was like living a dream, and yet, at the same time, I had the sensation that all this had happened to me before.

There was not the slightest hesitation in my actions as I dumped the economics notebook into the wastebasket and, slapping my hat on my head, hurried out of the house in a direction directly away from the building where the extension class was being held. Along Eldon Street I went, and then across Grover Square to Elm, and thence to Peach. The sensation was like being on a moving sidewalk—my legs carried me along where they were going, with no questions asked or answered. At the house numbered 1208, they turned in and walked me up to the porch where the same girl was sitting whom I had observed that noon.

Without trying to describe her at length, I will say that she was tall and stately, with black hair and dark eyes, and that her way of using the latter reminded you of Mexican movie stars. Ordinarily, the mere sight of a girl like this would have turned me red as a beet. But now, instead of scuffling or stammering or twisting a button off my coat, I seated myself quietly in the vacant chair beside the lady and, taking her right hand in mine, remarked, "Sweetheart, I have spent my entire life waiting and hoping for this moment."

I do not know where these words came from—they just came.

I Looked Around to See a Little Blond Girl About the Size of a Salt Cellar

Before she could reply, I had raised her hand to my lips and kissed it respectfully, at the same time observing:

"If I had my way, I would string the stars and let you wear them as a necklace; if you were mine, I would carry you away beyond the farthest hills. We would break the shackles of civilization and find a paradise for two."

It need hardly be stated that never before in my life had I indulged in this kind of language, yet now it rose to my lips like water at a wayside spring. It seemed to be something I had said many times before. Moreover, I felt capable, in case the lady did not favor me with an immediate reply, of continuing along the same line indefinitely.

But within ten seconds, Lorna—for such her name proved to be—had begun to speak in words which, except for an indignant introduction, proved that her sentiments resembled my own in expression as well as feeling.

"This is madness, Melton," she remarked at 3:45 A.M. "You do not know what you are doing. When your present fancy fades, as fades the sunset splendor in the purple west, do you suppose I shall stand quietly by and accept my dismissal? No, Melton. I have Spanish blood in my veins and, though my parents are not aware of the fact, I carry a stiletto in my stocking. Long ago I made up my mind that if ever the man I loved were false to me, I should stab him to the heart."

"Such a snake in the grass would deserve nothing better," I assented warmly. "I cannot imagine a more despicable scoundrel."

She shook her head sadly. "When you say that, Melton, you show how limited is your experience. There is another type of creature infinitely worse—I mean the man who plays the romantic lover before marriage, only to reveal his true colors later. 'Waste not, want not,' he hisses after the wedding ceremony has placed some unfortunate woman in his power. 'Save the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves. A penny saved is a penny earned. Business is business.' There is the true viper. And I love you, Melton, because I know you are incapable of any such sentiments."

"You are right, Lorna," I said, clasping her tight against my throbbing heart. "My motto is that the world is well lost for love."

"Melton!"

"Lorna!"

Night was shading into morning before I came back to my room to find a special-delivery letter on the table. But I was still in such an exalted state that some minutes passed before I could get my mind off Lorna long enough to examine this piece of correspondence. It proved to be from my Aunt Lu. Without the least introduction, she plunged into what she had to say:

Day by day, Melton, as I have watched your eyes and forehead grow more and more like the photographs of your Grandpa Waller, I have suffered torments. Everybody knows heredity's dreadful habit of skipping one generation to light on and curse the next, and that is what has happened to you.

Through my own private investigations, I know the whole pitiful story of your Grandpa Waller. When your grandma married him, he had already caught pneumonia twice from serenading previous sweethearts. And on these two predecessors and on other previous fancies he had squandered the greater part of his inherited fortune before the wedding day. What was left he scattered in buying useless frills and frivolities for your grandma, and when she remonstrated, his only reply was, "The world is well lost for love."

That was his watchword, Melton. His days and his nights he wasted sniffing at lilac bushes and composing sentimental solos with a guitar accompaniment, and then singing them in the moonlight. And when tragedy overtook him, as the result of standing up in a rowboat to throw a kiss to a lady who was Not your grandma, not only was the homestead mortgaged but your Grandpa Waller's debts amounted to $11,983.54.

Never forget this skeleton in your closet. Steel yourself, Melton, against any inclination you have to becoming sentimental. If you yield to your inherited disposition, you will merely be leading some sweet unsuspecting girl beyond the altar to the poorhouse.

Somebody Grabbed My Right Arm From Behind and Spun Me Around. I Was Face to Face With Lorna

III

ON ANY other occasion this letter from my Aunt Lu would have kept me awake the rest of the night in an agony of remorse. But such was my state that I simply swept it aside and, taking a pad of paper, began to compose poems to Lorna. By breakfast time I had finished six.

"Miss Ebbits," I said to the public stenographer whose desk in the capitol building was not far from the bureau—"Miss Ebbits, I have here something excessively confidential in character."

She looked up at me with a pleasant smile, her face bright and intelligent, though not what you would call beautiful, as she wore heavy-rimmed spectacles and her red hair was slicked back. Closing the small purple-colored volume she was reading, she spoke as follows: "Confidentiality is our stock in trade and the silence of the tomb is our watchword. Even the typewriter, you observe, is soundless. Any business secret trying to escape will be shot down like a dog."

"What I have here, Miss Ebbits, are not exactly business secrets, but they are extremely personal matters."

"Better and better," she came back. "The more personal the copy the more secretive we get. I will do these blindfolded; then I won't have any idea what I am copying. How is that for service?"

In spite of this flip line, her work proved businesslike in the extreme. She turned out beautiful copy, and as often as I wrote Lorna poems—say three times a week—I had Miss Ebbits transcribe them. Occasionally, with my permission, she would cut out or add words so as to make the lines a little more even.

"I've always wanted to work for a poet," she said.

From now on the days passed like a dream. As previously stated in Lorna's presence, my chosen motto was, "The world is well lost for love"; and I certainly lived up to this solemn declaration. I sent Lorna everything from flowers out of season to jeweled garters, and took her everywhere; incidentally, I cut any and all dates previously made for me by my Aunt Lu. I was having such a good time that four weeks after meeting Lorna I woke up with a shock to discover that I had quarreled with my Aunt Lu; that I had quit my job; and that my savings-bank account of $337.96 was completely shot.

"You look as though the parachute didn't open," said Miss Ebbits that morning as I passed through the capitol building. "Has your muse walked out on you?"

After a slight hesitation I explained that, owing to circumstances, I was without a job and also without money.

"You're no worse off than Columbus," said Miss Ebbits, "and look what he did. If nothing else shows, why not appoint yourself ambassador to the housewives of America? Sell them patent dish rags, or a history of the world in eleven volumes, or what not."

Whether Miss Ebbits was kidding or not, I grabbed at the idea as a man falling off a roof grabs at the nearest shingle. Two days later, with the free sample outfit of the Puro Food Company open on my bed, I ran over the accompanying letter from the Milwaukee office:

Dear Mr. Waller: Something tells me you are going to win that turkey dinner and two seats to a good

(Continued on Page 46)

"Melton, Tell Me the Truth—Have You Started Writing Poetry?"

Naval Conference Consequences

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Part of the American Delegation to the Five-Power Naval Conference on Their Arrival in London. Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the British Admiralty; Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson; Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary; General Dawes, United States Ambassador to Great Britain; Senator Joseph T. Robinson and Ambassador Morrow

By WILLIAM HARD

THE consequences of the recent Naval Conference at London can be divided into two parts. First are the consequences having strictly and specifically to do with naval armaments, and commonly called "technical." Second are the consequences going rather beyond the matter merely of armaments, and commonly called "political."

Upon returning to this country from reporting the conference, the writer of this article finds what seems to him to be a considerable misunderstanding of both varieties of consequences mentioned.

It is widely thought, in the first place, that the United States went abroad prepared to reduce its naval fleet to any minimum whatsoever that the foreigners might be willing—within the framework of certain ratios of fighting strength—to meet and parallel. Such a supposition may be gratifying to our sentimentality, but it would be very insulting to our intelligence. Certainly our American delegation did not use any such supposition as the sole guide to its policy at London. On the contrary, the American delegation, like every other delegation there present, was conscious of its own special national naval needs and was cognizant of the limits which those needs imposed upon suggested reductions in certain categories of warships.

The resulting treaty cannot be judged as a compromise between American idealism and foreign navalism. That judgment would impute to us a disgraceful desertion of our national interest and a witless surrender of our national safety to foreign power. The treaty must be judged as an instrument in which we, along with the other nations concerned, were obliged by common sense to retain a large degree of naval force while at the same time happily achieving some highly important reductions and limitations of it. It is only when looked at through both these glasses—the glass of harsh fact and the glass of advancing aspiration—that the treaty can be estimated objectively and truly. It will fail to satisfy those who look at disarmament only; and it will fail to satisfy those who look at national needs only; and the support for it will come from those who are content to believe that life is a mixed affair in which inconsistent principles of equal validity must often be illogically but livably harmonized.

Moving the British Isles

TO AN elaboration of this conclusion the writer will recur in a moment. It is a conclusion which meanwhile should be briefly examined in the light of a certain other situation. That situation is the political one.

It seems to be widely believed in the United States that the treaty will have no political consequences at all. This belief the writer regards as deeply erroneous.

The treaty, it is here contended, will act toward throwing the United States and Great Britain not into any alliance, indeed, but emphatically into what could be called a parallelism of behavior, and it will operate increasingly toward detaching Great Britain from the European Continental system of pursuing peace through sanctions, through commitments to wars against wars. Great Britain, under the influence of the treaty, will recoil from that system more and more, and will rapidly accelerate its pace toward a preference for the American system of abhorring commitments and of reserving full judgment of future contingencies for the moment when the immediate practical aspects of those contingencies are apparent. The treaty, if one may express it in a geographical extravagance, is a floating of the island of Great Britain a bit farther away from the European Continent and a bit closer to the United States.

This conclusion, though unpalatable to many Britons, is justified not only by any and all reasonable forecasts of the results of the treaty in operation but also by the manifest observed trends of general British public sentiment. Great Britain, in much of its attitude toward the problem of peace, is fast going American. That development, the writer believes, will be decidedly hastened by the treaty.

Reverting back now for a while from things political to things technical, and postponing the things political to subsequent better understanding when the things technical have been more completely considered, let us inquire into the reasons why idealism did not wholly have its way at London, and why, nevertheless, it did succeed in abolishing unlimited competition among the world's three greatest navies, and why, in those navies, it accomplished certain momentous limitations and reductions.

Let us begin with the so-called auxiliary vessels—cruisers and destroyers and submarines.

The impediment to the abolition of the submarine, as suggested by Great Britain and by the United States, was primarily the view taken of the submarine by France and by Japan. The British and the Americans could quarrel with that view, but they were obliged to admit that it was the view taken also by almost every small and weak nation in the world. The Scandinavian nations, for instance, though among the most peaceful and inoffensive nations that the world exhibits, are resolute in believing that the submarine is a proper defensive weapon even as it is also beyond all doubt the cheapest weapon for an unaggressive navy to construct and to operate. The British and the Americans could make no real headway against an opinion shared not only by the French and by the Japanese but by virtually all other peoples possessing seacoasts.

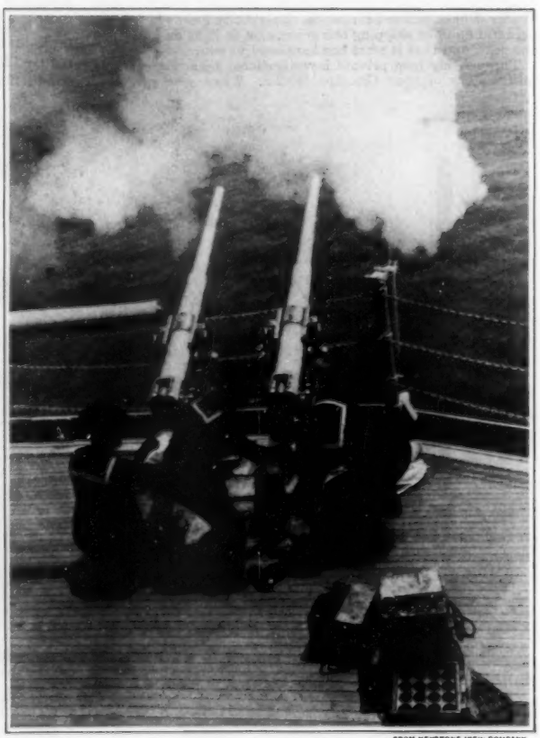
At that point we might rebuke the navalism of the defiant little peoples, but, before doing so, let us proceed to the other classes of fighting ships. The retention of the submarine necessitated possibly a larger retention of the submarine's enemy, the destroyer, than would otherwise have been needed, and to that extent the little peoples might again be blamed; but the case of cruisers is extremely different.

The blame, if it can be so called, for the emergence of the modernistic, high-power, eight-inch-gun cruiser must be awarded primarily to Great Britain and Japan. The United States did not lay down any such cruiser till 1926. By that time the British had laid down seven and the Japanese had laid down eight. Our principal American complaint against the British and the Japanese on the theme of navalism is that they are charged with having forced us into eight-inch-gun-cruiser competition.

We might at that point in this article severely rebuke the British and the Japanese, but, before doing so, let us for a moment leave the auxiliary vessels and proceed to a notice of battleships and of aircraft carriers.

Dual-Purpose Cargo Carriers

THE British, doting on cruisers, are not quite so infatuated with battleships and are disposed to look with equanimity upon a diminishment of aircraft carriers. They, indeed, at London, spoke optimistically of an ultimate abolition of battleships and specifically proposed a reduction of British and American aircraft-carrier tonnage from a parity level of 135,000 to a new lower parity level of 100,000.



FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

Gunners Working With Lightninglike Rapidity While Rehearsing a 21-Gun Salute Aboard the U. S. S. Texas, Flagship of the United States Fleet

The Americans showed no enthusiasm whatsoever for battleship abolition and they resolutely refrained from any aircraft-carrier tonnage reduction at all.

Now, what was their reason? It can be seen most obviously in the aircraft-carrier instance. It is the British merchant marine. It is the immense superiority possessed by the British merchant marine over the American merchant marine in total tonnage and in sizes of units. The number of British merchant ships readily transformable to certain effective wartime uses is very much greater than the number of American merchant ships similarly transformable to those uses. Our naval experts at London were well aware that among such uses it was necessary to list the carrying of aircraft. There is no subject upon which our naval experts are more intent than British merchant-marine wartime capacity and competency. They made the following technical statistical calculation:

That under the British flag there were some fifty private merchant ships which could quickly be fitted out into being effective aircraft carriers, while under the American flag there were only some fourteen. From that moment there was no ardor whatsoever in the American delegation for the reduction of aircraft-carrier tonnage in the American public naval fleet. Nor, for precisely the same sort of reason, was there any disposition in the American delegation to do even any flirting with the idea of reducing our battleship tonnage to zero.

Armament's Vicious Circle

THE truth is simply that reductions to zero, as between the British and the American naval fleets, would not be accomplishments of parity but would be successive steps toward a total surrender of the seas to the side having the most and largest merchant ships capable of being fitted out with flying decks and with six-inch guns. That side overwhelmingly, at present, is Great Britain. The American policy, therefore, has to be—and, in spite of all romantic pronunciamientos to the contrary, is—that at present a limit exists beneath which American naval reductions toward zero cannot go.

Let us then realize that we, in common with every other naval nation in the world, are still at some distance from being able to announce ourselves truly as limitless reductionists. Our clear national interest and safety do not permit it. When the large round pie of the so-called blame for the failure at London to reduce navies to the vanishing point is getting distributed, we are entitled to our slice. This writer makes that statement not in disparagement of our delegation at London but in tribute to its grip on the realities of the situation.

We now have seen some of the impediments to reduction of a headlong sort. Let us summarily recapitulate them. Certain countries, backed by the opinion of virtually the whole world outside of the governments of Great Britain and of the United States, desire to keep submarines. Other countries thereupon, including Great Britain and the United States, are driven toward a larger desire than they might otherwise have to keep destroyers. Great Britain, out of a plentiful experience in the detailed protection of sea-borne commerce, is keen on the keeping of a large array of cruisers. The United States, appreciative and apprehensive of Great Britain's gigantic private-merchant-marine superiority, is determined to keep a counterpoise to that superiority in the shape of a public naval fighting fleet not only of considerable total strength but of considerable strength in the strongest units permitted.

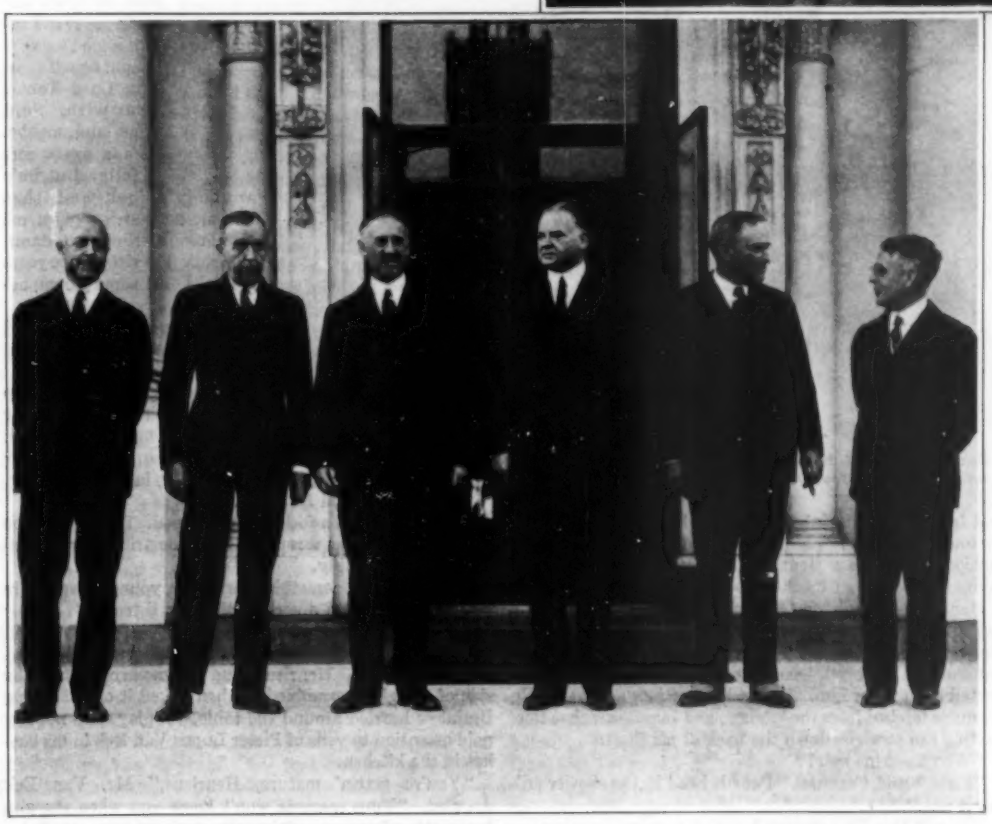
In these circumstances the wonder to this writer is not that navies were not abolished at London but that so much progress was made toward curbing the prospective runaway costliness of the three largest of them.

Many conflicting calculations have been made of the net naval reduction accomplished at London. Many figures of tonnage saved and of money saved have been adduced in confusing variety. For the purposes of this article it is sufficient to point out, with the American Navy as the sole basis of comparison, that idealism at London gave us the possibility of a certain shrinkage in our total tonnage, but that the interplay of the various national needs which were at London assembled left us with a total tonnage still very considerable indeed.

Let us look at our own Navy Department's authentic official figures. Let us look at them for all five basic

PHOTOS FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Henry L. Stimson, American Secretary of State, Addresses the London Naval Conference on the Opening Day of its Session



President Hoover With American Delegates to the London Naval Conference. Secretary of the Navy Charles F. Adams; Senator David A. Reed, of Pennsylvania; Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson; the President; Senator Joseph T. Robinson, of Arkansas; and Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow

categories of fighting units—battleships, aircraft carriers, submarines, destroyers, cruisers.

When we went to the London Conference our total tonnage of battleships was 525,850. We returned from the London Conference under pledge to eliminate three of our battleships from our fighting force. The elimination of those three will effect for us a reduction of 69,650 tons.

In aircraft-carrier tonnage, as has been intimated, there is no reduction. In submarines, built and building, at the opening of the conference, we had a total tonnage of 82,582. Under the new treaty we limit ourselves in submarine tonnage to 52,700. The submarine reduction, therefore, is 29,882 tons.

Our Before-and-After Naval Strength

IN DESTROYERS, at the opening of the conference, we had a total tonnage of 290,304. Under the new treaty we limit ourselves in destroyer tonnage to 150,000. The destroyer reduction, therefore, is 140,304 tons.

Let us now add together all three reductions above mentioned. They give us a reduction grand total of 239,836 tons.

Let us now pass from tonnage reduction to tonnage enlargement. There is to be an enlargement for us in the category of cruisers. We have a certain number of antiquated cruisers which are of no fighting value. They should not be brought into consideration. Our tonnage, built and building, of modern, fightable cruisers, when the London Conference began, was 200,500. Under the new treaty, our allotment of cruiser tonnage is 323,500. The increase in American cruiser tonnage contemplated by the treaty is, therefore, 123,000.

Let us then proceed to subtract the cruiser-tonnage increase from the battleship and submarine and destroyer

(Continued on Page 52)

NO HORSES, NO BEGGARS

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ANDERSON

THE mare Starlight always seemed puzzled by her black colt and never treated him too well. Her former children, Lupus thought, all dutifully ran to cream or yellow. This utterly black beast must bewilder her, and, to make things worse, Augustus was an affectionate son. As soon as a groom took his saddle off, this morning, the colt rushed across the stable yard and rammed his mother in the side exuberantly. Starlight edged against red brick of the nearest stable and snorted twice.

"Get him outa that, one of you," said Lupus, "or he'll lose some hide. She —— There, you got it, Augustus! . . . Look at him move!"

Augustus went, in a great hurry, under the white wooden arch into the yard of the practical dairy. He paused and stared wildly back at his mother. Starlight had now no interest in anything except a currycomb. Her manner was that of a placid gentlewoman in the hands of her hairdresser. She watched the sky and twitched her golden tail a trifle. Nothing had happened. Certainly, if someone had kicked that black pest, she was not concerned.

"Innocent as an egg," said Lupus, charmed. "Somebody mind Augustus. I'm goin' to breakfast. . . . Oh, Gus!"

Gus Mankeltow came out of the garage, very filthy, and nodded.

"We're out of 'lectric bulbs, an' the girls were makin' a bawl about the washin' machine yesterday—an' there was somethin' else, but I forget," said Lupus. "Anyways, you look after that washin' machine first, and see about bulbs when you got time to run downtown."

The general mechanic nodded and went back to work inside the garage. Lupus started up the gravel between the stables, hoping there were iced melons for breakfast, and was overtaken by a messenger boy on a bicycle, at his left, and by the colt Augustus, at his right. Augustus wanted to be petted and the messenger boy had a telegram. On seeing his name typewritten, Lupus rubbed an ear, and his legs chilled inside his best riding boots. That was the worst of having a good wife; when she went away on visits, things could happen. He looked at the telegram in his dark fingers and was simply scared of it. She ought to be home this afternoon, too, and his father had ordered chickens for dinner. Oh, well! He licked his lips and ripped the envelope.

PLEASE INFORM AUGUSTUS MANKELTOW THAT INFORMATION AND THE NECESSARY DEMAND FOR RESTITUTION WERE MAILED TO HIS FATHER LAST NIGHT

PEABODY WELLS LATTIMER AND LATTIMER

Lupus wiped his face and gave the messenger boy a quarter. He should be puzzled by this telegram and interested in it, but now that he had stopped being scared, he was very hungry. Gus Mankeltow looked up from a tire in the garage and took the yellow paper. He seldom spoke. Lupus just wondered what the people with so many names wanted of this lad, and then forgot him at once, because a breeze was shoving some soggy clouds to the west and it was such a fine morning, with the dog Brainless burying a huge bone in the garden, and the pillars of the porch glittering like marble, and honeysuckle fluttering around the kitchen. Also, on the balcony to the east of the red brick house, his son Carolus was doing exercises, in a privacy shared by some interested birds on a great branch of an oak. What on earth the kid needed with exercise was unknown to his father. A Van Eck got to weigh so much and stood so tall at nineteen. After that there were no alterations at all. But Carolus twisted his amber body to and fro, and his black hair flapped when he doubled over to touch the floor. The birds yelled in an encouraging fashion and young Henricus Abram Van Eck trotted around his long half brother, speculating.

Lupus Slammed His Heels Hard Into Bohunkus and They Went Over the Eastern Ditch and a Fence

Henricus Abram's one word, so far, was "Hoss!" He came riding down to breakfast on Carolus and said "Hoss!" generally to his father, his grandfather and the colored houseman. His black head was damp and somebody had parted his hair for him. He got his face into a bowl which his nurse fetched from the kitchen, and Lupus saw that this parting ran straight down the back of his skull.

"Who fixed his hair?"

"I did," said Carolus. "Put his head in the shower an' got it wet."

"Hoss," Henricus observed.

Mr. Van Eck purred, "The kid's some curly. His hair'll turn out wavy like yours, Lupus. Some variety ain't bad in a fam'ly. I was watchin' Gus Mankeltow walk in this mornin'—a bird woke me up havin' a fight on my winder sill—an' it struck me he's the spit of his great-grandfather. Named for him too. The old feller was Augustus Frederick Mankeltow. You was sayin', Carolus boy, that Gus aims to be a math'matician?"

"A physicist, grandpop."

"Some older'n you, ain't he?"

"Six months. He'll be twenty-two in a couple of weeks."

"What would make him change from bein' an engineer to bein' a medical man?" asked Lupus. "He was so crazy to get to college an' study engineerin'."

"You dumb an'mal," said Mr. Van Eck kindly; "a phys'cist ain't nothin' to do with calomel. A phys'cist is the feller that finds out first principles in weights an' measurin' light, and all that. Nobody never hears nothin' of him whilst he's alive. When he's dead, some smart John uses what he's discovered to make a machine, an' grabs in two or three million dollars off of somebody's else's brains. I wish Gus luck. Somethin' to the boy. He walks here a couple of miles in the mornin' instead of spendin' a nickel to ride the Rangerville trolley, an' walks home at night. His great-grandpa tramped down from here to the iron mills in Pennsylvany to study iron makin'. Tchuh! These boys they raise now'days couldn't tramp four hundred miles to pick up a gold mine."

"Hoss?" Henricus inquired.

"They couldn't ride a hoss four hundred miles, neither," the sachem assured him, lighting a cigarette. "They'd be standin' to meals on the mantelpiece a year if they rode two days. Be thankful you got some Iroquois blood in you, Henricus. You'll be tough enough to ride to town an' back. . . . I see Mankeltow's bought hisself a car. The Lord knows what with. Sold some land, mebbe. He's a sweet sort of feller, but he's anybody's fool, and that woman he married gives me the creeps. She's so damn cheerful. I'm sixty-three years old an' I like some gloom, occasional."

"She was his first wife's hired girl, wasn't she, pop?" asked Lupus.

"She come in, Lupus," said Mr. Van Eck, "to help through the fun'ral, and stayed on. If she hadn't got four kids of her own, it wouldn't matter so much. But them Bissels are big eaters from away back. I mind their grandpa eatin' four apple pies on a bet, in 1880."

"Grandpop," said Henricus.

Carolus dropped a fork. Lupus gaped. The chief of the tribe let smoke float through his dark nostrils and regarded Henricus immovably.

"Did you want somethin' particular, young feller, or are you just showin' off a new word? I'm listenin'."

"Drinkawatta," Henricus said.

Lupus and the houseman and the nursemaid all met at the water pitcher. Henricus left a half moon of milk on the side of the glass, examined it, then licked it off. The dog Brainless hurried around the table, yapping, and nobody paid attention to yells of Pieter Lupus Van Eck in his basket in the kitchen.

"You're gettin' mature, Henricus," Mr. Van Eck drawled. "Your mamma won't know you when she gits home this afternoon. Take him down to the cow barn, Carolus boy, an' see if he can milk a cow yet. . . . Give him here a minute, Lupus."

"Oh, What Have You Been Doing, Lupus? Your Eye ——"

Lifting himself a little in his chair, Mr. Van Eck hauled a roll of bills from the pocket of his eternal gray trousers, untied the shoestring around the roll and slowly selected a yellow bill. He tucked this in a foolish pocket embroidered on the baby's frail dress and touched his second grandson's chin with a lean finger.

"Tell your mamma to stick that in the bank for you, when she gits home."

"Hoss?"

"Wouldn't buy you no hoss, sonny, but you could have a middlin' calf. . . . Take him along, Carolus, boy. . . . Fetch me some more coffee, Sam, and have it hot this time."

Lupus said, "Thanks, pop," and sat watching his father's wooden smile. Angry horse dealers and discharged hired men remarked that Mr. Van Eck's smile showed him to be the son of a cigar-store Indian. This was pretty distinguished, now that tourists stopped cars in Couveris to look at the wooden Indian in front of Tucker's store, and sometimes tried to buy it. The smile persisted on the long face for ten minutes. It was just as though pop had news of a Van Eck colt taking a race somewhere; he was pleased.

"That's a good baby. Your sons do you credit, Lupus. That wild an'mal out in the kitchen has good lungs, anyways. He can yell louder'n Step Bissel."

"I never heard Step Bissel yell, daddy."

"He yells swell," said Mr. Van Eck, rolling a cigarette. "He was havin' a scrap with some hussy downtown, other night, when Carolus took me to the pictures. Mad, an' yellin' blue hell. He wasn't drunk neither. You could ha' heard him in Saratoga. He's a handsome whelp. . . . Mrs. Mankeltow's good-lookin' enough. We pay Gus thirty a week, but I never heard of that woman puttin' none of her kids to work. Tchuh! It's funny to think of the Mankeltows bein' beggars. An' that was one of the big fortunes, back when I was born. Caro drove me in —— Huh?"

Lupus moved his head. Pop glanced through the door and saw Gus Mankeltow out in the kitchen, fooling with the switchbox set in a wall. There was no reason why Gus should not have cleaned up and combed his hair in the bathroom hitched to the garage, but he was wonderfully clean and wore a denim jacket over his undershirt. This ceremonious act startled Lupus, and made him remember the telegram.

Now that he thought of it, that telegram had been odd. If these people had news for Gus, why hadn't they telegraphed to his father's house on the edge of Rangerville? "And why pull me into it?" Lupus wondered. Yes, there was something funny about it all. He considered the mechanic and rubbed an ear, then blushed when Gus shut the green switchbox and looked straight at him.

"Can I come in?"

Lupus grinned and nodded. Mustn't it hurt this kid to have to ask permission to come out of the kitchen, when his great-grandfather had entertained Presidents in the house outside Rangerville and his own father had been to Harvard? The angular, hard boy showed his descent when he spoke. Mrs. Lupus talked to him about books and things. Lupus simply admired him for knowing how to doctor the great farm's engines and batteries. He smiled at the boy, and Gus Mankeltow smiled at him. "Wanted some advice, sir."

"Get it off pop, sonny. You know I'm dumber'n dirt."

"You're not clever," said Gus, "but you're the finest person I know. An' I'm in a—a delicate situation. I want to do what you'd do if you were me."

Lupus saw his father grinning. He rubbed an ear and felt his jaw. He fiddled with his one spur and looked at his ribs down inside his blue shirt. Meanwhile he was red and hot.

"That's kinda rough on your father, Gus."

"Dad and I are awf'ly fond of each other. But he's weak," said Gus. "Carolus wanted me to talk to you, last week. That wire this morning was that Cousin Selina's executors have notified him he's got to turn this money over to me. He's had it a week. I wired them not to write me or wire me at the house. They sent me a letter day before yesterday, here. Carolus gave it to me. . . . Father's had this first installment of Cousin Selina's money a week. Must have signed my name to the receipt. The executors say they notified me about my bein' in her will last October. I never got the letter. Of course, last week Mrs. Mankeltow had to tell the kids about the money. Said Cousin Selina left it to father. She's a beggar on horseback!" he said. "Had to have a car right away. Took Minnie and Florella to New York for some clothes. If I don't get the money away from father, she'll blow it in before winter. And it's my money."

It was fine to have an impassive Indian face. This just made no sense to Lupus. If the kid knew how empty his head was, he'd stop admiring him.

"Who was this lady, boy?" pop purred.

"Father's cousin—my great-uncle's daughter."

"Philip Mankeltow's girl? I mind him," said Mr. Van Eck. "He went to New York and set up for a banker while your grandfather was throwin' money away. Yes?"

"She came up to see us sometimes. My stepmother couldn't stand her. She was awf'ly interested in mathematics. I liked her a lot," said Gus. "Told me she'd leave me some money. It's why I was suspicious last week and wrote to the executors. Father answered them, when they wrote me she was dead, and about the will, and he's known this money was coming all winter. He's been askin' me silly questions about what I'd do with a lot of money, for months. But he ought to know I'd give him half."

"Mebbe your stepmamma wasn't so sure of that, Gus," said Mr. Van Eck.

"Oh, that's it, of course! An' she opens everybody's letters, anyhow. Had a row with Step about it. Well, I never knew Cousin Selina was dead, or anything. The letters would come after I'd gone to work. So she made father receipt for that money last week. The executors say I'm specifically mentioned in the will—Augustus Frederick, great-grandson of Col. Augustus Frederick Mankeltow, the famous engineer. It was all written out in the

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The Silk Became a Blue Film on the Muscles. Lupus Saw a Wreath and Crossed Cannon and a Number

STOLEN THUNDER

By Mary F. Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"Tell Me, You Have Heard Then My Brünnhilde, My Isolde, My Tosca Perhaps? I—I Want You to Talk to Me Frankly—as One Artist to Another"

MADAME CLÉO HANNI, having sung an Isolde that night, was still restless and, at 2:30, only hovering upon the edge of shallow sleep. Hence it was an easy transition to complete and tingling awareness when the inquiring torch flashed its beam across her face. But her lashes scarcely quivered on her cheeks while she lay passive and motionless until the ray shifted. Thank heaven, stage training did that much for you anyway—taught you to keep cool and hold a pose under trying circumstances—she thought, and presently raised one cautious lid a scant millimeter to reconnoiter.

Now Cléo Hanni, who avidly collected all human emotions and sensations as grist for the mill of her genius, had long since lost—if indeed she had ever possessed—any appreciation of physical fear. Her terrors were confined quite exclusively to the pitfalls of her profession and the possible machinations of her colleagues. The fact that there was obviously at this moment a burglar in her room struck her primarily as an annoyance; although swift upon the heels of this reaction came a more comforting, even stimulating thought: Drama! The familiar rôle of heroine! *Brava!* A gratifying warmth spread in her veins and lent a pleasant vibrancy to the tones in which she now addressed the dark figure crouching above a tiny circle of light at her dressing table.

"Those pearls are scarcely worth your attention," she suggested. "You don't suppose for a moment that I take my real jewels with me on tour, do you?"

The man crossed the room with the agility of a cat and pounced. The fine nuances of her contempt were promptly lost beneath the weight of a rough and ruthless palm which descended upon her lips. At the same time there came suddenly an intolerable pressure of steel against the delicate primrose silk of her nightgown.

"Now, see here, you!" a hoarse and redolent whisper addressed her in too close proximity. "One more peep outa you, see, an' I'll pump your stummick full of lead pills!"

Cléo was unconvinced. She clawed with long sharp nails at the offending hand until a tiny trickle of blood dripped warmly against her cheek, and involuntarily the distasteful weight upon her mouth relaxed, but the steel pressed closer, bruisingly, above her heart, and the big hand caught her two wrists and held them prisoner.

"Huh, little hell-cat, ain't you? Well, for no more than that I oughta give you the works, see, but I'm soft-hearted, I am. You're just goin' to sleep now, like all good little girls this time o' night. Just a pretty smell, see, an' it's all over, angel face! Now, open wide!"

The sudden biting sweetness of chloroform—it was remarkable what the man could do with one hand—and a gag. *Um Gottes willen*, her precious throat!

"Stop!" she cried so suddenly and forcefully that he actually hesitated. "You seem to forget who I am!"

The man in the shadows laughed as he pressed the saturated cotton beneath her nose. "Not for a minute, I don't. Why, you're just my little sweetheart, ain't you? Here now, bite on this towel!"

Cléo tossed her head from side to side, desperately beating herself a clear path of thought through the sickening fumes. "Cléo Hanni—I'm Cléo Hanni, you jackass!" she managed to gasp around the edges of the encroaching gag. "Immediately take this stuff away!"

To her swooning relief, he obeyed her. The fumes faded slightly, the pounding in her temples quieted a little. "*Dio, Dio!*" she moaned, her shining head falling back limply among the pillows, now that her point was gained. "This terrible Chicago! And yet you expect me to sing tomorrow, I suppose?"

She allowed the tears to trickle under her lids and sparkle unashamed in the full light of the torch which she knew he was turning upon her in curious intentness.

"Say, what do you know!" he cried, stricken, and fumbling awkwardly for his cap. "If it ain't the truth! My Gawd, madam! If I was kinda rough just now, it was no harm meant—none at all—just a matter of routine business. And how was I going to know it was you, anyway, I'm asking? Say, now, you just kindly gotta excuse it, see? That's the idea!"

This striking change of front seemed natural and fitting to Hanni. She showed no surprise and less appreciation.

"On the contrary," she argued, "I'm tempted to resent it exceedingly, for myself and all of my sex. You are outrageous! Now kindly remove your gun; it might go off!"

The man laughed politely, but held the weapon firm. "You said it, madam; it might, at that. I'm a terrible nervous guy, an' if you was to scream, even now ——"

Cléo put her hand to her throat and felt it with tender concern. "My dear man," she said, "Cléo Hanni never screams. You should know that."

The burglar showed a gratifying responsiveness. "I'll say she don't!" he agreed with open admiration in his tones. "I'll say, what's more, she can knock me for a gool any day she likes with only half her lung power. Believe it or not, madam, for my taste, you got the voice of the century, no kiddin'. But all the same, Boney McGann don't take no chances."

It did not occur to Madame Hanni that the average housebreaker is not so informed on operatic subjects. She noted only the flattering implications in his speech, and was moved by them to make a cordial gesture.

"Won't you withdraw for only a little minute, Mr. McGann," she begged, "while I make myself more presentable? Do you know, you interest me immensely. I seem to have heard your name somewhere before."

"As to that last," said Boney, with a simple movement of his open palm which wiped the world of all competitors, "I wouldn't be surprised. I gotta certain little reputation in my line, if I do say it. I make the news from time to time, just like yourself."

"Ah?" said Cléo, with an edge of ice on the inflection.

"Yeah. And as to withdrawin', I'm doin' that same right on the dot. I hate to tear myself away. It's been a real treat to meet you. You're a great little girl and all that, but I simply gotta toddle, see?"

"Nonsense!" hissed Cléo, oddly piqued by his haste. "Is it then so simple—your exit? I should have thought there might be certain hazards!"

The burglar chuckled confidentially. "Say, madam, don't you worry, Boney McGann knows his onions. The phone wire's cut. I can lock you in, see—an' you said yourself you ain't no screamer."

"And the window?" She found the man's complacency irritating.

"On a Feb'ry night with a gale off the lake, Cléo Hanni don't open no windows on that million-dollar voice."

"Why, you amazing man! Just fancy your thinking that out! What can you possibly know of such matters, after all? Your own throat is made of asbestos, I dare say."

"Huh. Just guess again." There was an embarrassed cough in the darkness, then a pause. "Well," said Boney McGann, "it's this way, see? I sing quite some myself."

"*Ach was!*" cried Cléo. "But now you simply mustn't think of rushing away, with such a bond between us. Why, I'm not at all sleepy; we might have the most amusing chat. If you'll just give me the satin robe on that chair there. . . . So! Now don't you think a little light would be much more *gemütlich?*"

"Nix on that!" said Boney severely, lapsing into the inelegance of his more professional manner. "The spot had oughta suit you well enough; you're used to it."

Without answering, Madame Hanni reached a stealthy hand to the bedside lamp, and a soft glow suddenly and agreeably filled the room. At the same moment she felt again the insolent kiss of steel against her heart. She looked up curiously into the threatening face which bent above her. Those were young, keen eyes which burned beneath the low-pulled slouch cap, and a really fine nose contradicted a weaker mouth.

She smiled tolerantly, put a languid hand to the muzzle of the gun and removed it.

"Now do, for heaven's sake, be reasonable," she said. "I'm playing fair, you see. Give me my compact and mirror from the dressing table, please."

Boney, to his own intense surprise and disgust, cursing himself for a fool lady's maid, did her bidding. She was very gracious.

"Tell me," she said, noting with satisfaction that the make-up which laziness or perhaps a disregard for hotel pillow slips had prompted her to neglect made just the effect which she desired—"tell me, you have heard then my Brünnhilde, my Isolde, my Tosca perhaps? I—I want you to talk to me frankly—as one artist to another."

Boney looked at her sharply. What was she doing—playing for time? He sat uneasily on the edge of a chair and twirled his gun in nervous, yellowed fingers. She had called him an artist. Well, he was!

"Well, it's like this. I've been hearin' opera singers since I was knee high. My pop was stage grip down to the Auditorium. An' don't you worry, madam; you're there with the goods, whatever y' sing!"

"Yes . . . and?" breathed Cléo, heartily enjoying herself.

"An' this, see?" went on the burglar. "I'm here, Boney McGann in person, sittin' pretty, right in your room. Why, we might be havin' a regular date! Laugh that off if you can!"

"What's that?" cried Cléo, not following clearly. "Why?"

"Why? Because you're the great Hanni, see, an' it's a kinduva privilege—and then also why? Because I got the damn-foolest itch to ask you somethin'."

"Why, you delightful creature, ask me, by all means!"

"I hate to, but you're a pretty game sport. It's like this: How good am I? That's what I'm after."

"Good! But you're not good at all; you are a very wicked creature!"

To her eyes he looked so clumsily embarrassed at this, so eager, so crude, so incongruous in her boudoir, that she felt for him a sudden vast affection. She tossed him her most dazzling smile, but he only scowled darkly in serious concentration.

"Aw, you don't get me. Leave my present perfession out of it, see, and listen here while I sing somethin' for you. This one is good; I got it off a phonograph record. Maybe you don't know the one called F-a-u-s-t? Well, it's the garden in front of his girl's house, see, and it goes somethin' like this."

Boney cleared his throat and lifted up a little golden tenor, very neatly attuned to the precarious hour and place. He sang the aria through to the high C without flinching.

"But of course I ain't Caruso," he said in modest conclusion.

Some twenty minutes later, Charlie Duke was roused from the depths of well-earned repose by a frantic tattoo upon the panels of his door.

"Hey—yes—who ——" he demanded in sleepy resentment, although he knew at once, by the harried impatience of the summons, that this must be Cléo and that he might reasonably expect the worst. Poor Charlie, even in the course of a long and eventful friendship, had never quite become inured to the variety of emergencies which one prima donna can contrive. On this present tour he was particularly nervous. At the last minute, Sartorius, Madame Hanni's manager, had yielded to influenza; Miss Bird, her secretary, had left the week before, so Charlie was pinch-hitting valiantly, but at much personal inconvenience. And now what?

"Great heavens, just a minute!" he called in shrill anxiety, pulling a purple bathrobe about him and entirely forgetting that long gray lock which it was his custom to comb carefully across his bald spot before meeting the gaze of the world.

"But my dear, my dear!" he began in his most soothing tones, his practiced eye noting the need. "Whatever may have happened, you should not be here. Go back to your salon and I'll come over at once. You should have telephoned," he went on fussily. "Don't sit down here, I tell you! Where is Germaine?"

"*Quatsch!*" said Cléo, sweeping sundry garments from a chair. "Are you then so afraid of scandal, you poor little worm? Wait until you hear what I have suffered! My telephone wire was cut—cut, I tell you, Charlie—by a burglar who—who tried to chloroform me! . . . Now, how do you feel? *Ach, du lieber Gott*, my throat!" Her hand fluttered up in the time-honored gesture, and then quite suddenly she laughed. "But how ridiculous you do look, Charlie. No need to be tragic."

"Tragic, my foot! If this isn't just like you, Cléo," he scolded, "raising a dozen tornadoes a day about nothing at all, and now, when you have a genuine distress, you laugh! But forgive me, darling; I must be still asleep. This is really shocking. . . . Has he hurt you? Did he take anything? We must alarm the house at once." He picked up the telephone.

"Wait!" said Cléo. "But shall we? That is the question I dropped in to discuss."

Charlie looked ruefully at his watch. "Twenty past three," he said irrelevantly.

"Yes, I dare say it is too late for the papers." She sighed. "Perhaps we'd better wait; he's coming back this afternoon at four."

"What?"

"Yes, at four, and I want you to be there. Now, shall we or shan't we? *Ach*, Sartorius should be here; he would know! Whatever made me bring you, I wonder."

"A great mistake."

"At least you might try to tell me," she whimpered, "which is better—this regular little robbery, which almost anyone can have, or —— *Na*, listen, Charlie; what do you think? He, my burglar, has a really wonderful voice, he loves music! I shall get him an audition with Fontani, and you will see, he will be engaged at the opera! He will sing with me—let us say a debut as Cavaradossi—wouldn't you suggest? Now that will make a story for the papers

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"Do Not Forget, Signor Direttore, That This Young Man is the Hanni's Own Protégé. All Those Many Things She Will Know Quite Well How to Teach Him!"

The Pearls of Catharine the Great

By PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO

"BRING me the jewel case with the arms of Catharine the Great," ordered the princess in the voice of an army commander. And the little Breton maid, after a short curtsy, disappeared. Being too young to hide my feelings, I looked up with undisguised astonishment at the extraordinary person whom from then on, at her request, I was to call my godmother—the Princess Vera Lobanoff de Rostoff, born Princess Dolgorouky. I was now seeing her for the first time. A year earlier, upon the happy day of my engagement, my uncle and future father-in-law, the Prince George Bibesco, had said to me: "You must write a letter announcing your engagement to the godmother of your fiancé. She is an admirable woman, my oldest and my dearest friend. She has no children, and she has made your future husband her heir."

I then applied myself to this difficult task of writing a letter to an unknown person, and I copied most docilely, under my father-in-law's dictation, her titles and address: Her Serene Highness, the Princess Lobanoff —— "When you write to her, never forget to put in her Christian name—Vera," said Prince George. "She insists upon it. And also add her maiden name—Princess Dolgorouky. Her marriage was unhappy; consequently she remained more attached to her own family than to her husband's. Now she is a widow."

Then he dictated to me the long list of the princess' addresses, which I was to inscribe in my address book: Paris, Avenue Raphael for her house in the Bois de Boulogne; at Menton, her villa on the Riviera; at Moscow, her palace; at Vevey, near Montreux, another house called Villa Zinia. Then came the still more complicated addresses of her Russian estates—her hereditary lands and other properties, south, north, east, west, in White Russia, in the Caucasus, in the Crimea. I wondered, with a slight feeling of dizziness, if in the future I should have to live everywhere, and in Russia, as all these places would belong to us some day.

Finding a New Godmother

I ASKED my father-in-law many questions. I was told she lived a solitary life. She collected jewels. She had been very beautiful and very unhappy. Something mysterious hung about the words. I was intrigued by the personality of the princess and was naturally anxious to know her. But during the first year of our engagement we did not leave Rumania. My parents had stipulated, as a condition of our marriage, that we remain engaged two years, so that I could at least attain my seventeenth year before our wedding. But within a few months a terrible blow fell upon us; my charming father-in-law died suddenly while visiting Constantinople, and following this deep mourning, my father and mother acceded to the insistence of my fiancé, and I had their permission to be married at sixteen.

While on our honeymoon we came to Paris, and our first thought was to call on the Princess Vera, who at this season was staying at her house in the Bois de Boulogne. She was awaiting us. Shortly before my marriage she had written to me, in a very tiny and fine handwriting, and very flowery, like the handwriting of women of the eighteenth century, a letter in which she informed me that her wedding present awaited me at her Paris house, and that I must come to fetch it. When we entered the house in the Avenue Raphael, hidden in the middle of the thick foliage of a beautiful garden scented with June flowers, I was wondering what would be my first impression of the fabulous princess of whom I had heard people speak as if she were a personage out of the Arabian Nights. But as my father-in-law and she had known each other in their youth, I expected to see rather an old Scheherazade. I was amazed to perceive, at the end of a gallery, half conservatory and half drawing-room, where she was to receive us, a person who closely resembled an enormous pink doll, who held out her arms to me. Very tall—almost a giantess—a little fat, too, the Princess Vera was buried in the thousand folds of a frilled pink silk tea gown covered with lace and jewels. Her features were round like those of a child; her eyes were very large, and her mouth very tiny; a babyish dimple marked her chin. Her hair appeared to me a structure of little golden curls. Seen closely, it was a wig.

I felt before her the same surprise experienced by children who are taken to see for the first time a museum of wax figures, where historical personages stand before a panorama. She seemed as unreal to me as Queen Elizabeth. And yet I was going to be able to touch her. She clasped me in her arms. She made over my head a great sign of the cross, in the orthodox fashion, and then she called me "*Douchka*" which, in Russian, means "My darling."

"I am dressed in pink to bless you, because it is a tradition with us in Russia to wear this color when receiving a young bride to whom one wishes to bring good luck."

I was almost ashamed of my black dress; I was wearing strict mourning for my father-in-law, and my crape veil made a saddening spot in the luminous and colorful boudoir where my new godmother led us. Barely were we seated when she talked to us of my beloved father-in-law, "the adorable George," as she called him, her knight, the greatest gentleman of his time, the best friend she had ever known. She showed us, in a glass cabinet, among a quantity of precious boxes and cases set with diamonds, an unbelievable thing—a little fox terrier, mounted. It was Kiki, a gift my father-in-law had made her long ago. Kiki had died of old age, and she had grieved so that she insisted upon keeping the dog in its inanimate form at least. Recalling the fox terrier, a sob shook her. She wept. An instant later, for distraction, she rang. A great devil of a Cossack, in his scarlet uniform and silver cartridge adornments, appeared at the door.

"Summon the first maid," ordered the princess. "Yes, Your Highness," cried the Cossack, as if replying to his general, and clicking his heels, he disappeared.

FROM A PAINTING BY H. W. KOEKKOEK

Rurik, Founder of Russia, Landing on the Baltic Coast

Seven Rows of Fire

IT WAS thus that I came to see for the first time Tienette, the little Breton lady's maid, and it was this daughter of the sea, with her winged headdress, who was told to bring in the jewel case with the pearls of the great empress. This was a large box of old leather, of a red turned brown by the years, which seemed capable of containing—more than jewels—an entire army of leaden soldiers, so large was it. Little Tienette bent under its weight. The Russian eagle—the great double-headed eagle, bearing the imperial crown—displayed the waving feathers of its wings, its murderous beak and its claws upon the cover of the box stamped with the monogram of Catharine II. It seemed as if the heraldic bird had actually fought for the pearls he guarded, so badly was the precious leather box scratched and scraped. The Princess Vera, armed with a little golden key, opened the jewel case. Seven rows of pearls appeared—pearls of such beauty I had never seen, nor had I ever imagined their equal. Alive, glowing, round, heavy even to the sight, milky, yet rosy, as if the veiled fires of I do not know what sunrise were within their mysterious spheres. They were truly the pearls of an empress.

"The seven rows of Catharine the Great's necklace will be yours, *douchka*, as well as all my other jewels, when I die," said the Princess Vera with a pleasant smile. I wanted to answer: "My dear princess, may you live forever, but give me only one row now, at once."

But I dared not, having been brought up never to ask anything of anybody. I kept discreetly quiet and only thanked the princess for her kind intentions. I saw her close with her little golden key the jewel case bearing the arms of Russia, while she added emphatically:

"Some day I will tell you the story of this necklace; it is our history—the Dolgoroukys'—who are the true descendants of Rurik, the lawful master of Russia." She then went toward a chest, withdrew a small jewel box and handed it to me. It contained a little emerald pendant.

"Do you like this stone, my child?" the Princess Vera asked in all kindness.

I liked it, of course, but it so happened that I had but recently been given by my mother-in-law a complete set of emeralds once belonging to her mother, the Princess de Chimay; then, the family jewels of the Bibescos were emeralds. And among my wedding gifts—neither from my mother's side, nor from my husband's—not one single little string of pearls—not even a single pearl. Only stones. But I had been taught to appear always contented with what I received, and I warmly thanked the princess for the little pendant, with the hope that she had not perceived my disappointment, and asked her for the history of the pearls instead of the pearls themselves. Princess Vera, without having to be urged, began her story thus:

"The great historical necklace of rosy pearls that you have just seen, my dear child, and which will be yours some day, as will all my other jewels, was given in 1730 to a daughter of one of my ancestors, Princess Catherine Dolgorouky, by her fiance, the Czar Peter II, a Romanoff. They only belonged at a later date to the Empress Catharine II, who gave her name to them, and now they are known all over the world as the pearls of Catharine the Great. The young Czar Peter went off to hunt and never returned. He died on the very day set for his marriage, which was to take place at Moscow, in the Kremlin. Thereupon the enemies of our family threw Catherine Dolgorouky and all her relatives into jail. Now, you follow my thought."

Strange Figures in the Garden

"THE Romanoffs had usurped from us the throne of Russia, which should have legally reverted to the Dolgoroukys, the sole descendants of Rurik. According to an old prediction made at Nijni-Novgorod by a gypsy from India, who was present in that town at the execution of Count Dolgorouky, a relative of Catherine, the fiancée of Peter II, the Romanoffs will always be led to disaster by the love of a Dolgorouky. It is the vengeance of God. I myself —— But I will tell you that story another day, *douchka*," said the princess, rising for our departure.

I left the house in the Avenue Raphael with a great desire to return there to hear the end of this fairy tale. As we crossed the garden my husband showed me, in passing, a rather strange marble statue. It represented a beautiful young woman, dressed in the style of 1830, with curls flowing down the length of her face. She was stretched on a sort of day bed, in a relaxed and melancholy attitude. At her feet a little girl, equally beautiful, knelt as if in prayer. They were the late Princess Dolgorouky, called, because of the renown of her grace and virtue, The Violet of St. Petersburg, and Princess Vera, her daughter, as a child. My husband explained that this monument was destined for the cemetery of Père Lachaise, where the princess wished to be buried beside her mother and their old friend, M. Dailly. But as long as she lived she refused to be separated from the figure that represented her in adoration before the mother whom she had so passionately loved. This singular idea of living continually with her own funeral monument under her eyes seemed very strange to me. But I was not yet at the end of my bewilderment.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C., FROM AN ENGRAVING BY GEORGE E. PERINE

Catharine II, Empress of Russia

The following year we returned to Paris and were at once invited to luncheon with the Princess Vera. She greeted us, this time, in a white dress covered with sapphires, which, to me, seemed astonishing for a woman of her age who was receiving us in intimacy. During luncheon, the Cossack in the red-and-silver uniform held himself immovable behind her chair. I wondered why this armed man was there to guard her while we lunched in this peaceful Parisian house in the harmless Bois de Boulogne. But to all the questions I asked myself, the stories of Princess Vera were going to give, little by little, a series of unexpected answers. I began by noticing that the house in the Avenue Raphael was not in Paris at all, as I had at first foolishly believed it to be, but far, far away, in an unknown country, somewhere near Kiev or Nijni-Novgorod; and then I also perceived that during our conversation time fled from me backward; even the very period changed; I had left the twentieth century.

Exiled Into Old Age

AT LAST I understood why, from the very beginning, my new godmother had seemed to me, under her blond wig, a huge pink doll, an unreal being. The Princess Vera, whose age nobody knew, was not a woman, and still less an old woman; she was a little girl exiled into old age. One could see in her all the faults and the charming qualities of a child—vivaciousness, intelligence, good-heartedness, emotionalism, curiosity, coquettishness, sudden despair, changeableness of disposition, enthusiasm, and, above all, the immense credulity of a little girl. How had this phenomenal preservation of the mentality and sentimentality of a child been possible through all the ages she had gone through? High birth and an immense fortune which isolated her from the realities of life were, perhaps, the cause. I was sure of the fact that she had remained a child without being able to explain clearly to myself why and how; but bit by bit the Princess Vera, with her marvelous tales, undertook the explanation.

Her life resembled a novel in its unreality, a tragedy in the violence of her feelings, a comedy in the naïve manner in which she recalled it. A Romanoff was, naturally, the hero of the recital.

(Continued on Page 41)

FROM A PORTRAIT BY CARLE VAN LOO, BY COURTESY RICHARD VITOLO

Empress Elizabeth, Wearing the Imperial Russian Jewels—Made for Herself and for Catharine the Great

FROM A PRINT BY I. SMITH, AFTER A PICTURE BY KNELLER

Peter the Great of Russia, Father of the Empress Elizabeth and Grandfather of Catharine's Husband

HONEYMOON

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

RANDY HYDE was forming the habit of curiosity. He was nearly twenty-three years old now, and for more than twenty years of this time his opportunities for gratifying any desire to meddle in the affairs of human beings had been nonexistent. For he was one of the richest young men in the world, and from the day of his birth had been guarded as if he were a priceless pearl, and sheltered as if he were the most fragile ancient Chinese eggshell cup. He never had known what it was to be away from the watchful eye of a couple of private detectives. He never knew what it was to be able to gratify a boyish impulse. He never, as the saying goes, had cut loose. His life was lived by formula and the greater part of it went on before the prying eye of the public, because he was news. Nature fitted him to be rather more than ordinarily good as an athlete, but newspaper photographers and writers made it impossible for him to play. He would have been a member of the international polo team, but that good taste which was characteristic of him declined to allow him to take a place. Because, instead of writing about polo games, the reporters wrote about Randy Hyde. Which, in no time at all, would have disrupted the team.

It will be seen that he never had been given an opportunity to show his acquaintances or himself what he amounted to—and he passed in his limited world for a nice young man without a surplus of intellect, who, now and then, stumbled upon a bon mot or got off some extraordinarily acute remark by accident. Randy had wondered about himself. What was he good for? He wondered how young men without a billion dollars felt. He wondered if he would have been able to make his way in the world if his father had not left him this tremendous fortune—left it in the care of a set of trustees, but with wise provision that if Randy proved himself able and exhibited the desire, he could step into the paternal shoes and be the great figure of finance that his father had been.

"I," said Wagg, "should Assume Your Place—to the Great Benefit of Humanity. I Should Administer Your Great Wealth as it Would be Impossible for a Man of Your Limited Intelligence and Great Selfishness to Do"

Then a chance remark at a tea and his world altered its face and its contours. A woman said, in his hearing, that it was a scientific fact that every human being possessed a double somewhere in the world. Randy considered this and perceived how handy it would be if he could find a *Doppelgänger*, and turned loose the power of his billion to discover if such a one existed.

The result was Smithfield Wagg, and when Smithfield was equipped with identical clothing by Randy's tailor, and identical haberdashery, and identical shoes and socks and underwear, there was not a man in the world who could tell them apart.

So it was Smithfield Wagg the photographers snapped and the paragraphers paragraphed. It was Smithfield who attended annoying teas and dinners and meetings and what not, while Randy himself slipped out a side door and cast about in the entertaining world for events and occurrences.

Just now he was annoyed because his trustees, through Mr. Wanger, his personal counsel, were urging an alliance. Not a marriage but an alliance. They had found a suitable young woman whose fortune was comparable to Randy's, and their object was to bring together these two great powers for the good of all concerned.

This came at a time when Randy was otherwise occupied. On his adventurings he had encountered half a dozen times a Miss Smith, whose name was not Smith, and who declined to disclose her place of residence or means of livelihood. Never had a human being interested Randy as she did. She challenged him. She flouted him. She gave him little encouragement and a great deal of discouragement. And she alone of all the world had penetrated his masquerade.

"No King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid for me," she said to him. "Besides, billionaires don't marry stray young women. And if they did, I don't know as I could endure you around under my feet all the time."

"I'm extraordinarily nice," said Randy.

"And remarkably worthless," she said. "You're nothing but an animated wallet."

"You won't give me a chance to prove my many sterling qualities. Why don't you tell me who you are and where you live, and all about it? So I can call and send you tons of flowers and acres of candy and take you to things and generally disport myself in the entertaining mazes of courtship."

"Go as far as you like," she said, "but find me first. That takes ingenuity. I admire ingenuity in a man."

"They'll go and marry me off to somebody else when I'm not looking," he said.

"I wouldn't care for a man who could even imagine someone marrying him off against his will. Who is she?"

"Her name is Patricia de Senlis, and she is said to be all that is lovely and desirable."

"Said to be?" replied Miss Smith.

"I haven't seen her. She was brought up abroad, and she has her peculiarities. There's no existing picture of her. She seems to go nowhere since her return to America, and every time I adroitly arrange a casual meeting, she neglects to be present."

"You'd better marry her and have it over with."

"I'm not sure I want to marry anybody," he said, "but I'd dote on the opportunity to find out if I want to marry you."

"Opportunities are made, not born," she said sententiously. "And also, if you keep on nosing around in places where I've seen you, some naughty man is going to recognize you, and then they'll be sending in the tip of your ear with a request for a ransom. It's not safe."

"If you had been as safe as I have for twenty-odd years, you'd be fed up with it," said Randy. "I'd like to take a bath in my tub without a private detective standing alongside to throw me a life preserver."

"So you've not seen this Miss de Senlis? Better find her, and then we'll see. If she's all they say she is, you'll probably forget all about me in jig time."

"I have tough luck with my women," he said with a twinkle. "They're as elusive as a puppy who has stolen a bedroom slipper."

"And that," she said, "is what I call a swell simile!"

"But I admire puppies," he said. . . . "You're not going?"

"I am—and remember you've given your word not to follow me or have me followed."

"It's a curse to be born with a high sense of honor."

"It's the only substitute I'd accept for brains," she replied.

"You can't tell; maybe I have both."

"Brains," said Miss Smith, "without ambition are like lamb without mint sauce."

"How," asked Randy, "can one be ambitious when he's got everything?"

"That," she said, "is for you to discover. It's none of my business. I've ambition enough."

"Enough for two, maybe," he said hopefully.

"Besides," she said, "you're handsome. I object to that."

"We'd make a wonderful couple. Just think of eugenics and all that."

"Good-by," said Miss Smith.

"When and where may I hope to see you again?"

"When and where you are able to find me," she said.

That evening, Randy, in his proper person, drove out with a party to a popular but rather exclusive place on

Long Island to a dinner dance. While they were being served he noticed two young people at a table just across the floor, and immediately his curiosity commenced to itch.

It was the girl who first drew his attention, for she was fragile and very lovely, but singularly lacking in animation. She sat with chin uptilted and with wistful eyes fixed upon space—immovable and speechless. From her, Randy glanced at her partner, a big young man, given rather more to flesh than good taste could recommend, with a heavy face of utter expressionlessness. He sat with hunched shoulders, and lackluster eyes upon his plate, nor did he move or speak. He struck Randy as being as close to the inanimate as it was possible for a breathing human being to become.

Through course after course he watched the pair. They never spoke; they did not dance. When food came, the lumpish young man ate it without interest and the fragile young woman allowed her portions to be carried away untouched.

Randy spoke to the young woman who sat beside him. "Who are the merrymakers across?" he asked.

"Don't know," she said. "I've seen them here several times. A bride and groom, I understand."

"So this," Randy observed, "is marriage! Do they never speak? Do they never dance? What's the story? What about them?"

"I don't know, and I don't even like to think about it," said his partner. "Imagine being married to a lump like that! Imagine a honeymoon like that! I'd seek out a precipice."

"I wonder," Randy said, "if they've had a row."

"Can't imagine it. And she's rather lovely too."

"Why did she ever marry him?"

"How," she countered, "did he ever manage to get out the words to ask her?"

"Maybe it's one of those marriages of convenience," he hazarded. "Or maybe he's the big boy in some little town and she is the daughter of the local grocer who married for money and power."

"She's earning it then."

"But she doesn't look a shop girl or a stenographer or suchlike. She's got class."

"Everyone has class nowadays. Good legs and a lipstick, and you look one of the first families."

"Or," said Randy, "vice versa."

"Let's dance," said his partner.

"All the same," he said, "I'll lay a bet there's something interesting there."

"Not to me," she said. "Just something horrible."

"Which," said Randy, "might be interesting in itself."

As Randy danced he saw out of the corner of his eye one of his guards peering in at the main door and another keeping watchful eye from the piazza. It took the keen edge off the evening.

In the morning he dropped into Smithfield Wagg's room and peered at him quizzically.

"I'm looking unusually well this day and date," he said. "And, while we are on the subject of matrimony, were you in communication with Mademoiselle Anna Spack last evening?"

Miss Spack, as all society knows, was social secretary to one of New York's overshadowing matrons—who picked her for efficiency rather than beauty. Smithfield, on one of his many social appearances as Randy Hyde, had met this young woman, and such had been their attraction for each other that Randy's contemporaries felt he was going mad. And the tabloids printed items roguishly about a young billionaire's taste in inamoratas.

"Miss Spack was engaged," said Wagg, "and besides, the clauses of our contract prevented me from calling her up. You were out in your proper person; hence I must remain nonexistent."

"True. I forgot. Very cramping, eh? But about marriage again. During your numerous honeymoons was there one when you did not speak to your wife, but spent your evenings gazing into your soup?"

"I have never experienced a honeymoon," said Mr. Wagg, "though I have studied them as a part of the phenomena of marriage. The honeymoon, for instance, among that primitive people called the Hairy Ainus is ——"

"No good. These people were not bearded ladies and gentlemen. I'm afraid you can't help me. By the way, Waggy, it just occurred to me. If I should disappear some night—utterly and forever—what would you do? You would wake up in the morning as Randy Hyde. There would be none other than thou. And then what? Nobody would believe you if you denied it, and they would be likely to incarcerate you as one who is a button short. It's a tough outlook."

"I have given it consideration," said Mr. Wagg.

"Have you?" Randy exclaimed, rather taken aback.

"I," said Wagg, "should assume your place—to the great benefit of humanity. I should administer your great wealth as it would be impossible for a man of your limited intelligence and great selfishness to do."

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"What Memories! And I Thought My Personality Was One to Stamp Itself Indelibly on the Most Casual Beholder. Anyhow, You Know I'm Respectable and Come of Nice Parents; So Won't You Dance With Me?"

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

"As a Little Child, When I Knew Her, She Was Always Gentle and Affectionate, and Such a Pretty Little Thing, Too"

VI

ON THE morning of the first of May the early motorbus from New Yarmouth, the railway station nearest to Mirthful Haven, set down in Cargo Square a thin, elderly woman in dark-gray clothes intelligently suited to travel. The bus did not bring the mail, and the Square still lay bleak in its winter vacancy; the arrival of the elderly woman had the attention of only one observer. This was Willie Briggs, the one-legged, tongue-tied man who seldom leaves the Square, except after bedtime, no matter how calamitous the weather; his lifelong cheerful passion is to be at the center of things, where there is the most passing of his fellow men and the greatest likelihood of event. He turns his head frequently, with the sudden motion of a bird doing the same thing, lest even a cat shall flit across the Square and he be unaware of it, so sharp is his interest in life and the delight he takes in it. He cannot talk of what he sees, nor in words discuss with anyone the many matters that give him pleasure; yet he is loquacious in an expressive kind of crowing and has a talent for pantomimic gesture. Leaning against the granite pedestal of the cast-iron Union soldier, he watched eagerly, and even anxiously, the opening of the door of the New Yarmouth motorbus and the descent of the elderly woman therefrom to the beaten dust of the Square. Instantly, he began to gesticulate and to crow with vehemence.

The bus went on, and the elderly woman, approaching Willie Briggs, nodded to him gravely. "You seem to remember me," she said. "I always told people you had as good a mind as anybody, and I should say your remembering me after all this time pretty well proves it." She set down her traveling bag, produced a small black leather purse and took from it a dime, which she gave him. "You mean you do remember me, don't you?"

The vehemence of his crowing increased reassuringly, and, in further testimonial to his memory, he held his hand at the height of her head for an instant, then at the height of her shoulder, then at about three feet above the ground, where his gesture seemed to indicate the patting of an invisible child's head. After that, he laughed delightedly and pointed toward the post-office.

"Exactly," the elderly woman said. "You mean me with my two step-granddaughters, one quite a little older than the other, and the three of us usually coming down for the mail together. I suppose you know only one of them lives here now?"

His response was eloquent. He crowed loudly, laughed, looked sly, winked, then kissed his hand explosively to the sky.

The elderly woman regarded him with an increased gravity. "Very well," she said a little grimly, and, taking up her bag, walked thoughtfully away. From the Square she turned into the short street that is like a gray Gothic aisle with a white New England church as an altar at the end of it, for the church faces down the street and in the leafless seasons is framed, steeple and all, in the pointed archway of the elm branches.

Half-way to the church, she opened a white picket gate, stepped within, upon a graveled path that divided a neat yard into symmetrical halves, went up the path to the front doorway of a small white house and clanked the polished brass knocker. A stout woman of about her own age almost immediately opened the door and looked at her seriously.

"Don't you know me, Mary?" the visitor asked.

"Martha Shellpool!" the stout woman exclaimed. "Be funny if I didn't know you, seeing 't I was expecting you, and you not changed a mite in eight years! Come in; I guess it's just as well you're here at last. I can tell you all you care to hear, and only too likely more than that! Come in."

Mrs. Shellpool went into the house; the door closed, and thus she was removed from Willie Briggs's field of observation. He had crossed Cargo Square, the better to see where she went, and the closing door seemed to bring upon him a slight bafflement; he put his head momentarily upon one side, like a dog in acute perplexity, then slowly returned to the other end of the Square and again eased his back upon the granite pedestal. He was still there, two hours later, when a few of his fellow-citizens began to cluster about the post-office door, and Captain Francis Embury, coming down for the morning mail, crossed the Square, walking widely yet commandingly. At sight of him, Willie Briggs crowed loudly and began to gesture insistently, pointing alternately at the Captain and at the corner of the street that led to the church.

Captain Embury stopped and regarded him whimsically. "Some friend o' mine's gone up Church Street, you say, Willie? Well, 'twouldn't be so unlikely. Who was it? A man?"

Willie shook his head vigorously.

"Oh, a lady! Young? No, not young. Friend o' mine, though, you say. Lives on that street? No? Somewhere near here? Well, if she doesn't, I'm sure I don't know who it could be." Then, as Willie nodded repeatedly to indicate that this knowledge could be easily acquired, the Captain laughed. "No, I don't know, and I guess maybe it's no great matter," he said, and passed on, amused and wondering a little what lady, not young, Willie Briggs had in mind.

Several times, later in the day, this wonder vaguely recurred to him, and it was not until after three in the afternoon that Willie's meaning was made clear to him. The Captain had just left his house to go down for the afternoon's mail, when he saw, coming toward him, the figure of the elderly woman who had arrived in Mirthful Haven by the early bus. For a moment he thought her a stranger in

the village; then, recognizing her, he smiled and walked faster to meet her.

"Mrs. Shellpool!" he exclaimed; and, when they had shaken hands, he laughed. "It was you Willie Briggs was tryin' to tell me about this mornin', then—that you'd come back to town again after all this time and he knew I'd be delighted to see you, as I certainly am! He tried to tell me you'd gone up Church Street."

"Yes, I spent most of the morning on that street with Mary Thomas and Clara Fogg. Just now I was coming to see you, Captain Embury."

"Were you? We'll go right back ——"

"No," Mrs. Shellpool said. "I was only coming to ask you to go somewhere with me."

"Well, I ——" he began, glancing over his shoulder at the schoolhouse. "I don't know but I could, though I've got kind of an appointment for along about four o'clock this afternoon."

"It might keep you longer than that," Mrs. Shellpool said. "But it's important, Captain—I don't mean to you, but to other people. I want you to come up to Harry Pelter's with me."

"To Pelter's?" he asked, and, after another glance at the schoolhouse, became thoughtful. "I see Long Harry sometimes at the post-office and along the road; but I declare I don't believe I've been inside his house in all the long time since you left there, Mrs. Shellpool. Fact is, I believe the last time I was there was at your poor daughter's funeral—must be as much as eight years ago. I'm ashamed to think how long I've neglected lookin' in at Pelter's to see how that little family was gettin' on."

"I suppose you know it's only a family of two now, Captain? You know what happened to my older stepgranddaughter?"

"I knew she left here two three years ago," he said, and added, with a little embarrassment, "I never was a great hand to listen to gossip."

"It's worse than gossip," Mrs. Shellpool informed him gravely. "The worst that could be said would be true, I'm afraid. You say you're ashamed of not having looked in on that little family for so long a time; think of how much more cause I have to be ashamed of myself for the same reason. I never could understand why my daughter married Harry Pelter, except that he had a queer, fascinating power over her and she'd never seen how he lived until he brought her here after they were married. When she died I felt I could never bear to see the place again, though I knew Providence had sent me a duty to perform toward those two young stepdaughters of hers that we were both so fond of. They were nice children then, too; it was my duty to keep them nice—and I failed to perform it. Well, every year my conscience has been heavier and heavier upon me for it, until lately I just couldn't stand its pressure.

"I've got hold of the older girl, Nettie—the one that ran away—and I've tried to do what I could with her. Now I've got to get hold of the younger one, and I want you to help me because you're the one person in the world that has any influence with Harry Pelter."

"Me?" the Captain said uneasily. "Well, I don't know that I ——"

"Yes, you have," she said earnestly. "His father sailed with you and brought him up to respect you and your opinions—about all he's ever respected in this world, I think! I haven't seen him yet; I want you to go with me, because he'll listen to me if you're there and seem to be in sympathy with me. I spent a good part of the morning listening to terrible stories, Captain Embury—and if this child's to be helped at all, it must be done now or she'll be utterly lost. She can't be wholly hardened yet; she's only fifteen, and they say that in her studies she's one of the brightest pupils in the high school here. As a little child, when I knew her, she was always gentle and affectionate, and such a pretty little thing, too—beautiful I'd call her, with eyes the clearest blue I ever saw in my whole life, and the loveliest light brown hair."

"Light brown?" the Captain said inquiringly. "Not reddish?"

"Yes, maybe a little, as I recollect it; it looked reddish at a distance."

"Well, well!" the Captain said, and his eyes sparkled. "Then don't you believe a single word Mary Thomas and Clara Fogg said about her—not a single word! Pair o' biddybodies ——"

"No, no, Captain, they're good, kind women, and that makes what they've told me all the more terrible. Besides, there were others who told me—Jennie Bailey and ——"

"All biddybodies!" the Captain insisted loudly. "Don't you believe a word they say! Long Harry Pelter's daughter, is she? Well, well! Old Harry Pelter's granddaughter! Not a single word o' truth in what those old biddybodies told you about her, Mrs. Shellpool—not a single word! Always were one o' the best-lookin' families in the world—all the Pelters! Might 'a' guessed who she was long ago! Finest girl in Mirthful Haven and don't let anybody coax you into doubtin' it for an instant!"

Mrs. Shellpool shook her head. "No. I'm afraid you haven't heard ——"

"No, and don't want to!" the Captain said stoutly. "Don't want to hear! Always be jealous, biddybodies will, and stirrin' up talk because their own children look like a shillin's worth o' brass filin's alongside a Ceylon pearl. Finest girl in a thousand! Finest in a million! Don't ever let anybody ——"

"You'll go with me, Captain?"

"I certainly will!" he said with vigor. "This boardwalk's too narrow for the two of us alongside, but if you'll just turn around and walk ahead of me until we get to River Road, I'll beg you to do me the honor to take my arm and let me act as convoy the rest o' the way to Pelter's."

(Continued on Page 75)

She Ran to the Rickety Stairway and Fled Upward, Clutching the Stretched Rope That Served for a Railing. "Better Ask Me, Hadn't You?" She Tried to Cry Fiercely as She Went

LEMON AID

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

EPIC PETERS, Pullman porter par excellence, stood in the center of the ballroom and surveyed the wreckage.

Mr. Peters was abysmally perturbed. Things had looked bad enough the night before, when a certain person had been in the act of converting order into chaos, but in the stark and unromantic light of gray early morning the place appeared to have been caressed by a cyclone.

Outside, the sentinel pines sighed unhappily and the rain streaked against the windowpanes, lending the ultimate dismal touch to a scene which brought agonies of apprehension to the soul of Mr. Peters. He was standing in the ballroom of a road house situated on the Montgomery Highway a half-score miles south of Birmingham; a road house in which was invested practically all the capital which he had accumulated during many years of service with the Pullman Company.

Until two months previously, Epic's venture had returned a consistent dividend. Then the weekly balancing of books had commenced to indicate a lack of profit. For the past three nights disaster had descended upon the eminently respectable resort, and Mr. Peters confessed to himself that he was face to face with a crisis.

His vacation was nearing an end. In five more days he knew he would be forced again to don the uniform of the Pullman Company and resume his place on the New York run. Of course he had a very capable manager operating the road house, but this situation was one which demanded a keen brain plus executive ability, and Epic felt that unless evil conditions were rectified before he returned to work, his savings of years were in a fair way to be wiped out.

Gloom settled about the thin shoulders of Mr. Peters like a great, soggy blanket. He looked sadly upon tables which had been overturned and chairs which had been broken. All about the floor were bits of smashed china and glassware, and in the large ears of the Pullman porter there sounded the words of a half dozen star patrons:

"Awful sorry, Epic, but things is gittin' so that it ain't safe fo' a gemmun to bring no lady out heah fo' dinner an' dancin'."

"It ain't my fault," pleaded Epic. "How can I he'p it if somebody comes in an' starts a rough-house in my place?"

"I dunno, Brother Peters. But neither it ain't our fault, an' us craves to take our lady frien's to some place where maybe ev'ybody gits out with as much good health as they bring in."

And now someone intruded upon Epic's solitary melancholy—a gentleman of attractive height and impressive breadth. Filbert Mong was very dark and very hefty, yet on his ebony countenance there sat an expression of unutterable woe. He stood in the doorway eying the elongated and somewhat lopsided frame of the Pullman porter.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Peters."

Epic turned an annoyed eye upon his visitor. "You!" he exploded accusingly. "Again!"

Filbert bobbed a somewhat bulletlike head. "Uh-huh," he answered. "Me. Once mo'."

"What you want now?"

The other cast a hopeful glance about the unkempt floor.

"Kind of looks like mebbe I could git a day's work, Mistuh Peters."

"Looks like ain't is. I ain't got no time to bother with you."

"Yeh," Moaned Filbert. "It Seems Like it's Most Gwine Make Me Laugh Myse'f to Death"

Filbert's jaw drooped sadly. "Mistuh Peters, Ise desp'rate. I ain't et since yestiddy mawnin', an' Ise so hongry I'd do anything fo' a square meal."

"Quit pesterin' me."

"Ise just beggin' you fo' somethin' to eat. I bet you ain't never been starvin', Mistuh Peters, an' also a stranger in the town where you was starvin' at. I ain't askin' you to gimme nothin'. I crave to work fo' it. Ise a big strong man; I can do anythin'. There ain't nothin' which takes a lot of manhood to pufform which I ain't anxious to do. But it don't matter how much muscle a man has got, Mistuh Peters, if his stummick never gits treated to no eatments."

Suddenly Epic turned his attention from the wreckage which surrounded him to the stalwart frame of his visitor. He stared intently and a slow smile creased his lips as an idea commenced to take form.

"You got a good figger, Filbert."

"Yassuh, boss man, I sho have."

"An' big muscles."

"Them is the most things I is proud of. Honest, Mistuh Peters, Ise willin' to do any kind of work, an' I is strong as six mules."

"Has you got cou'age?"

"Shuh! I hate to boast, but brav'ry is the one thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

"An' you is broke?"

"Absolutely. Also I owe Semore Mashby five dollars, which he says don't I pay him by this afternoon he's gwine put me in jail fo'."

"Real hongry?"

"Ise starvin'."

"What would you do fo' a regalar job an' all the good food you could swaller?"

A piteous expression crossed Filbert's face. "Anything, Mistuh Peters; but less'n you is se'ious, you is hurtin' me crool by just discussin' food."

"H'm!" Epic circled the other appraisingly. "What you weigh?"

"Hund'ed an' seventy pounds."

"Tha's plenty. An' you is terrible strong?"

"Terrible."

"Question is, Filbert, does you know how to handle them muscles of yourn?"

"Mistuh, fo' some real food I would battle five lions."

"I ain't got no lions. But I is lookin' fo' a big, brave, strong man."

Solemnly, Filbert extended his hand. "Heah's me!"

"The job I has got fo' you ——"

"Whatever it is, I assept."

"'Tain't so easy."

"Nor neither starvin' to death ain't no cinch."

"Good! Then you an' me can git together prompt."

"When do I eat?"

"Right away. Now heah's the point: I will give you twenty dollars cash money fo' doin' the job I want, an' also all the good food you can eat fo' one week."

"Startin' this mawnin'?"

"Immedjitly."

Hungry as he was, Filbert pressed an advantage: "An' how about leavin' me have ten dollars in advance, Mistuh Peters? I ain't got a dime, an' I don't crave to be th'owed in the Big Rock by Mistuh Semore Mashby."

"You does whatever I want?"

"Even twice as much."

Without further hesitation, Epic produced a wallet and extracted therefrom two five-dollar bills which he handed to Filbert Mong. "There you is. An' now the deal is closed."

"All 'cept the breakfas'."

Epic escorted Filbert to the kitchen, where one of the cooks was already on duty. He gave orders that the stranger was to have as much breakfast as he cared to consume.

Filbert supervised the culinary operations and shortly thereafter seated himself before a huge plate of grits, a platter of crisp bacon, a stack of toast, an orange and a pot of coffee.

No question that he was hungry. Epic sat in the corner and watched the big man wade into the food. He was consumed by curiosity as to whether any human being could eat that much and continue to function. Eventually Mr. Mong shoved back from the table and staggered to his feet.

Being in the mood properly to climax a gala occasion, Epic pressed upon him a good cigar, which Filbert inhaled with gusto.

"Now," he asked, "sposin' you splain what my job is."

But Epic was not quite ready to declare himself.

"Ise gwine into Bumminham," he announced. "I crave to have a talk with Mistuh Slappey."

"Florian Slappey?" Filbert smiled. "I know that feller. He's swell."

"Oh, he's pretty good. An' he's a stockholder in this place. So I yearn to make talk with him befo' I splain ev'ything to you."

On Filbert's own suggestion, he accompanied his new boss into the city. And then, while Epic went to consult with Florian, Mr. Mong made his way to the musty, dusty office where little Semore Mashby engaged in the business of lending, and collecting, money. Pridefully he paid Semore five dollars in return for the four he had borrowed

several days previously, and he immediately spent three and a half of the remaining five for a pair of shoes. Then he rambled down to Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house and waited for Epic to emerge.

The rain had ceased and the air was balmy. Mr. Mong gazed upon Birmingham and decided that it was a fine, friendly city. Of course, twenty-four hours previously he had held no affection for the Alabama metropolis, but those hard times were gone forever. He saw himself holding a regular job at Epic's road house, and then of graduating to a position of importance and eventually becoming a person of power and prestige in the colored community.

He wasn't at all perturbed by the prospect of hard work. He was big and strong and eager. Life had been unkind to him for the past several weeks, but it seemed now that everything had changed. All he wanted was an opportunity to show Epic Peters that he was supremely grateful.

Epic left Sis Callie's and rejoined his new employe. Together they started southward in the general direction of Mr. Peters' road house, and it was Epic who came to the point.

"I has been discussin' matters with Mistuh Slappey, an' I an' him is agreed 'bout ev'ything."

"Yassuh."

"You has taken on a tough job, but we b'lieve you is the feller to do it."

"Mistuh Peters, you ain't made no mistake there. The tougher the jobs, the better I like 'em."

"You really mean that?"

"Most posolutely."

"I knowed you was the right man. An' now, spose I splain to you 'bout the trouble I is in."

"Nothin' coul'n't make me mo' happy, Mistuh Peters."

"Two yeahs ago, Filbert, I found myse'f with a lot of money saved up, so I decided to inwest it on account I don't always crave to be no Pullman porter. I bought this ol' house on the Montgomery Highway an' made me an eatin' an' dancin' place out of it, an' if I do say it myse'f, there ain't no nicer or respectabler place in Alabama."

"Right you is."

"I always given my patrons the best—good food an' swell music furnished by Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra. Fum the fust I made money—not a whole heap, but enough to lemme know that I had a good thing when I was ready to quit railroadin'. Ev'ything went well until a few weeks ago, when some other fellers got together an' opened a road house which they called the Palace Club. Then right away things started happenin'."

"What sort of things, Mistuh Peters?"

"Bad things. 'Cause it's thisaway, Filbert: In Bumminham there is enough cullud folks with money to make one road house successful an' put two in bankruptcy. Fum the time that Palace Club opened right near to mine, I has been losin' money an' also they has been losin' it too."

Filbert shook his head sadly. "Ain't that too bad!"

"You ain't heard the half of it yet. Us bofe was bein' ruint. I woul'n't quit, an' neither would they. But they wasn't willin' to fight fair, an' so what you reckon happened?"

"I coul'n't guess."

"Four nights ago," explained Epic bitterly, "a feller come into my place. He was a big, black feller, but he had on dinner clothes an' he looked all right. He ordered him a barbecue san'wich an' a glass of lemonade. A little while after, when all the swell cullud folks was enjoyin' their-se'ves, this big feller struts across the room to the table where Julius Cæsar Clump an' his wife was sittin'."

"Not the movin'-pitcher director?"

"Him an' no other. Now Cæsar is a li'l' man, but he's a gemmun an' he's brave. Well, this big stranger stopped alongside their table an' he grabs Sicily Clump by the arm an' yanks her to her feet. 'C'mon, gal,' he says, real brutal. 'You an' me is gwine dance!' Well, she lets out a shriek an' J. Cæsar jumps up. 'Keep yo' hands offen my wife,' he utters. Right away this big feller—which we has since found out his name is Percy Capers—Percy grabs Sicily an' starts dancin', an' she gives another yell. So J. Cæsar rushes forward an' makes a grab fo' Percy, an' less than one second later he found out he had made a terrible mistake."

"How come?"

"'Cause Percy Capers doubled up one fist an' pushed it right into the middle of Mistuh Clump's physiogomy. Cæsar goes down, an' then is foolish enough to git up. Right away he goes down again, an' by this time his face looks like seven cents' worth of Hamburger. Just then up comes Welford Potts, one of the Midnight's swellest actors, an' he says to Percy: 'Mistuh,' he says, 'I don't know who you is, but you ain't no gemmun'. Then—blooey!—an' Welford is in a corner with a swollen jaw. After that Percy takes a good crack at the next nearest man, which happens to be Dr. Brutus Herring. Now Brutus ain't no li'l' feller, nor neither he ain't no coward. He starts to battle with Percy, but he might just as well of fit with dynamite. When it's all over, Doctor Herring looks like what he is named after. Also six ladies has had historics an' two has fainted."

Epic paused, and Filbert felt that it was incumbent upon him to make sympathetic comment.

"That sholy was misfortunate," he observed.

"It was wuss than that," gloomed Epic.

"Uh-huh. I bet it was twice as bad."

"Wait 'til you heah the rest. When all the damage was cleared up that night, which was Thursday, us thought that it was just accident that Percy Capers had come in an' busted things up. But Friday night he come back again, an' what he did that time was plumb awful. He whupped five mo' customers, scared a dozen ladies an' like to ruint some of my best furniture. That was the night that Florian Slappey got suspicious. So he follered Percy after he left, an' where did that feller go but right to the Palace Club."

"An' wrecked that one too?"

"No such of a thing. 'Cause why? 'Cause this is all a dirty trick which the Palace Club is doin'. They figger that by sending Mistuh Capers aroun' to wreck our place, beat up our gemmun friends an' insult the ladies, they is gwine give us a reppitation that we ain't a safe place fo' no decent folks to come."

"Ain't you tol' the police?"

Epic shook his head. "We figgered we better keep the police out of this thing if we could, on account nobody never knows what they might do. Of co'se, if we coul'n't settle it ourselfs —— Anyway, Saddy night Percy didn't come to my place, but neither did nobody else. The only thing rottener than our business was the way I felt. But him not showin' up, me an' Florian figured that he was

(Continued on Page 136)

"Fight Like a Man!" Roared Filbert. "An' I'll Teach You to Come Aroun' Wreckin' Folks' Places"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions: Five Cents the Copy, $2.00 the Year (52 weekly issues). Two Years for $3.50, Three Years for $5.00. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador): Ten Cents the Copy, $3.00 the Year, Two Years for $5.50, Three Years for $8.00, in Canadian or United States Funds.

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Remittances from outside the United States and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Bank Draft, payable in United States Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 7, 1930

The Benjamin Franklin Memorial

EVERY year adds to the fame of Benjamin Franklin. With each succeeding generation comes a fuller realization of the breadth of his genius and a higher appraisal of what the world owes to it.

There are more memorials to Franklin than to any other man of his time, for the undertakings which he set on foot were so soundly conceived, were imbued with such sturdy merit and were so admirably calculated to serve some human need that they have outlived him by more than one hundred and forty years without having passed their prime.

Each of the undertakings is a memorial to its founder or author. Among them we find the oldest learned society in America and the very publication in which these lines appear. They include a university, a hospital, a library and an insurance company. The United States Weather Bureau, our national postal system and public trust funds in the cities of his birth and of his adoption owe their existence to his fostering hand. The sciences of physics and meteorology, and our knowledge of ventilation and of navigation are his acknowledged debtors. His theory of electricity, intermeshed as it is with our modern conceptions of matter and of the construction of the universe, today has a following more formidable than it had in his own century or in the one which followed it.

Every building equipped with lightning rods, whether it stands in Pennsylvania or in Peru, pays homage to his genius. The presses used in our offices for copying letters, the best wood-burning stoves in our older country houses, daylight saving, and even the bifocals astride our noses are among the humbler fruits of his vigorous and tireless mind.

With all these preoccupations added to his responsibility for the conduct of his highly competitive printing and publishing business, a worldwide correspondence, constant experimentation and active participation in public affairs, Benjamin Franklin wrote the best American autobiography which has yet appeared, helped Thomas Jefferson frame the Declaration of Independence and was largely instrumental in putting our newborn state into her place in the family of nations. Of all the Fathers of the Republic, he alone signed all four state papers which brought about our independence—the Declaration of Independence, the treaty of alliance with France, the treaty of peace with England and the Constitution of the United States.

When we consider the roster of his services, both at home and abroad, to the young republic which sprang from his dreams of empire, we cannot feel guilty of overstatement in saying that these United States are more truly a monument to the genius and patriotism of Franklin than to those of any other single man, Washington alone excepted.

All the world knows what Benjamin Franklin did for his city, for his state, for his native land and for mankind at large; and much there is to be known. But what, it may well be asked, have a grateful city, state and nation done to honor their common benefactor and carry on his beneficent work for the general good?

If the truth may be spoken, they have done very little of a substantial character, very little that is comparable with this great man's great deserts. Many a city has, to be sure, named for him a street or public square which, after all, required some specific designation. Some have erected in his honor statues of bronze or fountains of iron. From coast to coast, banks and trust companies, printing houses, clubs, societies, hotels and steam laundries have made him their patron saint, but more often for the sake of courting fortune with the magic of his name than with the idea of honoring him by following his good example in the service of mankind.

The university he helped to found, despite the extraordinary public service it has continued to render for nearly two hundred years, is allowed to lead a hand-to-mouth existence. This and other undertakings Franklin initiated have survived through sheer merit. If they have received moderate support, it has been rather for the sake of their utility than from any popular eagerness to do honor to their founder. And yet Franklin is not without honor in that city in which, as the witty author of Hugh Wynne liked to tell us, he was born at the age of seventeen. Thirty-five years after he was laid to rest in a corner of the Friends' Burying Ground at Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, two young men, W. H. Keating, a chemist, and Samuel Vaughan Merrick, destined to become the first president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, perceived the need of some public agency for putting the resources and discoveries of science at the disposal of industry. With this end in view, they and their associates founded the Franklin Institute, an organization which for more than a century has carried on the high traditions of its namesake. It has kept alive his passion for the promotion of useful knowledge. It has been tireless in breaking scientific theory into the practical service of man.

For some time, the Franklin Institute, coöperating with the Poor Richard Club, has been planning an unselfish memorial to this many-sided genius and lover of his fellow men. It contemplates the erection of a noble edifice to cover a whole city square. Besides containing its own quarters, it will house what is destined to become, in many respects, the most interesting museum in the world. This great collection, dedicated to the promotion of useful knowledge, will, in a manner of speaking, begin where the ordinary museum leaves off. It is to be a teaching institution. It will offer instruction in the sciences, such as astronomy, electricity, chemistry, physics and engineering.

The textbooks in this new temple of science will be practical moving models which the visitor himself can set in motion by electrical controls. No one not familiar with the museums of this type in Europe can imagine the possibilities of this fascinating form of instruction, or the breathless interest with which it holds even the youngest learner.

Astronomy, for example, will be taught by the marvelous planetarium which has been presented to the Institute by Mr. Samuel S. Fels, of Philadelphia. The visitor will enter a darkened, hemispherical chamber, some sixty-five feet in diameter, and there, seemingly, behold "the spacious firmament on high, with all the blue ethereal sky." He will watch the stars as they move in their courses and see the planets making their ordered rounds. He can "bring forth Mazzaroth in his season" at will. He can gaze at the heavens as they are today, or, by proper adjustment, see them as they looked down upon the little town of Bethlehem, nineteen centuries ago. A shift of the controls will, in effect, transport the spectator to the Southern Hemisphere, and he will find that the familiar Dipper has disappeared and that the Southern Cross is blazing in the sky. The illusion is as perfect as it is impressive.

Physics, chemistry, electrical phenomena and the constitution of matter will be taught by means no less fascinating and ingenious. In other halls the whole history of transportation by land, by water and by air will be displayed by working models or by historic originals. The progress of the graphic arts, the advances of electrical science, the processes of textile and chemical manufacture, and scores of important natural and mechanical sequences will be shown by models which will come to life and take on motion when the visitor turns a switch or presses a button. The most casual visitor will be thrilled and fascinated. The more serious student will get, with small effort, a better knowledge of the fundamentals of science, pure and applied, and of general technology than it is commonly possible to acquire except by laborious study.

With the combined knowledge of several European museums of this type to draw upon and improve upon, the Franklin Memorial promises to outstrip them all and to attain worldwide fame and importance. Ground will be broken for the Memorial on June eighteenth. Great sums of money will be required to carry out the ambitious program which has been outlined by the supporters of this undertaking. The Franklin Institute has nearly four millions. As much more will be required to complete the work and provide for its upkeep. A start has already been made. State lines have been obliterated. The donor of the planetarium was born in North Carolina. A man from Maine is contributing a million and a half. Another, from Kentucky, will spend a sum running into six figures upon the electrical features, and a third, from Vermont, will finance the costly section devoted to the graphic arts.

All these contributors and all who join hands with them have a right to feel that they are honoring Benjamin Franklin as he has never been honored before. Moreover, they will be honoring him in the manner that would be most acceptable to him—that is, by keeping alive his passion for serving his native land and his fellow man.

Reduction of the Discount Rate

WITH the rediscount rate in New York and London reduced to three per cent, the Paris rate having previously been three per cent, the rediscount rates are approaching rock-bottom.

Europeans greet lower rates of their central banks of issue with great expectations. Their enterprises feel themselves more closely involved with bank rates than is the case in the United States. Foreigners expect that under the low rediscount rates the flow of gold to the United States will be checked. They expect the trend of prices to turn upward, with stimulation of exports. They hope activities in construction will be revived. Most of all, they anticipate expansion of employment. A slowly declining price level is generally regarded with disfavor in Europe, and it is hoped that low rediscount rates will tend to retard the price effect of the low rate of outturn of new gold.

Americans also expect benefits from the low discount rate. Lower interest rates follow directly. Cheap money aids the sale of bonds and mortgages, which tends to stimulate activity in construction. Cheaper credit means a lower cost of doing business, and with lower cost the men in charge of enterprises are encouraged to expand operations. Quite generally it is believed that subsequently, if not immediately, the effect of low interest rates will be found in expansion of employment.

The traditional dangers of cheap money are inflation and speculation. Inflation of productive enterprises is certainly not an imminent danger. What is desired is a moderate degree of increase in production and trade, and more than this is not likely to be attained in the foreseeable future. The question mark applies to the influence of cheap money on speculation. If cheap credit were to revive the speculation of 1929, the objective of easy credit, in the large social sense, would not be advanced. The safeguard of the public probably lies in the vivid recollection of the painful experiences of 1929. It is to be hoped that cheap credit will not reincarnate the speculative spirit of last year.

WILL INDIA BLOW UP?

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

NOT only Great Britain is watching India with a cumulatively intensified anxiety. The entire world—the brown and the yellow man, as well as the white—is turning its eyes toward that vast peninsula in a similarly fascinated, if diversely motived, interest. Is India, more and more formidably seething with unrest for the past thirty years, at last definitely going to blow up? In the answer to this question is implied not merely the future of the British Empire—to which the loss of India would mean a catastrophic loss of prestige—but the whole future relationship between the Asiatic and the Western peoples. A world problem is coming to a crisis in that land of dusty romance, and its solution will intimately affect every major nation on the globe.

Before the precise nature of that problem can be understood, it is essential to dispel a little of the propaganda smoke cloud, plentifully charged with lachrymatory gas, which confuses and bewilders public opinion in America and in Britain. In both countries, the sentimentalist and the idealist—not to mention other less respectable elements—enthusiastically champion the strident assertion of the Indian politician that India is a nation, heroically struggling to be free. The assertion is basically false. India is no more a homogeneous nation than Europe is a nation. It is a subcontinent, inhabited by some 330,000,000 people of divers races, speaking six distinct languages, differentiated into 222 dialects, and practicing nine great religions, of which two are implacably hostile to each other. Nearly 75 per cent of the population are peasants from time immemorial illiterate in an abysmal ignorance, their whole lives devoted to extorting a meager subsistence from the soil, their standard of living kept permanently low by an excessive fecundity from which the British "tyrants" have entirely or partly removed the ancient natural checks of internecine war, pestilence and famine. This teeming continent is administered by a Civil Service totaling 1250 senior officials, of whom 330 are Indians, assisted by purely Indian subordinates, backed by a British army averaging some 60,000 and chiefly concentrated in the north to protect the plains of India from invasion by the fierce mountain tribes of the frontier.

PHOTO, BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO SERVICE

An Indian Maharaja Holds Court in His Palace Near Delhi

PHOTO, BY KEYSTONE VIEW

The Portrait and Palanquin Carried by Followers of Gandhi in His Birthday Procession

The Problem of Castes

NEVER in all her history, indeed, has India been a nation. Always she has been parceled out among her conquerors. In those misty thousands of years before Christ, when successive adventurous bands of Aryan invaders came down into India through the passes of the north, they found the country already peopled by Dravidians who were themselves previous invaders and who ruled in petty states over a subject indigenous population. In their turn, the Dravidians became hewers of wood and drawers of water to their new masters, and they exist today, mingled with those that once had been their serfs, as the 70,000,000 untouchables of the lowest castes or no caste at all who form one of the major problems to be solved before India can be said to be a nation in any Western sense. Those conquering Aryans brought with them the embryo of the caste system—originally four broad divisions into Brahman priests, Kshatriya warriors, Vaisya craftsmen and traders, and Sudra cultivators—now subdivided into a number impossible of exact computation, but probably not less than 1400, whence the only practicable escape is by turning Christian and losing caste altogether. This Aryan invasion was no great mass movement organized under one supreme leadership. Like the conquests of the Northmen in Europe, it was a series of small individual enterprises led by independent chieftains who set up local principalities and enserfed the original inhabitants. For centuries, the Aryan domination was limited to the northern half of India, but about half a millennium before Christ the process of conquest was gradually and similarly extended over the south. India then presented a spectacle much like England under the Norman Conquest—an original population held in subjection to a victorious minority of alien lords at perpetual warfare with one another, but—unlike England—with no supreme sovereign to whom all owed at least a nominal fealty.

Thus, in broad outline, India remained until, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, the fierce Moslem invasions began to flow in by the historic passes of the north. By the end of the twelfth century, Islam had conquered almost the whole of Northern India, save for sundry Aryan pockets where the descendants of Aryan Kshatriyas still ruled as kings.

Struggling for the Spice Trade

IN THE sixteenth century another Mohammedan incursion from Afghanistan founded the great Mogul Empire, the nearest approach to political homogeneity India had hitherto known. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Mogul overlordship collapsed into a universal anarchy. Soon thereafter began the rivalry between the French and the British in India which was eventually to result in that immense new empire wherein Britain found compensation for the loss of the American colonies.

Founded in 1600, the original East India Company was merely a trading concern, competing with the Dutch and Portuguese for the spices essential to a Europe ignorant of refrigerators, and compelled by bad farming to kill off most of its cattle at the beginning of each winter. In the middle of the eighteenth century, France and Britain commenced their gigantic struggle for world empire, settled in America by Wolfe at Quebec. In India, both sides enlisted the aid of native princes to destroy the trading stations of the other; both sides began to intrigue in India politics, exploiting the

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"It Was a Very Refined Audience. I Counted Eleven Ermine Wraps"

"Is Your Hair Dirty, Too?"

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

POST SCRIPTS

Triolet

THE conversationally inclined
Are often somewhat stupid men.
I'm sure I do not greatly mind
The conversationally inclined,
But after one has nicely dined,
The talk is apt to pall, and then
The conversationally inclined
Are often somewhat stupid men.

—*Myra M. Waterman.*

Sending it Out

"WHERE is that man in uniform going with our baby?" asked Mr. Mild of his wife, who was having her nails glistened on her chaise longue by a maid from the At-Your-Home Manicuring Service.

"He's taking Junior to give him a bath. He's from Baby Bathers, Inc. They are to call for Junior every morning at eleven. It's a marvelous idea. It will save me and nurse so much trouble."

"Hum. And where is nurse?"

"I sent her over to arrange for a new service of which I have just heard—the Button Sewers Guild. They will come twice weekly to sew on all our buttons."

"Something like the Associated Sock Darners that you signed up last month to come and darn my socks on Wednesdays?"

"Yes, quite similar."

Mr. Mild bit his lips to hold back his real thoughts.

"What are you going to do this afternoon, dear?" There was a suspicion of a hiss in the "dear," but Mrs. Mild missed it.

"I am to get a facial and a wave at 2:30, and at four I am due at the Tennyson Club. If possible, I hope to slip in sometime to see the pediatrician to get a line on Junior's gruel for the next month or so."

"I suppose we are dining out as usual? I rather—I wish—it would be nice to eat at home once in a while for a change."

"Darling, I forgot to tell you. I have a surprise for you. We are eating at home this evening. The Minute Men Caterers, just around the corner, now bring fully prepared meals, piping hot, to your door at an appointed hour. I have arranged for our dinner to be here at 7:30 sharp. Don't forget."

This was a little too much for Mr. Mild, and for the first time in years he went into a rant.

(Continued on Page 153)

Weighed in the Balance and Found Gaining

THE horrid truth is this, my dear,
I've gained three pounds, or maybe four,
And so it's desperately clear
I do not love you any more.

—*Margaret Fishback.*

The City Chap Does His Stuff

WELL, well, little girl, where've I been all your life? Say, the minute I saw that red hair and those red dress I knew. . . . Let's sit this one out. I'm too dizzy to dance. . . . Yeh, you go to my head. What's your name, baby? . . . Sally? Ah, Sally, come over in my alley. Ha-ha! Didn't know I was a poet, did you? After you've been around with me a while you'll find there's lots of things you didn't know. . . .

Sally Sullivan? Good old Jewish name. Reminds me of the story about the man named Sullivan who had his appendix out. It seems that just as they were wheeling him into the operating room ——

Oh, you've heard that one? Naughty, naughty, papa slap baby's wrist for listening to nassy old story like that! . . . 'N where do you live? . . . Why, you little hick! That must be hayseeds I see in your hair, and I thought all along it was dandruff! . . . Now, don't get peeved. It's just my way, and what a way I have! I often wonder how I get away with it. Ha-ha! Joke!

Too bad you live in Roadside, baby. Just think of the trolley ride you're going to have coming in here to meet papa every night. . . . Oh, my, no, indeedy, I can't come out to Roadside to see you. I'm afraid of that place. I had quite an experience out there once. Was to see a keen mamma one night, and we were having the nicest time, when in walks an old bird in his shirt sleeves and raises Cain. I got hot-tempered and cracked, "Don't mind me. I only neck here!" And do you know, it was her father! So, ever since I've left Roadside off my calling list. It's a pity too. The girls are all yelling for more. The vagabond lover—that's me.

Don't sit so far away, baby; I won't bite. Now, be yourself; you know your head looks good on my shoulder. This shoulder was just made for red heads to park on. I like that dress, baby—what there is of it. And I like you, too—honest I do. Is everybody happy? And just to show you how much I like you, I'm going to give you one teeny weeny little kiss. Why, baby! I'm surprised at you! Papa is positively guaranteed not to have halitosis. Ask any of the girls. . . . No? Oh, all right. But you're turning down the chance of a lifetime. They don't raise boys like me out in Roadside. So long, baby! See you in the funny papers! —MARGE.

DRAWN BY ROLAND BAUM

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My dearest wish
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Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Vegetable
Consommé	Vegetable-Beef
Julienne	Vermicelli-Tomato

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MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

The Hermit of Three Buttes

When Enid Looked In, Ranse Was Not in Sight, But She Saw the Floor Boards Lifted to Reveal a Gaping Hole

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XX

WHEN Enid and Ranse rejoined the others supper was not yet quite ready; so Enid went to find her mother and Doctor Bland in the cabin where Mr. Bayless now was housed, and Ranse sat down on one of the bed rolls under the end of the dining fly. He had things to consider, and his thoughts were busy ones.

Yet with half an ear he attended to what went forward here. Lin was cooking, busy with his pots and pans, and young Moray stood by him, asking questions. Moray's curiosity, Ranse remarked, centered on Lutz, and the story that man had been led to tell, and the manner of that leading. And Ranse was amused by Lin's replies. Lin had a gift for narrative not always strictly truthful, and he told Moray now:

"Yes, sir, we had to work on him. And he was feeling pretty sick before. Dave Blinn dragged him, behind his horse, when they first got him, you know; and that kind of shakes up a man's insides and unseats his self-confidence, you might say. The doc says his lung is punctured. I dunno as he'll live long enough to git hung."

Ranse smiled to himself at Lin's mendacity, and then Doctor Bland came toward them from the cabin, and Ranse rose to meet the physician and drew him away, down the slope toward the lake. He led the other out of hearing from the fire, so that the doctor looked at him curiously, wondering what Ranse might desire or intend.

But when they halted at last Ranse only asked, "You looked at Lutz, didn't you, doctor?"

"I looked him over, yes," the other agreed. "Nothing wrong with him that won't clear up by itself in a day or two."

"I heard Lin stringing young Moray," Ranse explained. "Thought likely he was making it up, but I wanted to be sure."

"He's all right, yes," the doctor repeated.

Ranse indicated the cabin where Mr. Bayless lay. "And how's he?"

"He's fine," Doctor Bland said cheerfully. "So far as I can see, there's no reason to expect any trouble. The bullet slid around outside the ribs without doing any serious harm."

Ranse took off his hat and scratched his head in a slow perplexity, so that the physician had a curious impression that the young man was disappointed; he watched the other for a moment, asked at last:

"Did you boys get anything out of Lutz this afternoon?"

"He told us all he knew, I guess," Ranse confessed abstractedly.

"Didn't that clear things up?"

Ranse said in a sardonic tone: "Why, some things. He explained everything except just the detail of who killed Peak, and who killed Splann."

The doctor looked at him in quick astonishment, and Ranse added with a grin:

"And of course there's still the question of this gold that Dusty Peak's been accumulating all these years. That's what started all the ruckus, and we don't know any more about that than we did before."

He was suddenly silent, something vigilant in his bearing, his eyes turned toward the fire. The doctor looked that way, but there was nothing in the scene yonder that was at all unusual. Lin was cooking, and the marshal and old Vic Buker squatted on their heels a little to one side, cigarettes between their lips. Old Juan had followed Ranse and Enid up from the beaver dam and stood apart with Moray, and Moray was talking to the old man. But Doctor Bland already understood that Moray must always have an audience. Norris Lee filled a plate with victuals and took a lantern and went up to the cabin where Lutz was housed; and Dave Blinn, who had been guarding Lutz, came down to the fire and left Norris in his place as sentry there.

But all this was usual and commonplace, and the physician looked back at Ranse again, wondering what it was which fixed the young man in this rigid posture of concentrated thought. He tried to divert the other; he said casually:

"Mr. Moray must know some Spanish. He's talking with Juan."

Ranse turned, but it was apparent that he had not heard the doctor's word. He gripped the physician's arm, and he said quietly:

"Come! I want to talk to Mrs. Bayless, and Miss Bayless. And you."

The doctor hesitated, and Ranse urged: "Quick. Lin will be calling them to supper in a minute."

And he led the other man swiftly up the hill. As they started, Lin did actually shout the supper call, and Enid and Mrs. Bayless were quick to answer it, so that Ranse and Doctor Bland were only just in time to intercept them at the cabin.

But they were in time, and Ranse said quietly: "Wait a minute, please. Mrs. Bayless, I'm asking you all to help me out some more."

From the fire yonder Lin called again, "Come and get it, folks!"

And Ranse responded, over his shoulder, "Be there in a minute, Lin."

"Want a lantern?" Lin asked, but Ranse said:

"No, we can see all right. We're fine." And he began to explain, swiftly, in a lower tone, to Enid and her mother what it was that he wished them now to do.

Enid, when she heard what Ranse urged, asked no question, made no protest, but Mrs. Bayless turned to Doctor Bland in concern.

"It's not true?" she demanded. "You're sure it's not true?"

Doctor Bland said reassuringly: "Positive. Mr. Bayless will be all right, I'm sure." And he asked Ranse, doubtfully: "Can you tell us just what you have in mind?"

"I'd rather not," Ranse admitted. "Maybe I'm wrong, and if I am, fine. But if I'm right, then we'll find out, and we can handle the thing, and we can clean up the whole business."

Mrs. Bayless laughed nervously. "I'm not much of an actress, Ranse. I did manage to pretend that he was dead. But this ——"

And Ranse explained that she had no need to play this part before an audience. "If you all will just do the way I ask you, ma'am. Stay in the cabin here."

So they did consent at last; and Lin left Enid and Mrs. Bayless and the doctor together, and himself went slowly toward the fire. When he came into the light his face was grave and somber; and he said to Lin:

"Fix up some plates for the folks, Lin. They won't come."

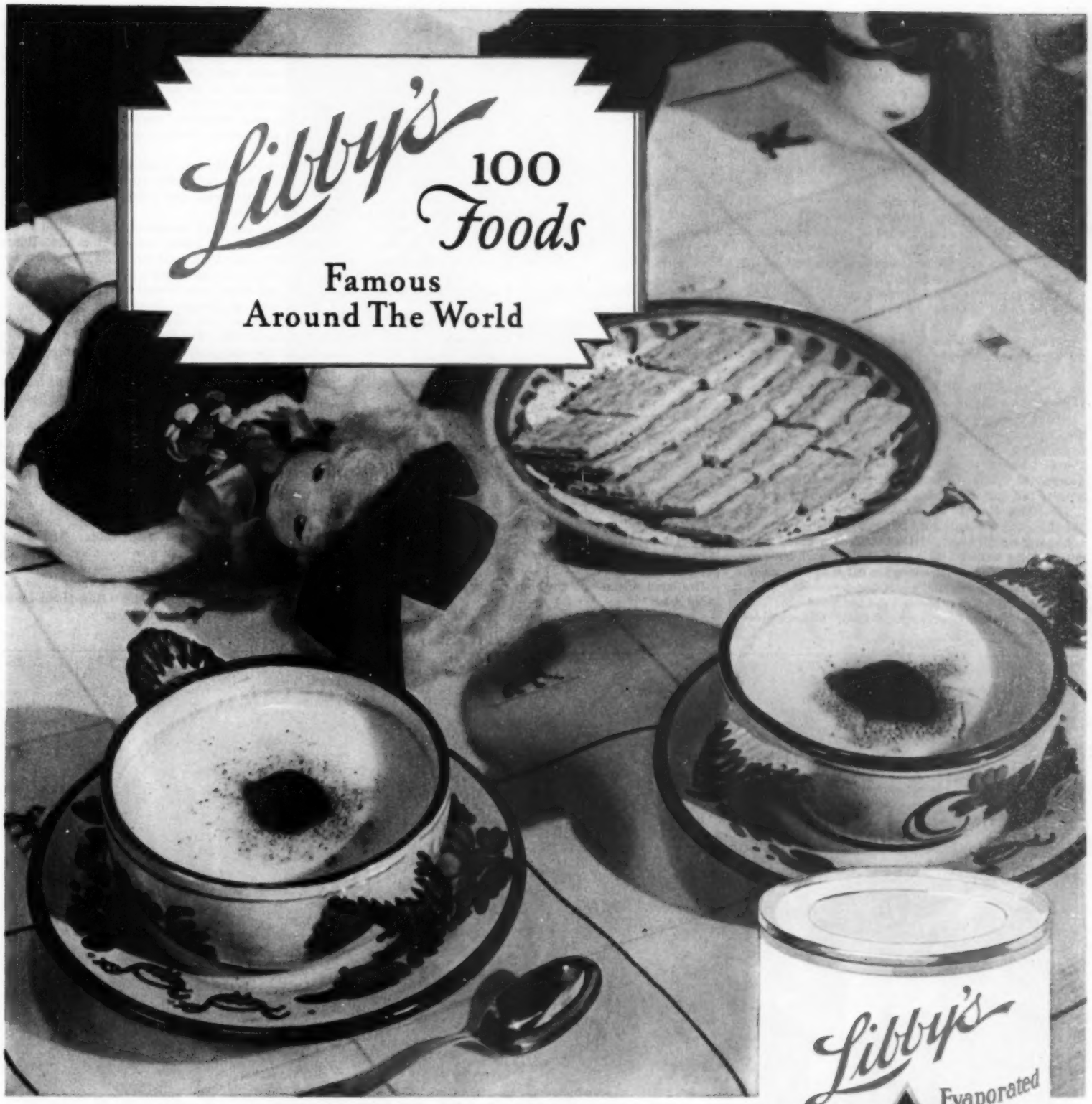
Lin looked up at him doubtfully, and he asked, "All right, ain't they?"

Ranse nodded. "The women are. But, boys, it looks like we was nearer the truth than we thought, this afternoon."

Dave Blinn asked quickly, "How's that?"

And Ranse explained. "I've been talking to the doc," he told them. Old Vic Buker caught some note in the young man's tone and looked at him with an alert attention. "I've been talking to the doc," Ranse repeated, a little more loudly, as though he thought Vic had not heard.

(Continued on Page 34)



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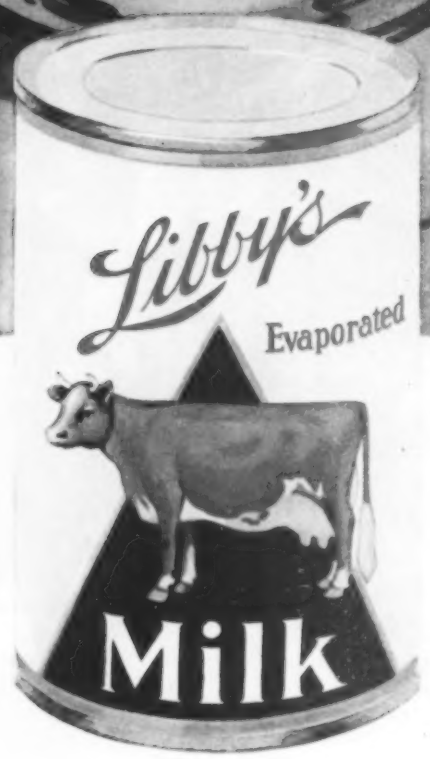


LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 32)

"It seems like that bullet mussed Mr. Bayless up quite a lot. He's been pretty comfortable so far, but he's beginning to have some fever now, and that's a bad sign. It looks like he's hurt bad. He's due to have a rough time of it for a while, and probably cash in at the end."

The little group was very silent, but they exchanged glances thoughtfully. Then Moray and old Juan, who had been standing a little to one side, came nearer; and Moray asked a quick question, his voice full of dismay.

"Why, he might get over it, yes," Ranse confessed. "But the doc says it's doubtful."

Old Juan stood behind Moray, and he watched their countenances attentively, his eyes flashing this way and that. Ranse called to him a word or two of explanation, then went on talking to Moray.

"We've shore run into some bad luck up here," he confessed. "I kind of blame myself."

"You brought us into a hornet's nest!" Moray cried. "And the crowning idiocy was to come without even a gun in the outfit."

"Well, there's guns enough now," Ranse pointed out.

"Yes, the door's locked after the horse is stolen," Moray said in bitter derision. "You take it calmly enough. But as far as I can find out, the man who did these killings is still loose; he may take a pot shot at us any time."

"That's shore the truth," Ranse admitted, in a humble drawl. He took the plates Lin had filled and carried them to Enid and Mrs. Bayless, and he stayed with them while Doctor Bland in turn went to the fire. Ranse, from the doorway of the cabin, could watch and hear their questions to the doctor, and the physician's ominous replies.

Then Mrs. Bayless at Ranse's elbow whispered, "Do you think this is a dangerous thing to do, Ranse?"

Ranse shook his head. "I don't think so, ma'am," he admitted, "or I wouldn't do it. No, ma'am, we'll have men around here tonight thick enough to catch an ant crawling in. No, ma'am, I wouldn't say it was dangerous."

"I'm relying on you, Ranse," she reminded him.

"I'm planning to deserve that, ma'am," he assured her.

Old Juan drifted away from the fire, back down the valley toward where his sheep were bedded. Ranse saw him go, saw his figure disappear in the encircling shadows. Then Enid replaced her mother by Ranse's side, and he said to her softly:

"There'll be some moon tonight if there aren't too many clouds."

"You'll be here?" she asked.

"Right here!" he promised, and the girl clung for a moment to his arm.

"Then I'm not afraid," she declared.

He hesitated, and then he said with slow gravity, "I'll have Mr. Moray here instead, if you want."

There was a long silence, till Ranse grinned in spite of himself, and looked down and saw in the firelight that she was watching him, smiling mischievously. But she only said again quietly, "I told you—if you're here I'm not afraid."

"Yes, ma'am," he drawled, and she stamped her foot in a faint impatience.

"Ma'am!" she echoed scornfully.

"Well," Ranse assured her, "I always aim to be polite to my customers."

The girl suggested slowly, "I suppose you'll risk 'Miss Bayless' when we say good-by."

"When my job's done," Ranse assented, "things'll be a whole lot changed."

"What difference will that make, really, Ranse?" she urged; and he hesitated for a moment before he told her.

"Maybe a lot, maybe none," he confessed at last. "But this up here isn't the world—ma'am. Things look different up here, and people look different too. But nobody can stay in the mountains all the time. If I was figuring to buy a ranch, I'd want to have a look at it in summer and in winter, in wet times and in dry." He added gravely: "And if I aimed to sell one, I'd want to be sure my customer was going to be satisfied."

Her hand pressed his arm, but she only asked, with a smile in her voice:

"Are you figuring to buy a ranch? Or sell one?"

"I've got my eye on a mighty pretty layout," he confessed, and he lighted a cigarette and told her something about this dream of his, and she could see his eyes shine. "It's in a valley with good grass," he explained. "And timber on both sides, and a creek full of trout. A man could run some cattle and do pretty well for himself. And it's as sightly a place as I know."

"I'd like to see it sometime," she said when he was done.

And: "I aim to show it to you, ma'am," Ranse soberly assured her.

Then, for no reason, they laughed together, and then they were silent for a while. The others finished with supper yonder. "You haven't had a bite," she reminded him at last, and he nodded.

"I'll go have one now," he agreed, and he called to old Vic Buker, and the lion hunter came toward him. Ranse met him halfway, but Enid could hear what passed between them still. Then Vic took Ranse's place, on guard at the cabin door, and Ranse went toward the fire.

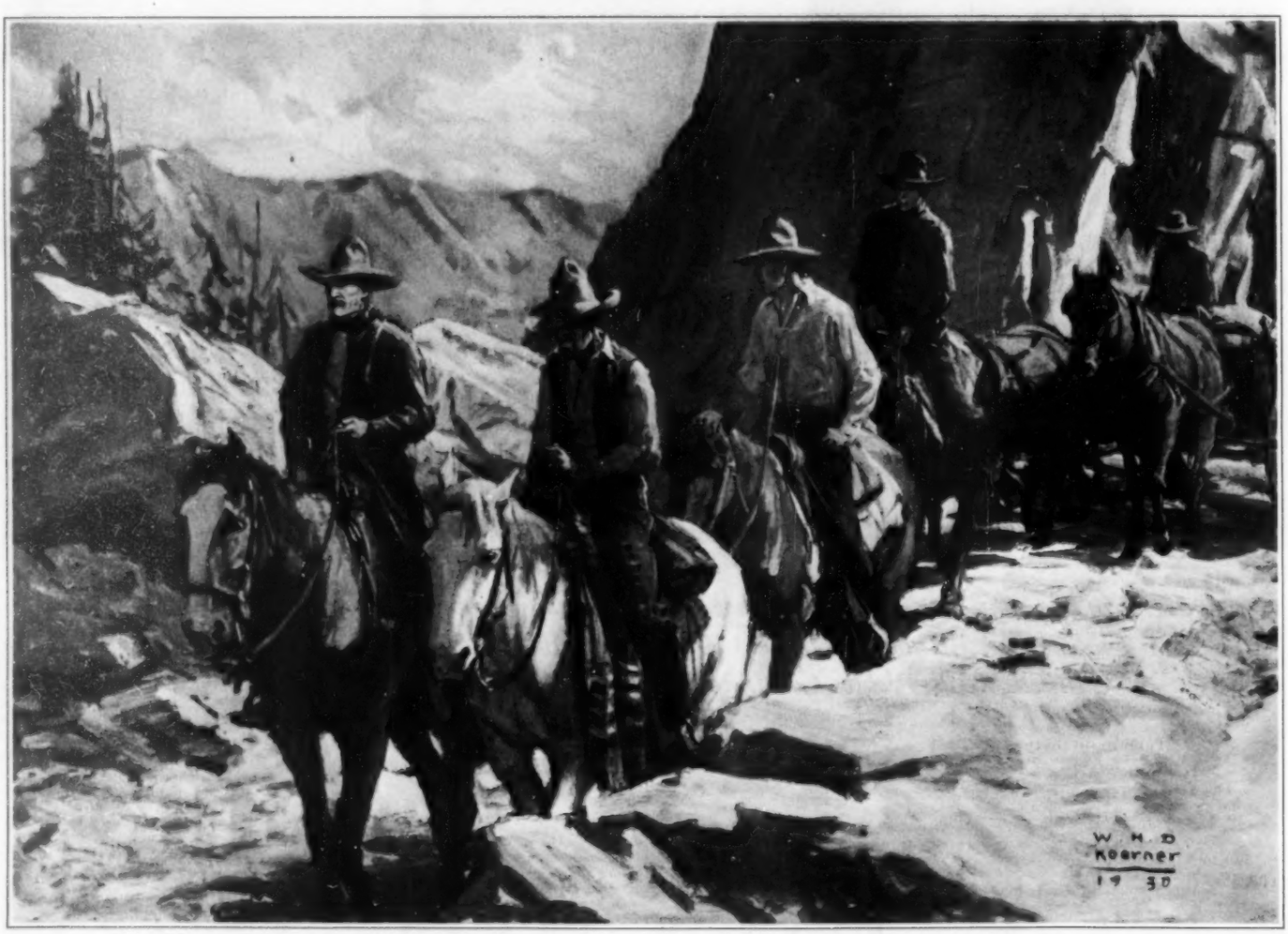
A little later, at Ranse's direction, Lin and Norris moved Mrs. Bayless' bed, and Enid's, too, into the cabin where Mr. Bayless lay. The fire was still bright enough to illumine all the surrounding scene; they worked by its light. Then Ranse made his dispositions for the night.

"I'm worried some, boys," he told them all, frankly enough. "We don't know who killed Peak and Splann. Maybe he's cleared out of the country by this time. But maybe not. I don't figure to take any chances I can help."

And he explained his plans. Mr. and Mrs. Bayless and Enid would sleep in the cabin; they must be protected from any risk of harm. To that end, old Vic and Dave Blinn would take turns on guard on the side of the cabin farthest from the fire, and the marshal and Art Shill would alternate on the nearer side. Between them, these four would watch the chimney end of the cabin. And Ranse himself intended to stand guard in the door, where Lin Bunt would relieve him as the night drew on.

Young Moray pressed into the circle to hear these dispositions, and he was full of questions. How about Lutz?

(Continued on Page 112)



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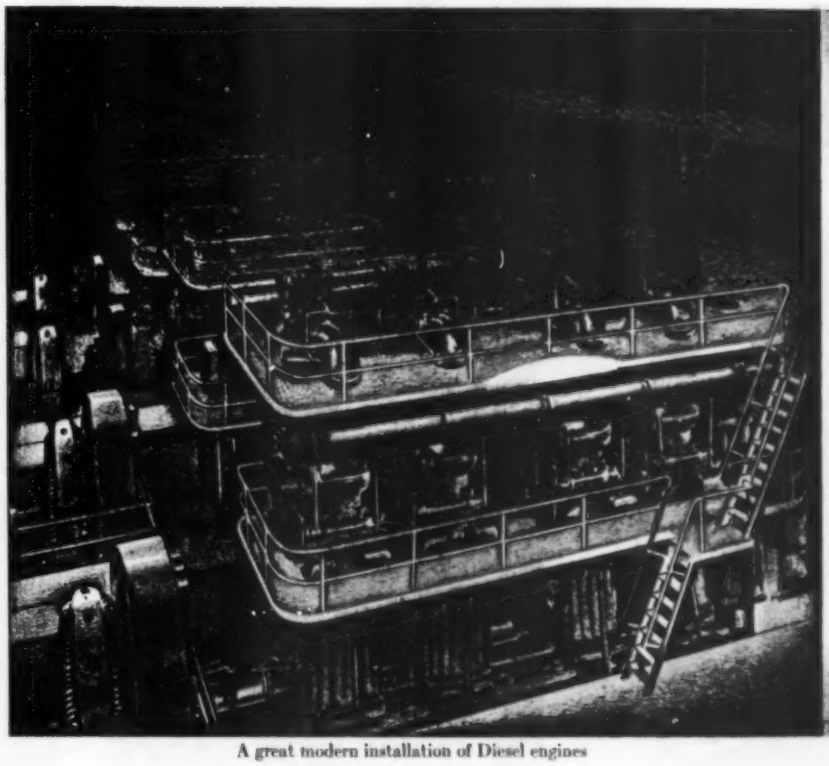

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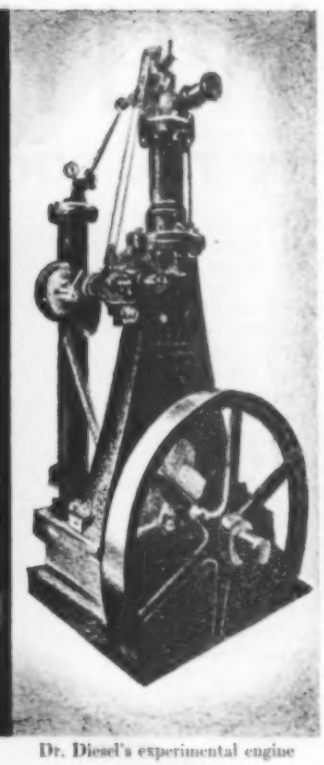

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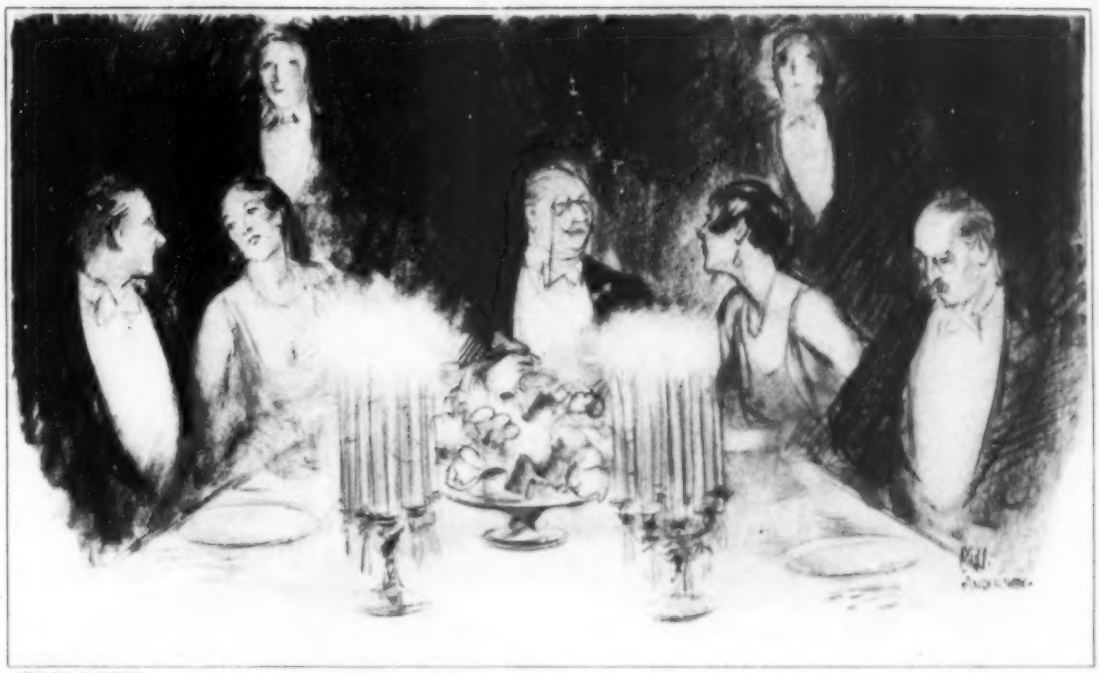
CONFESSIONS OF AN ETIQUETTE TEACHER

I'VE only to say I'm an etiquette teacher to get a laugh out of anyone. Not only is teaching etiquette considered the occupation of a nitwit, but the idea that manners must be taught at all seems curiously amusing.

How I came to be a teacher of manners was about as premeditated as catching the measles. The job really sneaked up on me without warning, and before I could put up any resistance, it had me firmly in its grip. I was an instructor in the dramatic department of a fashionable girls' school in New York when the official chaperon, whose duty it was to sandpaper the manners and regulate the social speed of the students, suddenly fell ill and I was required to take over her work. And as up to this time I had never taken etiquette any more seriously than the people who think it the world's best joke, I went to my first class with my tongue in my cheek.



DRAWN BY I. R. ANDERSON

"Banking Isn't My Real Interest. I Only Do That for My Bread and Butter"

As a person with a past, I might have been regarded as interesting, but to be known as an etiquette teacher would have branded me as plain queer. So for a long time I concealed my calling as if it were a secret sin.

But after a teaching experience in which I have come in contact with all kinds and conditions of people, so eager to improve their manners that they have crowded my classes, listened to my radio lectures, read my etiquette book—oh, yes, I was weak enough to write one—and written me thousands of letters prompted by my magazine articles, I have had an entire change of heart. I am no longer ashamed of the subject I teach, nor am I sensitive to the laugh my answer provokes when I say I am an etiquette teacher. In fact, I now have a little secret pride in my profession. It has a purpose, and I have proved to my satisfaction that it is worth while.

How to Eat Lobsters and Artichokes

BUT in spite of all this, I am willing to concede that teaching etiquette has its amusing side and that no other subject has greater possibilities as a theme for humorists. The punsters of the press have seen something excruciatingly funny in the fact that the American public is putting on polish, and they have so cleverly stressed the absurdity of acquiring good manners from books that the nation has been convulsed with mirth.

But it is not always because etiquette itself is being taken lightly that a book on the subject causes laughter. More often than not it is the wording of these guides to polite behavior which provokes merriment. Even I, champion of the etiquette book that I am, admit that their phraseology is often absurd. "In using a spoon, be careful not to put it too far into the mouth," is the direction found in one of them. And another author says: "When eating soup, stroke away from the body." What makes a joke of this instruction is the comic picture it suggests of a person rowing a boat to illustrate how soup should be eaten correctly. It isn't funny that a certain method of using the spoon should be approved by smart soup eaters, or that a great many people want to be gastronomically correct when they eat soup. But it certainly is mirth-provoking when an etiquette authority words her formula so absurdly.

But those who are inordinately amused at etiquette books should just try to write one. My own derision was very definitely killed by my experience as an author. To be consistently dignified is practically impossible. Topics like introductions, invitations and their replies, visiting cards and tips may be handled in words which invoke no smiles. One may make a title chart and illustrate how you address a senator, a bishop, or the President of the United States, and maintain the dignity of a research professor. But try to give advice about eating, where and how to undress in a Pullman, and what to say when your partner goes dumb on you, and the difficulty in manipulating a well-balanced vocabulary becomes painfully apparent.

I know perfectly well how to eat a lobster, but my sentences become utterly ridiculous when I try to tell anyone else how to do it. There is something frightening in the red carcass of this aristocratic crustacean when it is encountered for the first time on a dinner table. And I have great respect for the person who asks frankly, "How do I eat a lobster?" rather than let the waiter carry it off uneaten because he is afraid to tackle it. Inquiring men and women all over the country have asked me how to eat a lobster. And they have every right to expect a sane, intelligent reply. But just try to answer it, and you will find, as I did, that the silly jumble of words you turn out will excite roars of jovial laughter.

And even such a master of writing technic as Emerson, who said so charmingly that "Good manners are petty sacrifices," would have been hard put to preserve this tone of elegance in wording concrete rules for eating asparagus or artichokes beautifully, or in illustrating what petty sacrifices would prevent a blundering golfer from making a nuisance of himself on the fairway.

To the hundreds of thousands of people in the United States who are determined to improve their manners, just as they have increased their fortunes, bettered their living conditions and acquired more book learning, etiquette is no laughing matter. Then why should it be to me? Or to you? There is something wrong with our sense of humor when we ridicule rather than applaud them. We don't think it is funny when they buy a piano, move into a better section of the town or send their children to college; so, in being so hugely amused when they reach out for the luxury of good manners, we are being thoroughly inconsistent.

I find justification for my own laughter because the letters people write me are often so funny. For instance, who could keep from smiling when a girl writes: "I'm going to be married and have a big wedding in the church. But my father has no dress suit. Where can I put him in the procession that he won't show too much?"

Or when another woman petitions me thus for help: "I haven't the gift of gab. Can you tell me how to get it? I am inclosing a stamped envelope."

And when a worried mother-in-law, with her troubles, asks for my assistance, even while she advises caution: "Will you please say something in your next article about slamming doors? My son's wife drives me nearly crazy, slamming every door in the house. But don't say it in such a way that she will know I put you up to it."

But no matter how grotesquely their questions may be worded, or whether they are concerned with dress suits, the art of conversation, or manners for the exasperating daughter-in-law, the eagerness to conform to a recognized standard of deportment is obvious and, to my way of thinking, most commendable. And I find that this eagerness and seriousness are typical of all my correspondents.

The little junior-high-school girl writes to ask: "What shall I order in a restaurant? I don't want my boy friend to think I'm a gold digger."

The aspiring wife of a state politician writes: "If my husband is elected governor of the state, how should we sign the hotel register?"

Humor in Serious Questions

AND from the same state, Convict No. 66399 writes from prison: "In six months I'll be out of here. Will you tell me how to be a gentleman? I want to learn to act properly when once God's freedom is granted me from this penal institution."

And again, a proud mother wanted me to tell her how to announce the "second birth of a child."

A business girl writes: "How much familiarity should one allow herself with a very handsome boss? What are the Do's and Don'ts of asking favors of the man for whom you work? Who should speak first in the morning—the boss or myself?"

"I'm only a cannery girl," writes another, "but I'm anxious about my etiquette. I want to act like a lady at a party. Must I dance all evening with the boy I come with, or can I dance with other men friends as they pop up?"

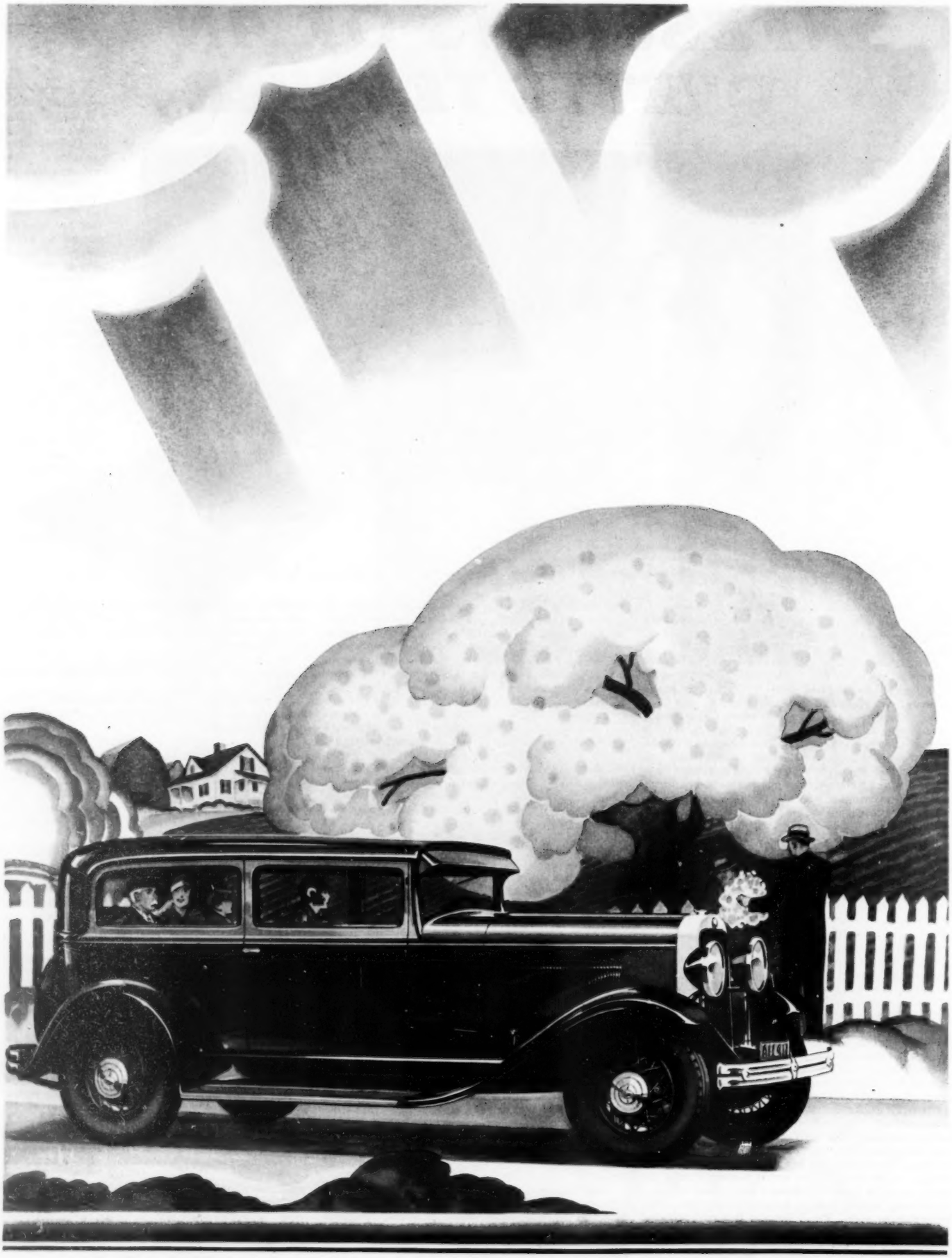
But whether these letters come from the governor's mansion or the state prison, from small towns, isolated lumber camps or large cities, never once have I received one in which the sincerity was not more evident than the humor.

Sometimes the writers are so serious that they add greatly to my burden of answering letters. This is particularly true of my radio audiences. For instance, a woman wrote in recently:

"I wasn't able to listen in on the last part of your talk, because I had to go out to the kitchen and take some pies out of the oven, and when I came back you had signed off. Will you please write me what you said—the part I missed, I mean?"

All these people with whom I have been having this contact, and who are so eager and serious about acquiring correct deportment, are part of a huge public unearthed about ten years ago by an advertising expert. In his regular routine of merchandising he had placed an etiquette

(Continued on Page 149)



YOU GET SO MUCH YOU PAY SO LITTLE

Two factors become practically inseparable when you consider the purchase of a motor car in terms of value.

The first is the price of the car. The second is what you get for your money.

Measured by this method, Oldsmobile is a genuine bargain. Oldsmobile's price is extremely moderate. And that moderate price never bought more in a motor car.

Oldsmobile gives you beautiful bodies by Fisher—staunch, roomy, and comfortable, with luxuriously appointed interiors.

It gives you brilliant speed, flashing acceleration, and a tremendous power reserve for steep hills or hard pulling.

And Oldsmobile gives you remarkable roadability—the result of ample wheelbase, balanced weight, and four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers.

At the same time, it gives you exceptional handling ease in traffic, with its fingertip steering, smooth-acting clutch and gear-shift, and fully-enclosed self-energizing four-wheel brakes.

Above all, Oldsmobile gives you the fine materials, precision craftsmanship, and rugged chassis construction that spell long life and day-in-day-out dependability.

Motorists think well of Oldsmobile, whether they are competing with its performance on the road, or enjoying the advantages of Oldsmobile ownership. Oldsmobile continues to attract new thousands of owners, and to hold their good will through the months and miles—primarily because it is a fine car to drive and to own—but also because it gives so much, yet costs so little to buy.

TO DESIGN PROGRESSIVELY · TO BUILD FAITHFULLY · TO SELL HONESTLY · TO SERVICE SINCERELY

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

21 years—every hour—day and night

Here's a veteran General Electric Fan that has done duty for 21 years, every month in the year, every hour in the day. Here's a bit from the letter of its owners . . .

"The fan has been installed in a 7 x 7 room with no windows or ventilation except provided by the fan. The fan was used for combination of ventilating and cooling.

"This is the only piece of machinery known in this section that has run practically 21 years continuously."

And this is only one of many similar letters!

Cool customers stay to buy

When a shop is stuffy and hot, people have only one thought—to get *out.* But when there's a fan-breeze to keep them comfortable, buyers linger a bit and think of half a dozen additional things they need.

It's good business to have plenty of fans. And it's better business to have General Electric Fans. They're so completely dependable, so quiet and sturdy. And they do their job on only half a cent's worth of current for an hour's breeze.

In your shop—and in your home—bring cool comfort into every room. It costs so little . . . and it means so much.

The average life of a General Electric Fan is about 20 years. Prices start at $5. Average running cost is half a cent an hour. Merchandise Dept., General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Buy where you see this sign
The sign of the G.E. Fan Dealer

GENERAL ELECTRIC FANS

JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY EVENING ON A NATION-WIDE N. B. C. NETWORK

THE PEARLS OF CATHARINE THE GREAT

(Continued from Page 21)

The Princess Vera Dolgorouky was, at fifteen years of age, the richest heiress in Russia. "I was an only daughter," she told me, "or nearly so, because my half sister, the Princess of Georgia, was only a natural child. My parents awaited my birth for seventeen years."

She added, as a summing up of facts, with such obvious candor that it was impossible to disbelieve her: "I was already pretty at birth, but in growing up I became extremely beautiful. My mother, still more beautiful than I, was my sole passion; she still remains in my eyes the image of perfection on earth. When I was away from her I used to send her letters written with my blood. I believed I would never love anyone but her.

"At fifteen, I met the Grand Duke Serge, who was the youngest of the Emperor's cousins, the most attractive of the Romanoffs. He fell madly in love with me. We became engaged. For my first present he gave me the pearls of the Empress Catharine, which, in fact, had already belonged to a Dolgorouky—that Catherine who should have become empress had Peter II lived one day more.

"Every morning I went out riding accompanied by the Grand Duke and his aide-de-camp. But one day Serge allowed himself to be late. I refused to wait for him; the blood rushed to my face. I was a Dolgorouky, was I not? And I would teach this Romanoff how to behave. To give him a lesson, I went off alone with the aide-de-camp.

"That same evening, at dinner, the Grand Duke Serge began a scene of jealousy. It went on after dinner. He seized two silver candelabra on the table of the drawing-room and crashed them to the floor. In the adjoining salon, Prince Lobanoff, more than fifty years of age, was playing music with my father. I rushed into the room. I said to Prince Lobanoff: 'I have broken off my engagement with Grand Duke Serge! Will you marry me?' What a picture! One month after, I married Prince Lobanoff de Rostoff because I had said I would, but I also said I would be his wife only in name. That is why, *douchka*, I have remained all my life as God had first made me—a virgin! One year later, the Grand Duke Serge, who loved me still, and who was desperate because he did not know that I would never belong to any other man, went off to the war against the Turks, and was killed in Bulgaria at the head of his regiment. Then I cut off my hair and laid it in his coffin to be buried with him. And it was. I left for France with my beloved mother and there I began another life."

A Carpet of Roses

It was in Paris, where the two Princesses Dolgorouky lived in the Place Vintimille, that Princess Vera for the first time met my father-in-law, "the adorable George," as she said, who was then an officer in the French army.

Their great friendship, which flared like fire, had its birth a short time before the War of 1870. All that I know of their double flame was that it was pure. Their correspondence betrays a romantic attachment, but a platonic one. Their first meeting took place the same year that my father-in-law became engaged to the daughter of the Prince de Chimay. George Bibesco had just inaugurated with a great ball the house he had had built on the Boulevard de la Tour Maubourg, designed by Lacœur, the architect, and decorated by Renoir, who was then unknown. The Princess Vera wanted to visit the house, of which people had spoken as a marvel of taste and comfort. She was just then desirous of gathering together the best artists to construct a residence worthy of herself in Paris. She asked Prince George, through a mutual relative, the Princess Gortchakoff, for permission to visit his house. My father-in-law replied that he would have the honor of receiving the Princess Vera the day of her choice, and he would await her at his door.

"And imagine, *douchka*, he waited for me on the first step of the stairway. He held in his hand a rose, not a bouquet—one single beautiful rose—that he offered me. But when I entered the hall I saw that the entire carpet on the stairs was covered with the same roses, and to enter the room I had to walk on a thick carpet of fragrant roses. Ah, my child, tell me what man today would so treat a young woman who came to his house for the first time, or even for the second? I love roses and should not have liked to tread on them, but still ——"

This story of the carpet of roses vividly struck my imagination, and I wondered to what point my father-in-law had been attracted by the Princess Vera. But in listening to the numerous anecdotes that followed, and comparing dates, I was convinced that their relationship had always remained in the domain of the ideal. My father-in-law married soon after having made the acquaintance of the Princess Vera Lobanoff; and if my husband, born some years after, became the godson of this princess, it was to consecrate solemnly an association wholly spiritual, by this sort of idealized maternity of a godmother, sentiments so highly respectable that neither one nor the other had need to disguise them from the legitimate spouse.

Pride Pays its Price

My youthful taste for fantastic and sentimental stories found a delicious satisfaction in my new godmother's recitals. I was carried away by the tale of the great love for Serge, ruined by pride; by the story of the marriage that never was a marriage, this pretense that had lasted but one year, under conditions that the Princess Vera was not at all unwilling to relate.

"When Prince Lobanoff de Rostoff forced an entrance into my bedroom despite his promise, he found there, on my wedding night, my maid, whom I had ordered to sleep stretched across the doorway, and when he wanted to send her from the room, I armed myself with a revolver.

"I wanted to remain as God had made me, *douchka*, and thanks to Him, I have remained so." At this point in her story, to which she often recurred, Princess Vera never failed to make the sign of the cross, as one who has escaped a great danger.

The sentimental reign of the chivalrous George, the romance of passionate friendship, was long, and lasted, in fact, until the death of my father-in-law. The adored mother whom she had lost—The Violet of St. Petersburg—had given her daughter an example of a similar attachment purified by the remembrance of a single great love always kept alive. A certain Monsieur Dailly, called the Benefactor of Humanity by the Princess Dolgorouky and her daughter Vera, rests near both of them today in the cemetery of Père Lachaise in Paris. Monsieur Dailly, once mayor of St.-Cloud, where the princesses had lived when they first settled in France, seemed to have played in the life of the elder Princess Dolgorouky the same kindly rôle that my father-in-law had played in that of her daughter. But Monsieur Dailly was a bachelor, and that is why he is now lying at the feet of The Violet of St. Petersburg. The Princess Vera lived in a world of her own, where only romance had a practical value. Kiki, the stuffed fox terrier, enthroned in the midst of objets d'art in the cabinet of historical snuffboxes, seemed to be the symbol of her manner of feeling and thinking.

At first, merely amused by her, and entertained by the spectacle she provided, I was rapidly to become sincerely attached to the Princess Vera, and soon I began to be very fond of her and remained so to the end of her days.

A single thought restrained me from revealing my affection. This was my fear that she would think me only interested in the expectation of her fortune, and this fear was enough to make me diffident and shy. The frequent allusions she made to her death hurt me and kept me at a distance from her. At first I had been childishly disappointed when she had shown me the pearls, promised me the seven rows and had not given me one. But since that day a very different feeling had been born in my heart. Inclined as I was, by my early vocation as a writer, to prefer fine stories to fine jewels, I was far more interested by Princess Vera's romantic life and in gaining its keys than by the treasure in her safe and the tiresome enumeration of her other properties. I was more fascinated by the disconsolate ghost of her lightly treated lover, the Grand Duke Serge, and by the prophecy of the gypsy at Nijni-Novgorod, who stood beside the scaffold when Count Dolgorouky was executed, than by her will and its illusory prospects. Somehow I did not believe in the promised legacy and felt rather skeptical about it. I seriously began to think that she spoke about it rather too often. Sometimes my hat was upon my head and I was on the point of going to see her when I was stopped by the fear that she would imagine an ulterior motive in my visit. The more I knew her, the more her life, her past, her mode of living, appeared to me as thrilling as a novel. I saw reflected in her, as in a mirror, all the literature of Russia, from Turgenieff to Gogol, from Pushkin to Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. When she began one of her stories by saying: "Russia, that poor immensity ——" I quietly made note of her slightest words, so full of movement and color were they. Then I was seized with remorse. Had I not stolen her pearls of wisdom without her knowledge? Like all spoiled children—one could fairly say, like all Russians—the Princess Vera had sudden fits of temper, after which she would say to those about her:

"You must love me, black, red, green—any color—you must not only love me when I am being agreeable." But she surpassed herself in her rôle of narrator when I drew from her the stories concerning the great secular quarrel of the Dolgoroukys and the Romanoffs, interrupted from century to century by desperate loves.

A Descendant of Pirates

"Put this well into your little head, *douchka*," she said to me. "I descend in direct line from Rurik, chief of the Baltic pirates and founder of the Russian Empire. He died in 879. Do not forget this date. We are more ancient than all the Hapsburgs put together. And I need not even mention the Hohenzollerns. To Rurik I owe my northern complexion and fair hair. This beauty spot here, on my chin—this is from Ivan the Terrible. My hand? You see how small it is? It comes from Jacob Dolgorouky, who with his own small hands destroyed an imperial ukase of Peter the Great before the entire senate and did not even go to prison. My straight nose is from Krimskoi—which means the Crimean—Prince Vassili Dolgorouky. He conquered the Crimea in fifteen days with his drums beating, and gave it to the Empress Catharine as a gift. My foot ——" But she interrupted herself to say: "The Romanoffs—who are they? Nobody at all, *douchka*—nobody at all. Poor things, Germans, miserable little Holstein-Gottorps. They only date from the seventeenth century, but they make a great fuss about it! As for us, *douchka*, we are an immense family. The true descendants of Rurik and Ivan the Terrible. In Moscow they called us already, in the thirteenth century, 'the assemblers of the Russian earth.' The Romanoffs have always wanted to marry us, to steal our ancestry. But this, God has not allowed. The gypsy of Nijni-Novgorod was right. They will always fall in love with one of us, but they will never succeed in having descendants by us. All this had begun with the first Romanoff Czar, Michael, whom the Russians, in their madness, had called upon to usurp our throne. He married Marie Dolgorouky, but she died within four months after the marriage, taking with her the hope of an heir. They will never have our blood, *douchka*. They should not have it! Ah, poor Vera! Unfortunate Serge!"

The Princess Vera had told me that for years she had not gone out in the evening. It was, therefore, a great event when she invited us—my husband and myself—to accompany her to the Châtelet Theater to hear Boris Godounow and to see the first representation of Prince Igor. This was the very beginning of the Russian ballets which were to become so very famous all over the world. All Paris was in a state of effervescence while waiting for this great artistic event; Chaliapin, a protégé of the Princess Vera, was at the height of his glory, and Nijinsky danced. The day before the gala performance, the Princess Vera had written to my husband, asking him to go and see her at once. She was to ask of him an urgent and highly important service.

An Armed Escort to the Opera

By an order of the Prefect of Police, the carrying of arms by foreigners as well as French citizens, had recently been forbidden in Paris, and an official from the Prefecture had come to her house to disarm her Cossack. And, she said, it was absolutely impossible, in her position, to go out in the evening without an armed man upon the box of her carriage. She needed her Cossack for protection, as, in going to the theater, she ran great risks, she said, having to go to her own box through the crowd. In her eyes, a mob could not be otherwise than evilly intentioned. People might try to snatch her jewels and even make an attempt on her life. In this imaginary peril she called my husband to her rescue. She relied upon him in the same manner as, long ago, she had called upon the adorable George, her knight. This need of protection was one of the essential traits of her character, at once heroic and childishly timid. It was also the indelible imprint of Russia upon her soul. She could not conceive of appearing in public otherwise than covered with jewels and guarded. The invisible escort of the conqueror of the Crimea still galloped in a dream about her. Reduced to one single Cossack, she, nevertheless, required this vestige of grandeur and protection.

My husband went at once to Monsieur Lépine, then Prefect of Police, an old friend of his father, explained to him the Princess Vera's position, and obtained from the smiling Prefect a permit for the Cossack to carry his silver cartridge case on his chest, his Damascene dagger in his belt, and even his revolver, to go to the Châtelet! We were then living in the best period of the Russian Alliance—that preceding the Great War—and a French official was indulgent to the caprices of a Russian grande dame.

When I entered the stage box the Princess Vera was already there. Chaliapin sang with his great voice like a church organ, and the elegant crowd in the theater was plunged into rapture and obscurity. At first I could not distinguish the other occupants of the box. I only saw at my right a pink mass covered with a torrent of diamonds: the Princess Vera, dressed—to bring good luck to Chaliapin, her protégé—in the color which, according to Russian belief, attracts good fortune. At my left I perceived the profile of an aged woman, gray-haired, very small and almost bent over herself. She was dressed in black, and I did not know her. She seemed to be curiously occupied in holding, with a sort of

trembling fear, something that seemed to have become detached from her neck. Her fingers fidgeted over what appeared to be in the dim light a broken necklace. There were no other guests except my husband and me in the vast loge of ten seats, empty but for this big pink shadow and the little black shadow, between whom I found myself seated. Behind the Princess Vera's chair I vaguely made out another shadow, all red, and standing erect. It was the Cossack, who had come into the box upon the Princess Vera's orders. For, although an autocrat, she was at the same time very kind to the people who served her, and she found it quite natural to let the man who acted as her bodyguard enjoy the play. From time to time, when the singing of Chaliapin became almost insupportably beautiful, the Princess Vera seized my hand, tightened her grasp, and said to me: "*Douchka*, he sings for me; he told me so. Listen. All Russia is in his voice."

At the end of the first act, when the curtain fell amid acclamation, the light went on in the box. I now saw the features of my neighbor, the little old woman who had never ceased to move her fingers, seeking to retain round her neck something invisible that seemed to escape her grasp. The moment of introductions had come.

"The Princess Yourievski, my cousin," said the Princess Vera with her natural majesty. She then whispered in my ear: "You are beside the second Catherine Dolgorouky who was nearly Empress of Russia." The little old woman was no other than the morganatic wife of the Czar Alexander II.

"I have broken my little necklace," she said in a plaintive voice. "I tried very hard to make a knot, but I was unsuccessful. I need a bit of thread. Would you not find me a bit of thread?" We vainly sought for a piece of thread, but the decorations of the box were too secure.

"It is better to use a hair," said the Princess Vera. "There is nothing better to repair a broken necklace than to knot a hair about the two last pearls."

I produced what was needed. The Princess Yourievski thanked me effusively for my easy sacrifice. Going to the back of the box, we helped her to accomplish the delicate operation. The pearls that had fallen from the string appeared most mediocre; very different from those I had seen in the jewel case with the arms of Catharine II.

But I was going to learn from the Princess Vera that it was by her extreme simplicity that the Princess Catherine had long ago touched the heart of the Czar Alexander.

The two cousins could not have been more different—Princess Vera, opulent and gorgeously dressed, the other looking like a poor relation. Nevertheless, it was Catherine who had come nearer to the throne of Russia.

In the second act Ivan the Terrible appeared upon the stage; the two princesses looked at each other, and Vera murmured: "Our ancestor, *douchka*."

Making an Emperor Suffer

In the second interval—the first having been entirely taken up in repairing the necklace—I discovered that two of my Parisian friends were seated in the orchestra stalls not far from me. They bowed and came to speak to me. One was the artist, Jacques Emile Blanche, the other was the Duc de Guiche, today the Duc de Gramont. I will never forget the astonishment on their faces upon perceiving the red-uniformed Cossack standing in the background of the box like a statue.

The Duc de Guiche asked in a low voice: "Is this soldier guarding you?"

I then introduced him to the Princess Vera so that he should understand. That evening, when I watched for the first time the Russian ballet, when I heard the music of Boris Godounow, seated between two women who belonged by so many ties to the past of their country, has remained in my memory like a glorification of holy Russia.

I intended to take the first opportunity of questioning Princess Vera about her cousin's romance. I was soon able to satisfy my curiosity. The day after the Châtelet performance, I received an invitation to luncheon the following Sunday with the Princess Yourievski, who lived in a villa at Neuilly. I was to go with the Princess Vera, calling for her in the Avenue Raphael. On the way to Neuilly I learned all that I desired to know about the love of this other Dolgorouky and another Romanoff, the Emperor this time.

"How badly she treated him, *douchka*! If you only knew! She refused him for a long time, even though she loved him, and has never loved anyone but him. She was very young, but she knew very well how to make him suffer. Never did she give in to him in one little thing. To give you an example, she wore a green dress, and the Emperor could not bear this color. He asked her never to wear it again. From that day, Catherine wore her green dress each time she was to see the Czar. It was to find out if he loved her even in green, and to prove to him that she would never be submissive to him. The power of the autocrat stopped with her."

Royalty on a Park Bench

"Her sister-in-law, the Princess Michael Dolgorouky, a young and virtuous woman, married to Catherine's brother, and with whom Catherine lived, closed her door to the Emperor, since she had seen that he was courting her young sister-in-law, and she saw him only secretly and under great difficulties. The Czar loved her more and more every day. I tell you, love between the Romanoffs and the Dolgoroukys is always fierce and fatal. . . . Poor Serge! . . . Ah, well, we must come back to Catherine. She was an orphan without a fortune. She belonged to the ruined branch of our family.

"Having no house of her own, not even a country cottage, she would tell the Czar to meet her on a bench in the public gardens, and he went. But she was not always there. He was sometimes forced to wait hours for her, sitting in the snow and the cold. Soldiers passed by without recognizing their Emperor in this officer wearing no decorations and shivering in an old fur coat. At last she would come, laughing, mocking him, and at other times weeping over their unhappy love. Arm in arm, they would engage the first sleigh they encountered. They went on and on for hours, enlaced, lost in each other's arms, without knowing where they went. The driver knew no more than they. He drove straight before him, across streets, squares, the outskirts, in the wind, through the blinding snow, having pity on these lovers who had no other shelter than his shabby sleigh. For months and months she would not give in to him. The Emperor was married. The Empress Marie was very ill, and the Czar had lived apart from her for years, but there could be no separation because of the Holy Synod's opposition to the Czar's divorce.

"At last Catherine gave in, but in the most exceptional circumstances. The Czar Alexander went to Paris to make an official visit to the Emperor Napoleon III. At the same time, Catherine Dolgorouky was staying with her sister-in-law, Princess Michael, who lived at the Hotel du Rhin, in Paris, having been exiled by the Emperor. Catherine pretended to have broken off all relations with the Czar, going so far as to tell her sister-in-law that she no longer replied to his letters, and, in fact, was thinking of being married. In Paris, a Nihilist made an attempt on the Emperor's life. He barely escaped death. While the Emperor of the French and his suite were still paralyzed by fear and horror, the Czar quickly escaped from their sight. He went straight to the Hotel du Rhin and, without announcing himself, entered the Princess Michael Dolgorouky's salon, where he found Catherine.

"'I have come to announce that God has had pity on us and that I am alive!' he cried from the door. In one moment she learned of the attempted assassination of her beloved and that his life was saved. They fell into each other's arms under the startled eyes of the Princess Michael. The Emperor carried Catherine, half fainting from emotion, into an adjoining room and locked himself up with her. After the death of the Empress Marie Catherine became his legitimate wife. But if my cousin never got the title of Empress, while really being so, *douchka*, before God, as much as one can be, it was because—well, because of a dentist. . . ."

Accustomed as I was now to the amazing turns in the conversation of the Princess Vera, I vow that I never expected a dentist at the end of this surprising story. But the Princess Vera continued imperturbably:

"The Emperor had said to Catherine: 'On Thursday I will make you Empress.' Always contrary, she replied: 'No, my love, it will not be on Thursday, because I have an engagement with my dentist.' Her conscience was at peace, because a priest had married them immediately after the Empress Marie had expired. The three children that she had had by the Czar were, therefore, legitimate. There remained the glory and the vengeance for a Dolgorouky to ascend the throne of her ancestors. But the prophecy of the gypsy was to be realized once more. To please his wife Catherine, who was a Liberal in politics, the Czar had resolved to give a constitution to the Russian people on the same day that he would make her Empress. This was not to be Thursday, because of the dentist. The Holy Synod was adjourned. All the world knows the rest—the horrible attack of the first of March, 1881; the bomb thrown into the Emperor's sleigh; death, the end."

After this narration, which had taken place in the motor car carrying us to Neuilly, I followed Princess Vera into the villa at No. 1 Avenue des Sablons, and there the same phenomenon which had struck me at my godmother's house was reproduced. I felt that I had made a long voyage and had found myself, without knowing how, in the deepest heart of Russia.

Curtains of red velvet embroidered with the imperial arms divided the vestibule from the dining room, and these, with the servants' liveries, were the only exterior signs of the grandeur attached to the name of the Princess Yourievski. As for the rest of the residence, one would have said that it was a house like those of small, landed proprietors that one sees in the south of Russia. Her mode of entertaining was not impressive; in fact, it bore the stamp of mediocrity, almost of poverty, that I had already noticed in the appearance of the Princess Catherine. Was it not her simplicity that had won the heart of the Emperor Alexander? An elderly companion and a little griffon dog were in the room with her when we entered. The Princess Vera, wearing a dress of pale green mousseline, covered with emeralds, although it was midday, appeared beside her cousin as a peacock next to a gray chicken. They kissed each other cordially.

Tragic Shadows at Dinner

Other guests arrived. The men, on entering, bowed very low and kissed the hand of the Princess Catherine, who, in turn, would kiss their foreheads. All were members of the imperial family. First came the Grand Duke Paul, brother of the Emperor Alexander III and stepson of the princess; then the Grand Duke André, her nephew; the Duc de Leuchtenberg, her cousin, and then the Grand Duchess Anastasia, mother of Cecile, Crown Princess of Germany. All these people knew one another intimately; each one spoke of his own little affairs, and, above all, of his health. Every time one of the guests pronounced the name of an actual or suspected illness, the Princess Yourievski crossed herself, saying: "God forbid." Someone complained of his teeth, and the conversation fell upon dentists, and each one recommended his own, with the reasons in detail. But I could only think of the one dentist who had been an instrument of providence, who had prevented this descendant of Rurik from becoming Empress of Russia. I see them now, sitting at the same table, the two enemy races, Dolgorouky and Romanoff, side by side. Behind them loomed the tragic shadows of the young Czar Peter, the fiancé of the first Catharine, killed while hunting; of Serge, the fiancé of Vera, lying on a Bulgarian battlefield; of the Emperor Alexander II, the husband of that other Catherine, bleeding to death upon the reddening snow.

"*Douchka*, I hear the drum. The counter-revolution has begun." So spoke the Princess Vera one day in February, 1918. I looked at her with admiration. This time she was dressed in black silk, but still covered with jewels. She was no less blond, her face was no less rosy. She breathed with more difficulty, that was all; she was still a gigantic doll, and was then eighty years old. She continued: "I well knew what would happen; I foresaw it, although I have never returned to Russia since March, 1905."

The Consolation of Jewels

Once more I thought that she would never really leave her country, because wherever she happened to be she reconstructed Russia. The gift of creating about oneself one's individual milieu, untouched by time, place, circumstances, struck me more than ever in the Hotel du Lac, at Vevey, near Montreux. Here I found again the Princess Vera during the winter of war and revolution of 1917–1918. A refugee in Switzerland since 1914, the Princess Vera had given up the Villa Zinia because the lack of coal made it impossible to heat the house. That is why she was installed in this hotel, close to her own property. She had rented an apartment under the very roof, for the good reason that she could not bear, she said, that anyone should dare to walk over her head.

The apartment was small, but she lived there surrounded by the same luxury in which I had always seen her. Her salon was filled with flowers; she dined and lunched there on champagne, amid embroidered cushions and a mass of little bibelots. She had with her her devoted secretary, Monsieur Decker de Duillier, a good Swiss, a good father of a family, and whitened in her service. But of the Cossack there was nothing to be seen. She told me that she had sent him to fight for Russia and for her. Only the faithful Tienette guarded her mistress and watched over her treasures, the fabulous jewels. To my great surprise, she had carried the Golconda into her hotel bedroom. I was amazed at this imprudence. To me, banks seemed more worthy to hide such treasures than hotel drawers—especially in these troubled times. I was shortly to understand that the sight of her jewels was necessary to the Princess Vera, so that she could bear her misfortunes, and that she drew forth from their sparkle the last consolations of her life.

The Russian Revolution had ruined her and plunged her into sorrow, but she had not been astonished. "These Romanoffs governed so badly. They were no descendants of Rurik, the real autocrat, or of Ivan the Terrible. They did not have the sense of the absolute power, the true sense of Russia. I closed my palace and I left Moscow forever," she said to me, "the day after the assassination of my poor Serge." I thought that her mind was wandering. Her poor Serge had not died in 1905, but fifty years previously. Evidently her brain was weakening. But soon she corrected this impression. She spoke of another Serge, another grand duke, nephew of the one who had been her fiancé.

I remembered having heard the Princess Marie of Rumania, his niece, relate the assassination of this other Grand Duke Serge, governor of Moscow, the uncle of Nicholas II and husband of the Empress' sister, killed in the open street by a band of anarchists.

(Continued on Page 44)

NOW ✶ ✶ THE FINER

DE SOTO SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

RECORD-BREAKING CAR IMPROVED —AND LOWER IN PRICE

The record-breaking De Soto Six not only has been improved, but the achievement is made all the more notable by *a lower price.*

Even before these betterments of today, De Soto Six was so outstandingly fine that it broke all sales records for a first-year car—so good that it continued its huge success for 22 months without any change in design, engineering or price.

Today's finer De Soto Six, with its bigger, more powerful engine, is even smoother and quieter than before. Its new Steelweld body is today's last word in body strength and body silence, and a big advance in comfort and safety. Beauty, smartness and luxury are instantly apparent.

Today's finer De Soto Six, at a lower price, is more than ever the unapproached leader of its field in value.

' ' '

Roadster, $810; Phaeton, $830; Business Coupe, $830; De Luxe Coupe, $860; Four-Door Sedan, $875; Convertible Coupe, $945. All prices f. o. b. factory.

INCREASED POWER — GREAT PERFORMANCE — STEELWELD* BODY

*A new type of fine-car body construction—steel welded to steel—no joints—utmost solidity—a distinct advance in body silence, strength and safety.

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WORTHY COMPANION CAR TO THE WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT

just your favorite
15¢ cigar
split into
ten dividends

. . . for moments when time's too short for a long perfecto. "B. T. A.'s" multiply your smoking pleasures . . . Save the waste of half-smoked cigars.

BETWEEN
THE ACTS
LITTLE CIGARS
10 for 15¢

© P. Lorillard Co.

If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Co., 119 West 40th St., New York.

(Continued from Page 42)

"He left my house, *douchka*," said the Princess Vera, "after having called on me. I was the last person to whom he talked on this earth. I loved him dearly because of his resemblance to my poor Serge. He was killed upon leaving my palace. I told you that we will bring misfortune to the Romanoffs to the very end."

She told me how, having foreseen everything—the wars and the revolution and all the disasters possible—she had sent Monsieur Decker to Moscow in 1913 to fetch a last bag of jewels that she had forgotten, and also her large diamond tiara—her *Kakochnik*, which made her resemble the Holy Virgin, she said. Returning, Monsieur Decker, who did not know what to do with the tiara in going through the customs at the frontier, decided to put it on his own head, covered by his hat. "When someone said good morning to him, he replied 'How do you do, sir?' without raising his hat, so, of course, he had to avoid meeting ladies."

But now the worst was past; the Princess Vera had no more fear. She heard the drum. The deliverance of Russia was near at hand.

The horrors of the beginning of the revolution had infuriated, but had not astonished her. Her romantic spirit had made it possible to conceive a hero, a redeemer of the Russian people, whose coming could not be far distant.

At first she had believed that it would be Kerensky—"that marvel," as she called him. Then she abandoned Kerensky, incapable of despotism, to believe in Korniloff—absolute general, decorated in his turn with the name of "marvel."

"Imagine, *Douchka*; my father had one sister. She fell in love with a Korniloff. How dreadful! A Dolgorouky to marry a Korniloff! Horrors! My father cursed and disinherited her. She had a son; he might be the one to redeem Russia."

She flattered herself that she had a link of relationship with the man who was going to save Russia. In need of this link, she had created one.

Poor Princess Vera! After "the marvel, Kerensky," it was "the marvel, Korniloff" who crumbled and deceived her expectations. Each time she said to me: "I hear the drum, *douchka*. Deliverance is near. Hold yourself in readiness to leave at once for Moscow. The good Monsieur Decker will accompany you. You will take possession of my Dournovskaia Palace. I will give you the permission I have never accorded to anyone: You will live in my room and you will sleep in my wonderful silver bed."

Looking for a New Rurik

Months passed, bringing news constantly worse, but never diminishing the illusory powers of the poor exile in the Hotel du Lac. Nevertheless, letters, and then telegrams, arrived via Sweden. They grew more and more alarming. Her stewards, in flight, wrote to her one after the other, saying that her lands had fallen into the hands of the peasants. In the north, the south of Russia, in the east, the west, she lost, one by one, all her estates. She said: "This will be arranged. I will appear and they will return everything to me. Or rather, you will go there for me, *douchka*, and they will fall at your feet. I know the Russian people. They are good. For example, one day, on returning from a ball to my palace in Moscow, I had worn my large tiara, and I found a thief in my room. When he saw me he fell on his knees and kissed the hem of my dress. He thought that I was the Holy Virgin."

Bad news was succeeded by news more disastrous still—the Emperor was exiled to Siberia, like an ordinary hero of a Russian novel, and the vast empire rapidly disintegrated. After her letter from her overseers, in flight, she now received letters from the widows of massacred overseers. The peasants had burned this farm, destroyed that château, killed the cattle, eaten the sheep. The loss of her Spanish ewes brought tears to the Princess Vera's eyes. At great expense she had imported Spanish Merinos to breed upon her favorite estate—the one she called her Hereditary Land. At the announcement of the destruction of her flocks, her courage failed. Another time she received a letter declaring that the peasants had ravaged the vines of green peas that grew in a glass house, specially destined to furnish her with her favorite vegetable. The loss of the green peas seemed for a moment to crush her courage entirely, but soon her hopes revived. If only one man could be found in Russia—a man with a fist, a new Rurik, a new Ivan the Terrible. She believed in him in advance. She upheld him with all her soul. One was found, but he had no near or distant alliance with the Dolgoroukys. His name was Lenin.

Maintaining an Old Tradition

The last time I saw the Princess Vera was at luncheon in her little salon in the Hotel du Lac, at Vevey. She gave the luncheon in my honor, and we were alone. The menu, for these times of war and privation, was unbelievable. First of all, it was a champagne luncheon as always, and it began with oysters that in Switzerland could only be an imported dish, and consequently very costly. But the poor dear Princess Vera—how could she at her age imagine a life wherein the luncheons were other than they had always been? At the end of the repast, Tienette, the little Bretonne who had served at table, still wearing her pretty white cap, entered at the order of her mistress, who held out to her a glass of champagne. She tricked herself with her servant. She had always had the custom of drinking the health of those who served her. The Princess Vera was, perhaps, the last of the women who had conserved intact the tradition of autocratic equality which had, in other times, created Holy Russia. When the luncheon was finished, after the coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes, the Princess Vera asked for her jewel boxes. The faithful Tienette brought them one after the other. They covered the table, the empty armchairs, all the chairs, a part of the carpet, because it was necessary to place some on the floor. I saw once more sapphires big as nuts, emeralds as fat as pigeon eggs, the collection of diamonds of every color—I contemplated the opals, the turquoises and the rubies. I saw again the case with the arms of Russia containing the fabulous pearls.

I understood all that should belong to me some day would never belong to me, because the Romanoffs had governed badly the heritage of Rurik. As for myself, heiress of a deep friendship, without any other right to inheritance than that conferred by the pleasure of a princess faithful to friendship, symbolized by the mounted dog Kiki, I resigned myself in advance to what was going to happen.

Because of I do not know what curious presentiment, I have never had much faith in inheritance. I only calculated, at the sight of all the riches, that they were sufficient to pay the debts of the Princess Vera for the little time left for her to live luxuriously, as she had always lived. When I left her she stood quite straight, and with her ring-covered hand made the orthodox sign of the cross with which she had greeted me for the first time.

"God will save Russia, *douchka*, and you will come into your inheritance. And when you live in my Moscow palace, in my beautiful room, and sleep in my silver bed, you will think sometimes of your old godmother and say a prayer for her."

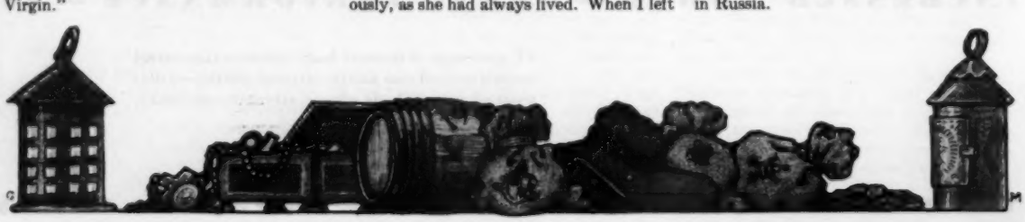
I left her in the little salon in the Hotel du Lac as I have always seen her—blond, pink, a giant doll, and as God made her. She was then eighty-four years old. She had outlived the power of the Romanoff czars, but divine providence, in which she had never ceased to believe, spared her the spectacle of the disintegration of Russia. In March, 1919, a dispatch announced to us that the Princess Vera had died in Switzerland and, true to the memory of her great friendship, she had made my husband and myself the heirs to her fortune—this fortune that had now almost ceased to exist.

"The illustrated catalogue of the sale of the jewels of Her Serene Highness, the Princess Vera Lobanoff de Rostoff, née Princess Dolgorouky," takes up a wide space in my bookshelf. The auction was held in May, 1919. It was sensational. Coming from all the ends of the earth, great jewelers and little ones, intermediaries and creditors, assembled at Lausanne, near Vevey, where the princess had died, and the bidding was brisk and high. The state of my own finances in this aftermath of the war forbade me to buy any of these fabulous jewels which should have one day all belonged to me, according to the Princess Vera's generous intentions. I piously keep some images which came from her, in acknowledgment of the legacy she left us. This legacy included the famous Moscow palace, now inhabited by three hundred tenants who pay no rent. I know that I shall never, except in dreams, live in the Princess Vera's beautiful room and sleep in the silver bed. But I am in possession of the story of the secular quarrel between the Romanoffs, usurpers of supreme power, and the Dolgoroukys, the vanquished family that secretly conquered its victors.

Destiny Fulfilled

I was told that the only human beings who had the heredity of these two races in their veins have disappeared tragically. They were the children that the Princess Yourievski had by the Emperor Alexander II. Their son, Prince George, who was in Germany for nervous treatment, died in need. The eldest of the daughters also died in misery. The youngest daughter, the Princess Bariatinsky, who was very pretty, drowned herself in a German river to put an end to her troubles. According to the explanation of the Princess Vera, God had not wished the blood of the Dolgoroukys to mix with the Romanoffs in the generations to come. The mother of these three children, the old Princess Catherine, beside whom I had seen the Ballet Russe in 1913, died in Nice in 1923. She was the last Dolgorouky who, through her own fault, failed to become Empress of Russia.

If one must believe in the prediction of the gypsy of Nijni-Novgorod, destiny, through the beautiful Vera and the pretty Catherine Dolgorouky, carried their lovers to their ends; one the Grand Duke Serge, and the other that Czar Alexander II, who was the first to try to renounce absolutism in Russia.



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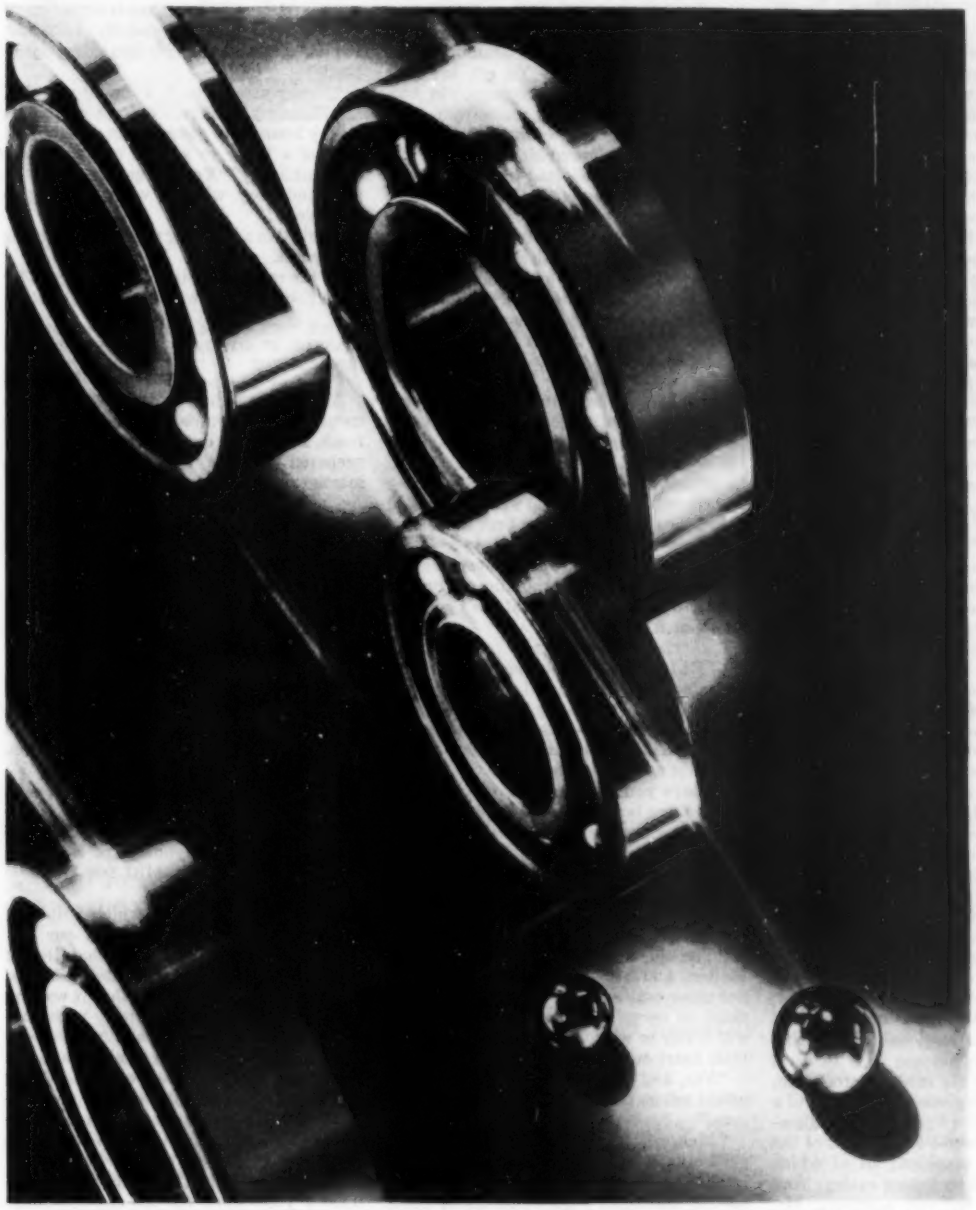

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AS SWIFT AND SILENT AS an arrow in flight — revolving too fast for the eye to follow — New Departure Ball Bearings, in ever increasing millions, are speeding up industry and transportation towards new economies. Nothing Rolls Like a Ball—and no other type of bearing gives such smooth, efficient mastery over friction. Choose New Departures for your product today—have your engineers investigate their almost limitless possibility for economy in design and operation.

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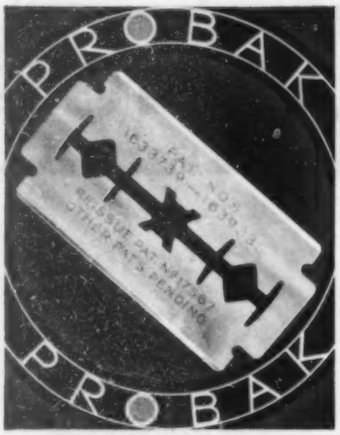

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SHAVE with a Probak blade in your double-edge safety—old type or new. You'll get the surprise of your life. Probak glides through wiry beard without pull, drag or vibration. Amazing—unless you know the secrets of butterfly channeling in 17% heavier, duo-tempered steel. Patents protect Probak's revolutionary advantages. There's no distortion of the shaving edge. Not one sour blade in a million. Buy a red-green-blue package of Probaks now and compare them with your present blades. Make sure every Probak shave is quicker, smoother cooler. If two blades don't prove it—return the package. Your dealer will refund every cent. $1 for 10, 50c for 5.

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HIP! HIP! HEREDITY!

(Continued from Page 13)

show which we are offering for the best sales record of the month. It is easy to sell for us because we furnish 100 per cent reliable goods and back our boys to the limit. Just show quality and prices to the public, and we guarantee results. Don't forget our latest special P. F. unsulphured prunes—two pounds thirty-eight cents. This is a whiz. Let's go.

SMITHY,
Sales Manager.

I read this letter without any particular enthusiasm, and certainly without the least idea of what was about to happen to me. Mechanically I reached out my right hand and opened the sample case.

As the contents came into view, a tremor ran through my entire being, the same as if a big piece of ice had been dropped down the back of the neck. With trembling fingers I touched the little packages and linen bags, while my heart thumped as though batting out flies to fielders. One by one I picked up the samples, and as I named it, a qualifying phrase would roll off my tongue, the same as if memorized. Yet such was not the case, because I had barely glanced at the literature and sales talk. "Puro Food Macaroni—made from highest quality material and under most sanitary conditions. P. F. Condensed Milk—always healthful and consistently delicious. P. F. Perfection Canned Lima Beans—they nourish and sustain and oh, that wonderful walnut flavor!"

That is the way I went through the entire list, not only never lacking for the right word but, as I pulled the various appropriate phrases, it seemed as though I was merely running through a habitual daily task.

At the corner of the street where I lived was the residence of Mr. Waxman, a well-known dyspeptic of the neighborhood, who had lived on crackers and milk for the past fifteen years. Though I had never met him, I knew all about him.

"What's the idea?" he snarled as he answered the bell. "Didn't you see the sign—no peddlers or agents?"

"Yes, Mr. Waxman," I replied, with a flow of language as though I had thought out beforehand everything I was about to say—"yes, I saw that sign, and you can be sure, Mr. Waxman, if I was a peddler or an agent I would never have presumed to disturb you." Here I placed my left foot so he could not close the door. "But I am neither, Mr. Waxman. Instead, I am a special representative of a national distributing organization whose purpose it is to work hand in hand with the medical profession, and your name was given to us as that of a man interested in the hygiene of the digestive tract, whence come 97 per cent of the diseases afflicting mankind, all of which could be eliminated by proper eating. And I am not here to sell you anything, Mr. Waxman, but merely to ask you to indorse our campaign for pure food in behalf of suffering humanity."

Fifteen minutes after, feeling like a young tiger that has just tasted blood, I left Mr. Waxman's residence with an order for $18.63, including a half dozen bottles of Puro Food Sour Pickles. And two hours later, when I shivered and came to myself, I had sold $69.48 worth of our products. It was seven o'clock and already I should have been on my way to see Lorna, but I knew this was impossible till I had cleared my mind on a certain point.

The city library was still open and a little fast talking persuaded the lady in charge to let me run over the issues of the Daily Gazette for the year 1896. It took some search to find what I wanted, as it was published not in May but on July second. The article, which summed up the life of Grandpa Leech, was, like most obituaries, a little too favorable to the party principally concerned, but it was possible to read between the lines.

The battle cry of Grandpa Leech had been "Business is business." Born in Connecticut, he had laid away a modest nest egg by selling imported spices to the inhabitants of his natal state. Then he had moved to New York City, where he had cleaned up once more in a cloak-and-suit business conducted on the lower East Side. Next a partnership with a Greek and an Armenian selling Oriental rugs had brought him in money hand over fist, up to the time the two latter parties put poison in his coffee. They claimed that Grandpa Leech had outsmarted them. To get back his health he took a long sea voyage. In Australia efforts were being made to raise a fund for a prohibition campaign. Under a contract which allowed him to keep 50 per cent of all funds collected from the Scotch residents of Australia, he did so well that headquarters were forced to buy back his concession. On the return voyage his ship was wrecked in the South Seas. According to the report of the one other survivor, Grandpa Leech got through the breakers with but one piece of personal property—a jackknife. Using this as capital, he immediately began trading with the natives of the island where he had been washed ashore. Within two months he had accumulated practically everything in sight and was just starting out to do things in a really big way when he was made the principal feature of a native banquet.

"Did you find what you wanted?" asked the librarian, coming up as I sat there staring at the obituary with unseeing eyes.

"Yes," I managed to say, "everything is clear now." And then, thinking of Lorna, I added to myself: "And what am I going to do about it?"

IV

WELL, there was nothing whatever to do about it. I was leading a double life all right, but as far as I could see, I was leading it in an absolutely sincere way. I was just as much in earnest on one side of the fence as on the other.

"I love you, Melton, not only because you are you but because we have the same ideas. We know what is worth while and what is not."

"Yes, Lorna, and when the mellow wedding bells ring out their delight through the balmy air of night nothing more will separate us."

"The bluebird trills in the orchard tree, Melton, and his sentiments are no higher nor more exalted than ours. He does not think in terms of dollars and cents, and will it pay or will it not pay. He sings his little heart out to his mate."

"Yes, and if he could speak, Lorna, he would tell us that the world is well lost for love."

"Melton!"

"Lorna!"

That was the Grandpa Waller side of my nature, and when engaged in one of these conversations, it did not seem to me possible to think or speak otherwise. Yet the next day, when out selling Puro Food products, I would be telling somebody that business is business, and believing it as I said it. Thanks to the Grandpa Leech strain, the amount of commissions earned grew larger every week. Also my name began to figure in every issue of the Hello Boys, a sort of newspaper bulletin sent to all Puro Food salesmen:

Melton Waller is sure making a bid for that turkey dinner and show. . . . Last Tuesday Melton Waller grabbed a family order for $58.33. How is that in a town of thirty-five thousand? . . . Sales Manager Smithy says Melton Waller must have a hypnotic eye. How about it, Melt?

Especially encouraging letters came regularly from Smithers—that is to say, from Sales Manager Smithy. They were not only pleasant to read, being crisp and businesslike, but they were particularly agreeable to me, because Smithers seemed more than satisfied with my work and lost no opportunity of telling me so.

Though I had begun replying to these in pen and ink, I soon found it easier and quicker to dictate. I will never forget the impression my first dictated letter produced on Miss Ebbits.

"Wait a minute," she said, drawing her right hand across her eyes. "I want to be sure I have this right." And she read back the letter.

"Yes, Miss Ebbits; that is right."

"I'd never have guessed it. Like Mr. Kipling, you seem to have two sides to your head."

"Now you mention it, I guess I have."

"I'll say you have. I don't see how a poetry hound like yourself can dictate that kind of a letter to a sales manager. No accident lately? You haven't fallen out of a second-story window while walking in your sleep?"

I smiled in a knowing way without trying to explain.

At the end of my sixth week as agent for Puro Food, Smithy wired me as follows:

ARRIVE YOUR CITY 5:45 TOMORROW P M STOP MEET ME AT STATION IF POSSIBLE STOP WIRE CONFIRMATION

After some difficulty, including a statement to Lorna which was not exactly the truth, I broke the date for that evening and prepared to meet the Puro Food sales manager. The train arrived on the dot. As I had no definite idea of Smithy's appearance, I was floundering about wondering how I could identify him when a voice which seemed like that of a young boy remarked, "How's the old order book, Waller?"

I looked around to see a little blond girl about the size of a salt cellar and suggesting a bird by the way she hopped about and cocked her head to one side.

As I did not immediately reply, she laughed and went on: "I recognized you by that snapshot you sent in when you took the job. Smithy—that's me."

"I expected to meet your father," I said, after a moment of surprise.

"That's too bad," she said, "because he's a long ways off. Anyhow, I'm the P. F. sales manager myself. Mitt me, Waller—mitt me."

It was a surprise from which I did not recover until toward the end of our dinner at the Bates House. By that time I had begun to feel well acquainted with Miss Smithers; one reason being that it was my first experience in talking freely with anybody who, like myself, had a fully developed Grandpa Leech side to their character. Thus, in a short time we were discussing all sorts of questions of mutual interest.

"There is a market for individual cans of soup," I said as the dessert was brought on. "Enough for just one serving."

"I'll slip that hunch to headquarters. . . . What's your slant on the tea-and-coffee situation?"

"Tea is not popularized enough. There ought to be a free book telling all about it, with signed opinions by doctors."

"There's a real idea. Melt, the sky is your limit. You have got a through ticket for the top. Most of the boys are so gaga over some nita-juanita that they act as though there was a law against thinking overtime."

At ten o'clock that night we were seated at the same table and still talking. Anybody overhearing what we said might have thought that it was the same conversation as before, but such was far from being the case. Though the talk was still more or less about Puro Food, a distinctly different note was being sounded in every remark.

"You're sure one star salesman, Melt. Where did you pick it up? . . . By the way, what do you think about a two-pound date special at twenty-three cents?"

"Ought to go big, Smithy. . . . It was a little gift from my late grandfather. And speaking of stars, you're about as good a sales manager as any firm could have. Where did they steal you?"

(Continued on Page 48)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

Better Performance
Causes More People To Buy Champions
Than Any Other Spark Plug

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

(This is sales bulletin number six from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Written for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in the Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

More people buy Champions than any other spark plug, the world over, because Champions give better performance in every type of engine.

People always prefer that which is better. Each year, as more of your customers learn that Champions actually do give them better performance, a greater number naturally buy them.

Some of your customers, not yet using Champions, may not be getting the utmost from their engines. You need only to tell of Champion superiority to convince them that Champions will improve their performance.

Tell them also, that Champions have made literally hundreds of world records because they do outperform. Here are four recent accomplishments with Champions:

Elinor Smith's new world altitude record for women of 27,418 feet; Gar Wood's 96.2 miles per hour with Miss America VIII; J. E. Wilkinson's record 38.5 miles per hour average down the Hudson from Albany to New York in an outboard; W. B. Thompson's new record in winning the 200-mile Australian Grand Prix.

The discovery and use of sillimanite for every Champion core, and the continuous improvements in Champion design to meet every modern engine and operating requirement, have served to bring out clearly that Champion is the better spark plug.

You can render your customers a distinct service by pointing out the structural reasons for Champion's better performance. Its sillimanite core, a perfect non-conductor of electrical current, is immune to heat and practically unbreakable . . . The patented electrodes resist fouling, pitting and corrosion to the highest degree known . . . The solid copper gasket seal, with its two-piece construction, remains absolutely gas-tight and permits easy inspection and cleaning.

These are definite, convincing reasons why the majority of all motor car owners, bus, truck and fleet operators, the world over, have continued to prefer Champions in steadily increasing numbers for years, even replacing other makes with Champions.

Millions have learned through actual comparison that Champions do improve their engine's performance, and that a new set every 10,000 miles, or every year, maintains it at topnotch, even though Champions will give service almost indefinitely. They know also that a complete new set every 10,000 miles actually costs nothing, because new Champions save their cost in less gas and oil alone—to say nothing of their better performance.

By telling each of your customers of Champion superiority, and by asking them to change their Champions regularly, you show them how to obtain and maintain maximum performance from their engine at minimum cost.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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Check Fatigue at its Source

To maintain the speed and power you enjoy in a first fast set, check fatigue at its source. Adopt the rule of all athletes. Wear a supporter and fortify the vital...and least rugged . . . zones of your body against exhausting strains.

Pal will serve as this unseen partner, anticipating and making safe every stroke you attempt. Gird and guard the less-used muscles and delicate cords of abdomen, back and groin, and you conserve the vigor and energy the game demands.

Armored ribs of live rubber knit into *Pal's* exclusive texture give super-support yet conform to every motion without binding or chafing. Porous, cool, non-absorbent . . . soft as new after washing. Priced from a dollar, *Pal* outwears two or three ordinary supporters.

Bike is the finest one-piece, all-elastic supporter made. Ingenious design doubles its strength, comfort and service. Free of starch or sizing . . . easy to wash and wear. Easy to buy, too, at 50 cents and up. At all druggists and dealers in sporting goods.

Pal and BIKE

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago • • *New York* • • *Toronto*

(Continued from Page 46)

"Sell your soft soap, Melt; don't peddle free samples. . . . Did you read that circular about the new salad oil at thirty-one cents?"

"Listen, Smithy; this is no soft soap. I'm just stating facts."

"All right, big boy; then it's my turn to tell the U. S. a mouthful. As a salesman you've got the world eating out of your hand. You're good and you're going to be better. . . . Will there be a market in the Middle West for canned crab meat?"

"If you tell me to sell it, Smithy, I'll sell it—for you."

"That makes me feel good, Melt. . . . Listen; it's almost train time and we never went to that show after all. Walk down to the station with me. I want to make you a little business proposition."

"I've got a little business proposition I want to make you," I replied, getting up from the table.

I knew exactly what was coming, but it was not until the day after that I realized the full horror of what had happened.

At 11:02, when I put Miss Smithers on the eastbound express, it was with the definite understanding that I was to get a bonus in addition to commissions, and that at the earliest opportunity Smithy and I were to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

V

IF MY double life had been difficult before, it now became agonizing; and all the more so because I was genuinely in love with them both. When with Lorna, I knew there was no folly I would shrink from to have her always by my side; on the other hand, when I was with Smithy, I felt it would be easier to get along without my right hand than to be deprived of her thoughts on business topics. The law in the U. S. being what it is, I could not marry both of them, and yet there did not seem to be any other solution. Day by day I could feel my health breaking under the strain, and there was nothing I could do about it.

It was a beautiful summer evening. My conversation with Lorna had run on about as usual when, throwing her arms about my neck, she said, "Melton, do you hear that elfin music whose silver notes touch and kiss the distant hills?"

"Yes, Lorna—yes."

"All nature, Melton, is calling to us to be free. And yet mother insists on a church marriage. Let us run away, Melton. Somewhere—anywhere."

"Under the kindly luster of the great, shining moon," was my encouraging response.

"In a vine-clad cot we will find a white-haired clergyman, whom we will rouse from his slumbers. He will make us one and then we will wander away, away beyond the farthest hills."

"It is what I have always wanted to do, Lorna."

"What does worldly position matter, Melton?"

"Nothing, Lorna; less than nothing."

"We will laugh at their stupid conventions, Melton, as we go gypsying forever and a day. They will wonder where we have gone. They will never think to find us in our little Romany camp. You understand, Melton, don't you?"

"I understand, Lorna."

"It won't be businesslike, Melton. No, and thank heavens for that. We'll throw off the shackles of civilization and never look behind us as we roll away. All we need is a little camping outfit, and you can pick that up tomorrow. Then off we go. Have you any regrets, Melton?"

"No, Lorna, for I have never doubted that the world is well lost for love."

"Melton."

If, instead of arranging the elopement for twenty-four hours later, Lorna had insisted on immediate action, all would have turned out as scheduled. After a hasty inspection of my secondhand car, I mounted the stairs to my room, prepared to write a curt note which would definitely sever my connections with the Puro Food corporation. And I had just sat down to figure out how I had better break the news to Smithy when I was called to the phone. It was a telegram from Milwaukee:

HOW ABOUT GIFT TOY TRUCKS FOR KIDDIES ONE DOLLAR WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY CASH ORDER FOR FIVE DOLLARS STOP ONE ONLY TO EACH CUSTOMER STOP WILL BE IN YOUR TOWN TOMORROW NIGHT FIVE FORTY-FIVE STOP JOB FOR YOU AT HEADQUARTERS STOP WHY NOT LOOK UP LOCAL JAY PEE AND HAVE HIM DO HIS STUFF STOP APARTMENTS HERE ALL FEATHERED FOR TWO SEVENTY-FIVE PER STOP WHAT SAY

SMITHY

All night long I paced up and down my little bedroom, trying to decide what I had better do. I knew I could never get along without Lorna, and the telegram brought home to me a fact I had momentarily overlooked—that I would never be able to give up Smithy. It was not until 5:25 A. M. that the solution came to me, and it was 8:15 before I bowed my head and accepted it as the only possible way out of my difficulties.

"Good morning," said Miss Ebbits from her desk in the corridor of the capitol. "What brings you here so bright and early? Peas or poetry?"

I swallowed and gulped out the single word, "Neither."

She raised her eyebrows. "Nothing wrong?"

"Not after tonight," I replied, finding my voice. "Miss Ebbits, you say you can be trusted. Now is the time to prove it. I have come here to dictate a letter to my only surviving relative—my Aunt Lu—and in this letter I am going to state my last wishes."

Miss Ebbits looked at me steadily, and then, in a voice I had never before heard her use, said, "Sit down, Mr. Waller. You don't look as though you'd been sleeping enough lately. Before you send any last wishes to your Aunt Lu, why not have a heart-to-heart talk with Auntie Ebbits? Open up and you will feel better, and maybe we can save you some anxious minutes, and some other things too."

It was a tremendous relief to be able to sit down and for the first time discuss both grandfathers with one and the same person: How Grandpa Waller believed the world was well lost for love, and how Grandpa Leech believed business was business, and how I had inherited both of these incompatible sentiments. It was also a relief to be able to come out frankly with the revelation of my two simultaneous sweethearts.

"Why not take a chance?" she said when I had finished. "Close your eyes and toss a coin. Heads—tails."

I hemmed and hawed, and then explained about Lorna's stiletto.

"What does Miss Smithers carry? A machine gun?"

"No, but she is a student of jiujitsu, and all she has to do is to get a certain peculiar hold on your neck and it will snap like a dry stick."

"Is that the real reason?"

"No," I responded frankly and desperately, "it is not. The real reason is that I cannot get along with just one of them; I have got to have them both. When I am with Lorna I feel that the world is well lost for love, and when I am with Smithy I am sure that business is business and nothing else counts. And I cannot do without Lorna, and I cannot do without Smithy."

Miss Ebbits remained in deep thought for a few moments. Then she scribbled something on a piece of paper.

"Here is my address," she said. "I have a little three-room flat on the second floor. Put wedding bells into your voice and phone Lorna to be there at 5:30—that ought to get her there by six. Telegraph the address to Smithy and tell her you will locate a justice of the peace. Tell them both that I am an old friend trying to help things along. After they're inside, ring the bell yourself."

"I don't see the point," I said weakly, "and anyhow, if Lorna meets Smithy they'll compare notes."

"You don't have to see the point. And they won't compare notes. Because I'll warn each one privately that the other is just a casual visitor and that as the result of an unhappy love affair is slightly blah. Also, that if you are not treated as a perfect stranger, the other may go off her nut altogether. After mutual introductions, the four of us will roll up our sleeves and save your life."

"Miss Ebbits," I said desperately, "you are preparing for a tragedy."

"It's my own flat, Mr. Waller, and if the worst happens, I'll mop up the mess afterward." But I noticed she was smiling as she said it.

VI

AT 6:05, when I rang Miss Ebbits' bell, I was dripping with perspiration and my knees were giving way at every step.

"Remember," whispered Miss Ebbits, meeting me outside the door, "that each believes the other is slightly love gaga and mustn't be excited. That's why you play the Mysterious Stranger."

Two embarrassing introductions followed. Then I sat down beside the bookcase in silent anguish, as I realized how impossible it would be for me to go on living without both my fiancées by my side.

"Some night!" observed Miss Ebbits, bustling into the kitchen.

Looking languorously out of the window, Lorna remarked, "'Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.'"

"Bull's-eye!" Smithy yelled. "P. F. Forget-me-not Fruit Salad. Twelve cents a can. You come back for more."

Lorna shuddered and closed her eyes, while from the kitchen Miss Ebbits said, "That reminds me; I need to fill up my shelves. Come here, Mr. Waller, and give me some expert advice. You claim to be a grocery salesman."

A long, quivering gasp broke the silence. It came from Lorna. Though I did not dare look her in the face, I knew she had gone perfectly white, and from the corner of my eye I could see her right hand working down to the strategic point where she carried her stiletto. I had just started to laugh off the fatal words about being a grocery salesman when Miss Ebbits snapped out:

"Fifteen cents is what I've been paying for pancake flour, Mr. Waller. Am I being robbed?"

There was no use trying to continue my hollow laughter. If there had been fifty girls with stilettos, all of them seeking my heart's blood, I could not have remained a minute longer in that chair. I tried to hang onto the arms and to clamp my jaw muscles shut, but it was no use. It took Grandpa Leech just exactly three seconds to boot me into the kitchen, open my mouth and start me on a selling talk that began:

"Yes, Miss Ebbits; fifteen cents is entirely too much to pay for pancake flour when Puro Food sells you two packages of the same size for twenty-three cents only, and that includes our guaranty and also the double free coupons which may be applied to the purchase of the P. F. Electric Waffle Iron which, as the result of ex——"

Lorna was standing up now, her fingers working convulsively.

Again and again I tried to quit, but there was no stopping Grandpa Leech. I galloped through the entire list from P. F. Natural Brown Rice to Hula Pineapple, and from Merrie England Plum Pudding to P. F. Ruby Tomato Soup.

"Now, Miss Ebbits," I concluded, "two cents saved on every can of P. F. Ruby Tomato Soup may not seem much, but remember there is no reason why you should not take advantage of the grand old principle that business is business and ——"

Somebody grabbed my right arm from behind and spun me around. I was face to face with Lorna, and her eyes were about as friendly as a pair of rattlesnakes.

"Oh, business is business, is it, you black-hearted, double-faced grocery salesman!" hissed the voice that had once been

(Continued on Page 50)

"This Common Ailment *steals vigor and leaves its mark on body, face and mind*"

"· · · yeast checks it," *says Germany's most colorful physician*

PROFESSOR DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN of Berlin—no more colorful figure exists in German medicine today. No more authoritative voice than his could bring you this message of warning—and hope:—

"Constipation is the insidious enemy of our time. It affects all classes, all ages. It undermines the system, making it an easy prey to disease. Often it mars a whole life, stealing vigor and strength, clouding the mind, leaving its mark on body and face.

"Yeast prevents constipation. It stimulates the wave-like motion of the intestines necessary to effect regular elimination.

"With the cleansing of the intestines and the toning up of the system, many skin blemishes will disappear.

"Now fresh yeast contains the increased value of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, which counteracts the pronounced ill effects of lack of sunshine."

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly every day, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in *two* vitamins indispensable to health—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

DR. MENDELSOHN was physician to the great Eleonora Duse and to the sister of Kaiser Wilhelm I. As medical adviser of the Russian government he reported periodically to the Czar. The entire German press recently acclaimed his latest medical book.

"My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast"

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GEHEIMRAT DR. CARL VON NOORDEN, founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfort, Germany, states: "Yeast can bring about normal functioning of the intestines. It is used constantly in my clinic."

DR. GEORGES CAUSSADE, physician of the world-famous Paris Hospital, "l'Hôtel-Dieu," says: "Yeast has a real effect on constipation and nutrition."

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If so—then rejoice! For now you can have coffee from which has been removed the one ingredient that ever stole your sleep—caffein. That coffee is Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. You can drink Sanka Coffee—at midnight, if you wish—and sleep the sleep of the just!

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You'll like Sanka Coffee because it won't keep you awake. And you'll like it still more because it is so downright delicious. It is all coffee—nothing but coffee. A blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees, Sanka Coffee has all of coffee's old-time flavor and aroma. It gives that same immediate sense of satisfaction you've enjoyed from other coffees, for that comes, not from caffein, but from the warmth and flavor of the drink itself. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

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MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST! *The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!* © 1930, S. C. Corp.

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine SANKA COFFEE *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

(Continued from Page 48)

melody in my ears. "All right. Go on and tell her that if she takes care of the pancakes the waffles will take care of themselves, and that a tomato saved is a tomato earned. Business is business! Oh, how glad I am I found you out before it was too late. Merrie England Plum Pudding at thirty-two cents a medium can! Don't ever flatter yourself you are a snake in the grass, Melton Waller. You are just a poor prune waiting to be wrapped up in a package with fifty more just like you. I despise you. Now and forevermore, I despise you. Bah!"

The hold on my arm loosened, the door slammed, and Lorna passed definitely out of my life.

While I stood there with my heart breaking, Smithy burst into laughter. "Miss Ebbits," she chuckled, "your girl friend is certainly one wild talker, but I thought her weak point was sentiment. Why did she get all hot and buttered over groceries?"

"Tomatoes," said Miss Ebbits, "they used to call tomatoes love apples. She's an old-fashioned girl, and when Mr. Waller started on tomatoes, it brought back her own unhappy experience. Well, a little fresh air will make her feel better. Sit down, both of you. If I'm going to be present at the ceremony tonight, I want to do myself credit." She darted into the bedroom.

Though Smithy started to rattle away about a possible kitchen-and-toilet-soap combination box, I could not bring my mind to bear on the subject. Lorna was lost forever, and yet I could not stop thinking about her. The seconds were jolting by without tires when the bedroom door opened and out stepped Miss Ebbits.

It seemed impossible it could be the same girl who heretofore had always given me the impression that work, and lots of it, was her principal recreation.

Instead of being slicked back, her hair was puffed out and wavy and soft, like a subdued red cloud. Her spectacles were no longer present, so that for the first time I perceived how large her eyes were, and how blue and beautiful. Looking at her little tilted nose and her pouting lips, I thought I was seeing them for the first time. The dress she wore was not even a distant relative of anything I had previously seen her in. It glittered all over; it had a low neck and back, and no sleeves at all. Her stockings were present, but hardly noticeable. As for the shoes, I had seen something like them on the stage, but nowhere else.

Very slowly Miss Ebbits walked across the room to the chair where Lorna had been sitting and, switching off the lights, turned on the radio. A violin solo began to quiver and pulsate, while, at the same time, some kind of perfume filled the air.

I looked at Smithy. It was as though I was seeing Smithy for the first time. There was not much light from the moon, but enough to throw a kind of aureole around her. It softened the angles. I had never had such an idea before; but somehow, after seeing Miss Ebbits change the way she had, the thought came to me that Smithy in the moonlight was certainly an entirely different person from Smithy talking about P. F. mincemeat, one-pound tin, twenty-three cents. It seemed possible that maybe life might yet be worth living.

"When I was a king in Babylon," I quoted in a voice which, in spite of all my efforts, trembled with emotion.

"Change your bootlegger," Smithy interrupted with a hoarse laugh. "He's needling it with hop."

Under other circumstances, this would have shut me up for an indefinite period, but somehow Miss Ebbits and the moonlight had thrown a glamour about Smithy. She did not seem any longer to be just a blonde; she looked like those in the movies.

"Smithy," I said, "the great moon is laughing at us to see how we are held by the shackles of a stupid civilization." I took a step toward her. "Hand in hand, let us slip out beyond the farthest hills, never to return."

"Come again?" said Smithy, raising her voice and putting her right hand to her ear, as though not having heard distinctly.

"At midnight we will rouse some white-haired clergyman from his vine-clad cot ——"

"Louder and funnier," snapped Smithy.

"—— and then we will go gypsying through life. And why not? Because the world is well lost for love."

With a quick move Smithy switched on the light. "The world is well lost for what?"

"For love, Smithy," I answered—"for love."

She stepped back, shaking her head. When she spoke, her voice had dropped back to its usual tones: "Melt, the worst of it is you are in earnest. Yes, you are just like the rest of the boys—outside of working hours you are a mush merchant. Listen, Waller: I would no more marry a man with a sentimental nature like yours than I would play golf with dynamite golf balls." I tried to explain, but she would not listen. "Keep the molasses in the can," she said. "I don't want it. And don't apologize and don't try to see me to the train. It was my mistake. Comb the moonlight out of your hair and get on the job again tomorrow morning. You may be only a nine-to-five salesman, but you can play along with us as long as you keep on selling our goods. Next time you write, tell me how that two-and-a-half-pound kraut special is shaking them up." She closed the door, and I could hear her whistling as she walked down the stairway.

"It is ended," I whispered to myself, burying my face in my hands—"it is ended. There is but one place for me now, and that is the cool repose of the cemetery."

Two hands dropped lightly on my shoulders. "Melton," said Miss Ebbits, "did you ever hear anybody say, 'Finders keepers'? For a long time now I have been trying to locate a capable business boy able to do a little in the poetry line after hours. You have been elected. Tonight the *modus operandi* wasn't exactly as planned, but the results were just what the doctor ordered."

I looked at her, unable to say a word.

"Melton, I am a combination myself. Not only did I have two grandfathers but also four great-grandfathers and the same number of great-grandmothers. My ideas about business are altogether orthodox, but when vacation comes ship me somewhere east of Suez or west of K. C. I like poetry, and when you modernize your style a little I'll let you write me some. And now, Melton, how about a little music in the moonlight?"

An hour later I said, "There is no question of our getting on together, but I know I will never be able to settle down to work, because once we are married and you are by my side, I will never be able to think otherwise than that the world is well lost for love."

"Hold the thought, Melton. It's the most useful thought you can possibly have. If a young man doesn't believe the world is well lost for love, he'll never accumulate a family; and he's got to get that far if he ever hopes really to understand that business is business."

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When you take delivery of your car, the dealer will hand you this policy in printed form—backed by both himself and the Oakland Motor Car Company.

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period of either 90 days or 4,000 miles, whichever occurs first. And this service will be rendered by any Oakland-Pontiac dealer anywhere in the United States upon presentation of the owner's identification card.

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At the end of 500 miles he will give your car a road test; check and adjust the ignition, the carburetor and timing; inspect the lubricant in the engine, rear axle and transmission; adjust the brakes; and test and fill the battery.

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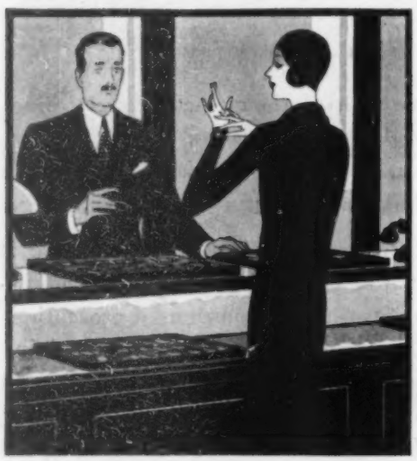

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Find where to buy it in your classified telephone directory

NAVAL CONFERENCE CONSEQUENCES

(Continued from Page 15)

grand total tonnage reduction. That reduction, as we have seen, is 239,836 tons. The increase, as we have seen, is 123,000 tons. The net reduction for our whole Navy in all five basic categories put together is, therefore, 116,836 tons.

Let us now finally contrast this net reduction with the size of our whole fighting fleet, as it was before we went to London and as it will be now for a while. Counting in our unchanged allotment of 135,000 tons for aircraft carriers, and assuming that we have always intended and do now intend to make full use of it, and assuming also that we shall make full use of our new cruiser-tonnage allotment, the figures for before London and for after London, in the five basic categories, are as follows:

The American pre-London fleet: 1,234,-236 tons.

The American post-London fleet: 1,117,-400 tons.

It is apparent that these figures will not cause any great elation among the members of American organizations dedicated to the extirpation of navies. It is also apparent that, though they will not evoke any great enthusiasm, they perhaps ultimately will not produce any great dejection among members of American organizations dedicated to the retention of navies. This will be particularly so because our cruiser-tonnage increase, now sanctified by treaty, will in all probability soon be actually legislated into existence by the Congress, to the final discomfiture of our anti-Navy elements; and, when ultimately accomplished, this cruiser-tonnage increase will make our Navy a better balanced and more rounded fighting force than it ever has been before in our days.

Security and Consultative Pacts

It is clear, then, that what we observe is, from the tonnage standpoint, not so much a reduction of the world's three largest naval fleets as it is a rationalization and a stabilization of them. We now, in all five basic categories, have succeeded in putting an end to limitless blind naval competition among the United States and Great Britain and Japan. Instead of building competitively toward altitudes ever shifting and ever receding upward, we shall now be building in each category toward an altitude fixed and accepted, and causing no fresh suspicions or contentions. The advantage thus accruing to international steadiness and good will has been so much stressed by Presidents and prime ministers that it needs no further emphasis of applause here. What remains here now to be analyzed, if possible, is the future which will lie beyond the bringing into effect of the new treaty. It is at that point that we necessarily come upon those treaty consequences which the writer of this article has ventured to call "political."

It is true that at London we contrived to escape from entering into any political security pacts or political consultative pacts. It was well known, when we went to London, that our President and our delegation were inflexibly opposed to American participation in any security pacts, on the ground that commitments beforehand to go to war in order to stop a war were incurably inconsistent with established and unchangeable American policy. As for consultative pacts, they were mirages called into being on the conference horizon by earnest American private propagandists who hoped that through consultations between the United States and the principal European powers, at moments of European peril, the United States might be drawn into a benevolent attitude toward economic blockades and toward military operations set in motion by the League of Nations Council in furtherance of the provisions of the League of Nations Covenant.

No foreign delegation at London ever spontaneously palpitated for a consultative pact with the Americans. The French delegation never offered a single ton of French naval reduction in return for a consultative pact. The tentative and obscure and contradictory utterances of the American delegation on the subject of a consultative pact had much less to do with the conference than with American domestic politics back home. The whole consultative-pact furore was essentially an indirect, though thoroughly high-minded, pro-League maneuver, which originated on American soil, and it had no basic association whatsoever with the London naval-reduction problem.

More Ships to Stop More Wars

The political consequences which are inherent in the London treaty, and which this writer here proposes to try to forecast in their coming developments, have nothing to do with security pacts or consultative pacts, but flow, in truth, from the very avoidance of such pacts by the three governments by which the London treaty was signed.

An intricately involved attentiveness to the problem of security, and of the safeguarding of security, and of the guaranteeing of the safeguarding of security, by international assurances of mutual assistance in given contingencies, or in other given contingencies, or in all contingencies, made it impossible for the French to see their way through potential perils to any even slightest naval reduction from their supposed positive naval needs.

A curious and crippling difficulty in the solving of the security problem in the French manner emerged in the course of a statement issued during the London Conference by the British delegation. This difficulty was, and is, that interchanges of security promises may imply actually not a reduction always but sometimes an enhancement and an enlargement of armaments. The British delegation, on February seventh, published an analysis of its naval needs, coupled with a detailed specification of its naval-reduction offers. In this document it spoke appreciatively of the security afforded to Great Britain "under the League of Nations Covenant by the Covenant's provision of mutual support." It nevertheless also spoke of the special naval needs which the British Government felt to be imposed upon it because of "its obligations under the League of Nations Covenant."

In other words, according to the British Government, the promises of mutual support in the League of Nations Covenant gave to Great Britain both a certain additional security and also a certain additional need of warships!

The reasoning thus embraced by the British Government is the same reasoning that was embraced by our own Government in 1919 and 1920. Our own Government during those years was actively engaged both in promoting the League of Nations and in promoting the construction for the United States of incomparably the most powerful navy in the world. The idea was that if we were going to engage ourselves to go to war to stop the world's wars, we naturally and logically had to have something to go to war with; and the idea further was that this something to go to war with should, naturally and logically, be something that would overwhelmingly win.

Thus the conception of more and more security winds itself around and back to the conception of additional preparedness against anticipated perils and menaces. The French, at London, carried with them in their minds an overflowing supply of anticipated perils and menaces; and the more

(Continued on Page 54)

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Here is a 3-window, 4-door sedan at the lowest price at which a 3-window, 4-door sedan can be purchased. And besides, this is the only car at anywhere near the price that gives such advantages as full size; internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes; Safety-Steel Bodies, and the speed, power and economy of operation made possible by Chrysler Motors engineering and craftsmanship.

PRICES

Now one of the lowest-priced cars in the world. 4-door Sedan, 3-window, $625; Coupe, $590; Roadster (rumble seat), $610; Coupe (rumble seat), $625; Touring, $625; Convertible Coupe, $695. F. O. B. Factory.

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CHRYSLER, DODGE BROTHERS AND
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FULL Plymouth SIZE

(Continued from Page 52)

they endeavored to envisage security against them, the more they evoked in their imaginations new perils and menaces against which new further security would need to be devised.

This is the complicated perpetual-circular-motion philosophy which has paralyzed the deliberations of the League of Nations Disarmament Preparatory Commission for these many years past. Why were the Americans and the British and the Japanese at the London Conference able to arrive among themselves at an agreement which, however far from being millennial, represents at least a human and earthly degree of progress? Why, because they discarded the security philosophy utterly and then proceeded, without any interchanges of mutual support against anticipated perils and menaces, to take a chance and to hope for the best and to trust a little to the pacifying influence of naval reduction and limitation itself.

Very well, then. Pursuing security, the French retired to the European Continent with the auxiliary categories of their navy still unlimited and with the free power to build as many cruisers and destroyers and submarines as they may care to build. The Americans and the British and the Japanese, turning aside from security, departed to their maritime stations with all categories of their navies limited and fixed.

The fundamental political meaning of this event is that the Americans and the British and the Japanese, in the making of the London treaty, have severed themselves spectacularly from the security-peace philosophy which dominates not only France but virtually all other European Continental powers.

The results of that severance will make themselves apparent through the so-called escalator clause, which thereupon had to be appended to the London treaty. The purport of this clause in practice essentially is that if any important, large, new, naval building appears in the ports of the European Continent, the British may proceed to build against it beyond and above the London-treaty levels.

A Check on Naval Ambitions

But we Americans, possessing now an acknowledged treaty right of parity with the British, will possess also an equal escalator right. If the Continent builds unduly, then the British may build, and then we may build, correspondingly, by treaty, if we please.

A similar comment—within ratio limits—may be made about the Japanese, but the main point in any possible future political developments will be found in connection with the United States. For what will be the influence upon us now of any great new creation of Continental naval fleets?

The British, as soon as any such fleet shows itself, will inevitably proceed to new building against a manifest Continental naval peril. We Americans will be obliged then to choose between losing parity with the British—which we certainly should not care to do—and addressing ourselves to a distasteful and costly new naval construction program. We shall not be able to blame the British for it. They, in their new building, will be merely exercising a right conceded to them by us in treaty form. Our resentment will be aroused not against Great Britain but against the European Continent.

The European Continent, however, including especially France, will perhaps be hesitant to awaken that resentment. In that case, the London treaty, with its escalator clause, will act as a strong check upon Continental naval ambitions. Excessive Continental naval building will now elicit not only a British but an American reply. London and Washington will be acting not concertedly, indeed, but parallelly and simultaneously. The British naval strength and the American naval strength will swell in unison and will give to the European Continent a double answer.

The political effect, whether the Continental Europeans refrain from building, in deference to the United States plus Great Britain, or whether they insist upon building in defiance of the United States plus Great Britain, will be the same. Continental Europe will find itself confronted by that plus sign. Great Britain and the United States, with no alliance whatsoever between them, will disclose themselves as a combined check or a combined remonstrance to exorbitant Continental naval designs.

It is not too much to say, therefore, as was said at the beginning of this article, that the new London treaty carries with it as a political consequence a certain joinder of interests and a certain parallelism of sentiments and of actions between the British Empire and the American Republic. It has been a proper part of our national policy to fear that in such circumstances the American Republic might be caught up into the exigencies of British imperial purposes. The chances of fate have brought it about that the true prospect, as determined by the London treaty, is that the British Empire will be caught up considerably into the world philosophy of the United States.

Britain's Hands-Off Policy

Great Britain is amphibian. She is a duck swimming in the sea, and then she is also forever a hen clucking to endangered Continental European chickens. For the sake of those chickens—those Continental interests of hers—she, in past days, formed alliances and in our days has joined the League of Nations and has signed the Locarno Treaty and has otherwise committed herself to engagements obliging her, in given circumstances, to intervene in Continental disputes and troubles. At the same time, and on the other hand, when she looks at the sea she detests her Continental engagements and longs for the free life, similar to that of the United States.

This divided nature of Great Britain's condemns her to oscillations. A century ago, immediately after the Napoleonic Wars, under Lord Castlereagh, Great Britain for several years took an intense interest in the numerous diplomatic complications and the numerous international conferences which attended the activities of the European Quadruple Alliance and of the European Holy Alliance. Immediately thereafter, under George Canning, she withdrew into an isolation characterized by an increasing adherence to Canning's maxim that the true British policy should be to let the details of Continental affairs alone and to intervene on the Continent only on infrequent and really great occasions "and then with overwhelming force."

Today, in a degree, Great Britain is entering into another George Canning period. She begins to be bored and even to be outraged by the incessant insatiable demands of her Continental friends for more and more commitments and pledges and promises and pacts binding her to larger and larger guaranties and interventions and sanctions against all possible internal Continental broils. The average Briton tends to express it by saying that he is beginning to be fed up with these foreign woes and alarms. Influential newspapers for some time past have spent much ink warning the government that no additional security pacts for using British naval power in furtherance of foreign peace will be tolerated by the British nation. Above all, a highly emphatic element of British opinion—illustrated especially by Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the London Observer—continually assures the government that the British people will not hold themselves truly bound to any commitments which might engage the British fleet in the attempted quelling of a European conflict at the cost of coming into collision with lawful American trade and with American governmental resentment and resistance.

At the London Conference, the Castlereagh turn of mind and the Canning turn of mind came into a modernistic contest in

(Continued on Page 58)

Stories of Stars who were not *"born"* but *"made"*

He won his own game

Yet in prep school, this famous college pitcher couldn't even make his class team

Recently a former college star told us this story:

Eight years ago at a certain prep school famed for its athletic teams, there was a boy whose ability didn't measure up to his ambition. He wanted badly to be known as an athlete, but he was so awkward and clumsy he didn't have a chance. He went out for baseball and not only was cut from the varsity squad but couldn't make his class team.

And yet, four years later, in June of his Senior year in college, he pitched the last and biggest game of the year, held a team stronger than his own to a single run in thirteen innings and made the hit that brought home the winning score.

That boy made himself a star. He overcame his prep school faults and became one of the greatest pitchers his college has ever known. He learned to *handle himself well*, to coördinate the muscles of his legs and arms so that they all worked together and worked for him.

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One of the most important secrets of handling yourself well is *footwork*. Watch any star player and notice how his feet behave. They move like lightning, yet he never stumbles or trips over them.

Learn to handle your feet. The really great players in every sport train themselves in footwork. You'll find them in the gym or out-of-doors skipping rope, playing handball, boxing, taking any one of a hundred kinds of exercise that develop fast, sure foot action. And notice this, more of them wear Keds than any other shoe.

There are good reasons for this. Keds have many features that put them definitely out of the "sneaker" class—safety soles of specially-compounded rubber; "Feltex" insoles that keep your feet cool and comfortable; and strong, canvas tops.

Keds can help to make you "look good." Ask for Keds by name. Only genuine Keds have the name "Keds" on the shoe.

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All boys and girls not over 15 years of age are eligible for the big 1930 Keds Essay Contest. Fifty pedigreed wire-haired fox terriers and 480 pairs of Keds are the prizes. Get your entry blank today from the nearest Keds dealer, or write Keds Contest Editor, United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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Keds "Mercury"

A light, serviceable Keds. This moderately priced shoe has uppers of either white or brown duck, trimmed with black. The sole is amber colored with crepe knurling.

Keds "Big Leaguer"

A medium priced, moulded sole Keds. Uppers are of either white or brown duck with black athletic trimmings. As the name implies, a "Big Leaguer" in every respect.

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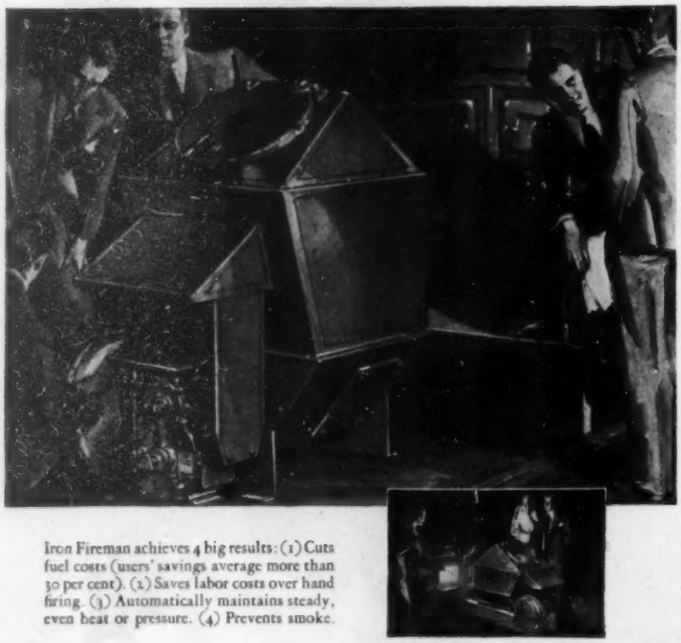
on Automatic Coal Firing



Iron Fireman achieves 4 big results: (1) Cuts fuel costs (users' savings average more than 30 per cent). (2) Saves labor costs over hand firing. (3) Automatically maintains steady, even heat or pressure. (4) Prevents smoke.

Iron Fireman *non-agitated forced underfiring* now used by practically every type of industry, building or residence

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Iron Fireman delivers greatly improved heating service in almost every conceivable type of firing job. Iron Fireman burns smaller sizes of coal, which are far cheaper. It also burns less coal. *Non-agitated forced underfiring,* the principle employed by Iron Fireman, actually feeds coal to the fire in almost exactly the same way as the fire consumes it. There is no agitation, no smoke—a clear, bright flame—and a firebox temperature 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than hand firing. Users' figures, supplied by them, show average annual fuel bill savings in excess of 30 per cent.

Write direct to the Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Branches in Cleveland - St. Louis - Chicago - New York. Dealers in principal cities throughout the United States and Canada.

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IRON FIREMAN
AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

. . . the machine that made coal an automatic fuel

(Continued from Page 54)

British public thought. The professional personnel of the Foreign Office inclined toward conceding to the French a new security pact, a new British entanglement in sanctions, in order to give to the conference a full five-power-treaty success. The Foreign Office view was overborne. The man in the street could no longer be convinced that on top of the League Covenant, and on top of the Locarno Treaty, there should be another pile of words spreading British protection over a larger area of threatened dangers.

The British Government bowed to the man in the street. The British Government was headed by the statesman—Mr. James Ramsay MacDonald—who, in 1924, at Geneva, had been willing to try to accept for Great Britain the obligations of the Geneva Protocol. Those obligations went far beyond anything that the French requested at London.

Mr. MacDonald, however, had changed as his country had changed. What seemed possible to him in 1924 did not seem possible to him, in even a modified degree, in 1930. The British Foreign Office remained conservatively in the 1924 mood. The British populace had tumultuously abandoned it. Not only through its newspapers but through the talk of its drawing-rooms and of its public houses, it raised its voice in loud revolt against all further British enlistments in Continental political rescue expeditions.

Mr. MacDonald, who is a person of a highly sensitized temperament, took readily the color of the new day. He took it all the more quickly, perhaps, because of his visit to America and because of his exposure to the curing waters of the Rapidan. He began to talk at London quite vigorously against commitments having any military implications. In the Geneva Protocol of 1924—repudiated by his successor in the office of prime minister—he had embraced such implications wholesale. He now, at London, six years later, in an almost perfectly American tone, discoursed upon such implications as presumably dubious and undesirable and dangerous.

Obstacles in the Path of Peace

He cut loose, thereupon, from the advice of his professional Foreign Office technicians; and he sailed with the tide and the wind of general popular current British sentiment; and the French could not get from him a pact that was adequate for them; and the naval world split into two sections.

The anchor of the one section is France. The anchor of the other section is the United States. Reaction in Great Britain from the Continental peace-philosophy system, along with the condition of the British Exchequer, obliged the British Government to steer toward the United States. The reaction in Great Britain against the Continent seems likely to continue, and the treaty in operation will lend momentum to it.

Great Britain, at Geneva, through the Disarmament Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations, will now pursue additional negotiations with the Continental powers for further naval limitation and reduction, and also for the limitation and reduction of land and air forces—especially those of France. She will try to diminish French preponderance on land and in the air. At every step of the effort she will be confronted with further Continental security exigencies and exactions. At every step she will find thrust into her hands new suggested tightenings of the obligations of the League of Nations Covenant, new suggested heightenings of the aspirations and potential military excursions of Locarno, more pledges for blockades, more pacts for wars, more promissory notes to be filled in by some future, collective, diplomatic, automatic machine.

More and more, thereupon, Great Britain, in her present mood, will be in the American position of declining to yield to Continental solicitations. More and more she will be psychologically isolated from Continental conceptions of the road to peace. More and more, in company with the United States, she will seem to be not participationist but irreconcilable.

Britain Looks to the West

Simultaneously she will increasingly realize that with the United States she was able to stabilize her supreme problem—her naval problem—without entering into any maze of futuristic liabilities. Along with that Anglo-American naval stabilization, there is bound to emerge, between London and Washington, a greater general equanimity, a greater general easiness of intercourse. At Geneva there will be, for Great Britain, tension. Toward the United States there will be composure.

British gravitation will thereupon, naturally, be from the scene of tension to the scene of composed relations. The more the European peace system, with its commitments, becomes uncomfortable for the British, the more will the American peace system, without commitments, seem attractive to them. The tendency will be, and it already is, in Great Britain, not only to refrain from new commitments but to make the harness of existing commitments as loose and as light as in practice may be feasible. In fact, an occasional impulse in Great Britain already arises to throw off that harness altogether.

This impulse in all probability will never come to full fruition—for Great Britain will remain amphibian and double natured—but it will be greatly broadened and strengthened by the London treaty. The curb upon Continental naval expansion, which was not found by Great Britain in security negotiations with the Continentals, will come into active being—as we have seen—through the escalator clause of the London treaty of naval parity, and of equal, simultaneous naval building by the United States. Great Britain's potential security has been discovered not in security negotiations but in free parity with the irreconcilable republic of the west.

Westward, therefore, both British instant interests and British oscillating ideals, swinging once more from Castlereagh to Canning, take their way. The summation of the London treaty is: In its technical consequences it takes the United States to a British-parity level. In its political consequences it moves Great Britain toward the American-philosophy orbit.

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The NEW **ESSEX** *Challenger*

..at a price all can afford

STOLEN THUNDER

(Continued from Page 19)

such as nobody has, I tell you. The Mattbender will tear her hair for envy. . . . Aha, even you are completely *paff*, I can see!"

"I certainly am, *cara*. Now come, what is this fairy story? A singing burglar returning to the scene of his crime for afternoon tea. You have simply been dreaming, darling. Go back to bed."

Cléo glared at him. "I am telling you the truth, Charlie Duke, and you will be ashamed of yourself and your doubts when he comes and brings with him my pearl again—my pearl which I had from King Ferdinand!"

"Cléo, you didn't—he didn't —— Oh, my Lord!"

"Well, all the others are false, you know. It was all I had, and I tell you it was a bargain. I was not to give the alarm and he would come back. Honor among thieves, you know, my cabbage. I trust him completely."

But she did not look so confident. She cast a rueful eye upon that naked little finger which the finest black pearl in Christendom habitually adorned. She drew a deep, dramatic sigh.

Charlie bent an irritated brow upon her. "You haven't the sense of a child of ten. And while you're talking about honor, how about your own end of the agreement? If you put this in the papers—good-by, pearl!"

"Pooh!" said Cléo, but without conviction. "What is a pearl to me when my public must be served?"

"Your public?"

"Something for them to read about, goosie; something to make them forget their own little worries and cares. But, as you imply, he trusts me and I will not fail him. Besides, it is too late now anyway. But you'll wire them to have a lot of reporters to meet me in New York, won't you? There was nothing against that in our agreement."

"Yes, darling; hordes of them. But now hurry back to bed; you've great dark circles under your eyes."

Cléo peered into his mirror with concern. "It's paint!" she cried defensively. "I was lazy about taking it off."

"Circles, I say."

"Beast! Well, who wouldn't have? *Dio mio*, but I'm tired; you can't imagine the strain! Ah, but the story it will make! The *réclame!* How Sartorius will be pleased! Perhaps it has been worth something after all."

"It's priceless, my love—priceless!"

"Hush! What can you know about it, and what is that to me? But kiss me good night." She turned upon him suddenly, her veiled gray eyes alight with fanatical enterprise. "Charlie, I am going to let you see my heart. What makes me happiest of all is this: Through me, through Cléo Hanni, that young man will be turned away from a life of evil!"

And this time it was Charlie's turn to say "*Quatsch!*"

He said it several times again with growing impatience the next afternoon, when, at four o'clock, at four-thirty, even at five, no McGann and no pearl had yet arrived. Cléo, lying disconsolate upon her chaise longue, gazed dully out upon the sooty snowflakes whirling over Michigan Avenue, and cried a little from time to time. She was arrayed as the lilies of the field, in henna and gold, and on a table beside her an elaborate tea was spread.

Charlie nibbled nuts from a silver dish and puckered his cheerful face into a network of cross little wrinkles. "It's so idiotic of you, *cara*, to behave this way. Why, he's miles from here by this time, the pearl in his pocket and a quiet smile on his face. Now just let me call in a nice competent detective while you pull yourself together for tonight. You've got to knock them cold, you know."

Cléo turned her head away and sighed piteously, her shoulders drawn up in a shrug of hopeless woe.

"I shall not sing, of course. Sartorius is a fool to book such a thing; he knows how I detest soirées. And I suppose you all forget that I sang an Isolde only last evening!"

"But one little group, darling; it's too easy. And such an important house!"

"Nothing is important but my voice—nothing at all! I have had no sleep!"

"You have slept all day!"

"And my pearl—King Ferdinand's pearl?"

"Forget it, darling; there are more in the sea."

"But so few kings left, Charlie."

"Dreadful woman."

"Oh, do stop badgering; you make me ill! Thank heaven, I am not as material as you think!" She swung about suddenly, her eyes blazing, and pushed the table away with a horrid clatter. In the majesty of trailing brocade she stalked to the telephone. "Hello!" she called. "Hello! . . . Well, why don't you answer? This is Madame Hanni. Why do you not announce my callers? I shall report you to the management!"

A bland voice expostulated. There had been none, none at all since the masseuse at two o'clock.

"Ridiculous!" cried Cléo. "There is a gentleman waiting down there now—a Mr. McGann. Send him up immediately! What a hotel! Never again, I tell you!"

She hung up the receiver viciously and turned, still tense and furious, to Charlie, miserably munching nuts. "Do you think you could manage to go and look for him, or must I go myself?" She took two operatic steps in the direction of the door, paused and glared.

Charlie strangled a little on a pecan, recovered his breath with difficulty, shook himself like a reluctantly obedient dog. "One must humor a madwoman, I suppose," he complained.

On his return some moments later the storm had passed. Cléo sat at the piano experimenting with bits of oddly familiar melody. "Do you know, darling," she said, turning upon him a melting smile, "Marguerite was always good for me—my first rôle. Why shouldn't I sing it again?"

Charlie knew a number of excellent reasons, but forbore to mention them. "Your confounded burglar is not here," he said. "We've paged him from garret to cellar. I hope you're satisfied."

Cléo waved a hand toward a sheet of yellow paper on the music rack. "You needn't really have bothered," she said sweetly, and began to play with enormous concentration the opening bars of the Jewel Song.

Charlie read the telegram with a choleric eye:

Called out of town. See you soon. B. McG.

"Aha, what did I tell you!" said Cléo, stopping in the middle of a trill. "I have more faith in human nature than you, and so I am not disappointed, you see! Listen, Charlie, and try for once to have a little understanding, after all these years. My heart, my soul, is set on saving this Boney McGann. Only think, my first protégé; an interest in life at last for poor Cléo!"

"Dear, dear," murmured Charlie. "Miserable, dull creature that you are."

"And ring for Germaine as you go, please. I think I'll begin to dress now. Be sure to call for me before nine."

Cléo Hanni had a great success that evening, augmented by a spectacular incident of which the papers—their representatives barred from the premises—could, unfortunately, make no mention the following morning.

After her group of Schubert *Lieder*, feeling in generous mood, she added, quite contrary to her custom at such affairs, an encore, a Norwegian cattle song which she loved and which carried her voice high and clear as the bells on an Alpine hillside. She played her own accompaniment for this, throwing back her shining golden head and allowing her lashes to sweep over half-closed, dreamy eyes.

The fashionable audience, recovered from its first curiosity at seeing the famous Hanni at close range, now fell wholly under her spell. There was the rare compliment of tense silence as she finished. Then, even as she withdrew loving fingers from the keyboard and brought her spirit back to earth with obvious reluctance, there came, instead of the anticipated crash of applause, a roar of honest laughter. Looking up with pained astonishment, Cléo beheld the cause.

Through the curtained door at the rear of the small platform a pompous butler and a footman were bringing in, with what dignity they might, an enormous set piece, a veritable triumph of the ornamental florist's art. It was a solid heart shape, five feet tall, of red and pink and yellow roses, pierced by a golden arrow, the whole surmounted by a lifelike feathered dove from whose beak trailed two broad blue ribbons lettered in gilt. MY LITTLE SWEETHEART! said the ribbons, pinned flat for all to read.

The hostess rose hurriedly, very red of face. She approached the platform. "My dear Madame Hanni," she pleaded in a distressed flutter, "I assure you that we never—I have no idea who—I hope you don't think ——"

But Cléo was in royal mood; she made the troubled lady a pretty gesture of absolution, and crossing to the monumental tribute, she ran her hand caressingly over the stuffed bird, to a burst of appreciative applause. Finding an envelope pinned beneath the ribbons, she opened it before them all, puckering her lovely brow and turning the inclosure here and there to the light. Then she smiled divinely, held the card a moment to her heart, and there were those who claimed that they saw her slip something into the bosom of her gown.

"I think I ought to share my pleasure with you all," she said in her low and vibrant speaking voice, so rarely heard by her public. "This—this creation comes from my latest protégé, a gentleman perhaps known to you, who is forsaking his present—what you say, line?—to study music. A very talented young man whose name is —— Ah, that is a secret for a while. But anyway he writes, 'Here's good luck, madam, and damn the expense!'"

Never had those conservative North Shore walls housed such a riot of joy as followed. Cléo, valiantly refusing all invitations to remain for supper, floated on a tide of garrulous acclaim to the very doors of the taxi in which Charlie Duke humbly awaited her at the curb.

"And you're bound to agree with me, you old bear," she teased, when she had finished telling him, in her habitual after-the-performance whisper, all the glorious details, "that it was quite perfect. Even you have never sent me a five-foot heart!"

"Blah, blah, blah!" chanted Charlie. "If I cashed King Ferdinand's pearl I could send you a dozen and live nicely on the balance."

Cléo caught her breath and clutched suddenly at her gown just above her heart. Then she nodded, smiled mysteriously and relaxed into her corner. "Just because you are my oldest friend, Charlie, you think you can take all the joy out of life for me, but you can't—not this time."

Charlie looked at her, puzzled. He thought he had never seen her lovelier or more serene.

A phalanx of reporters duly met her at the Grand Central some forty-eight hours later and had the whole adventure from her own lips. But oddly enough, there were no display heads the next morning, no shifting of the financial crisis to the inner pages in favor of Hanni and her conquest.

Cléo called her manager on the telephone and held him personally responsible for this oversight. "Here I bring you the most

(Continued on Page 61)

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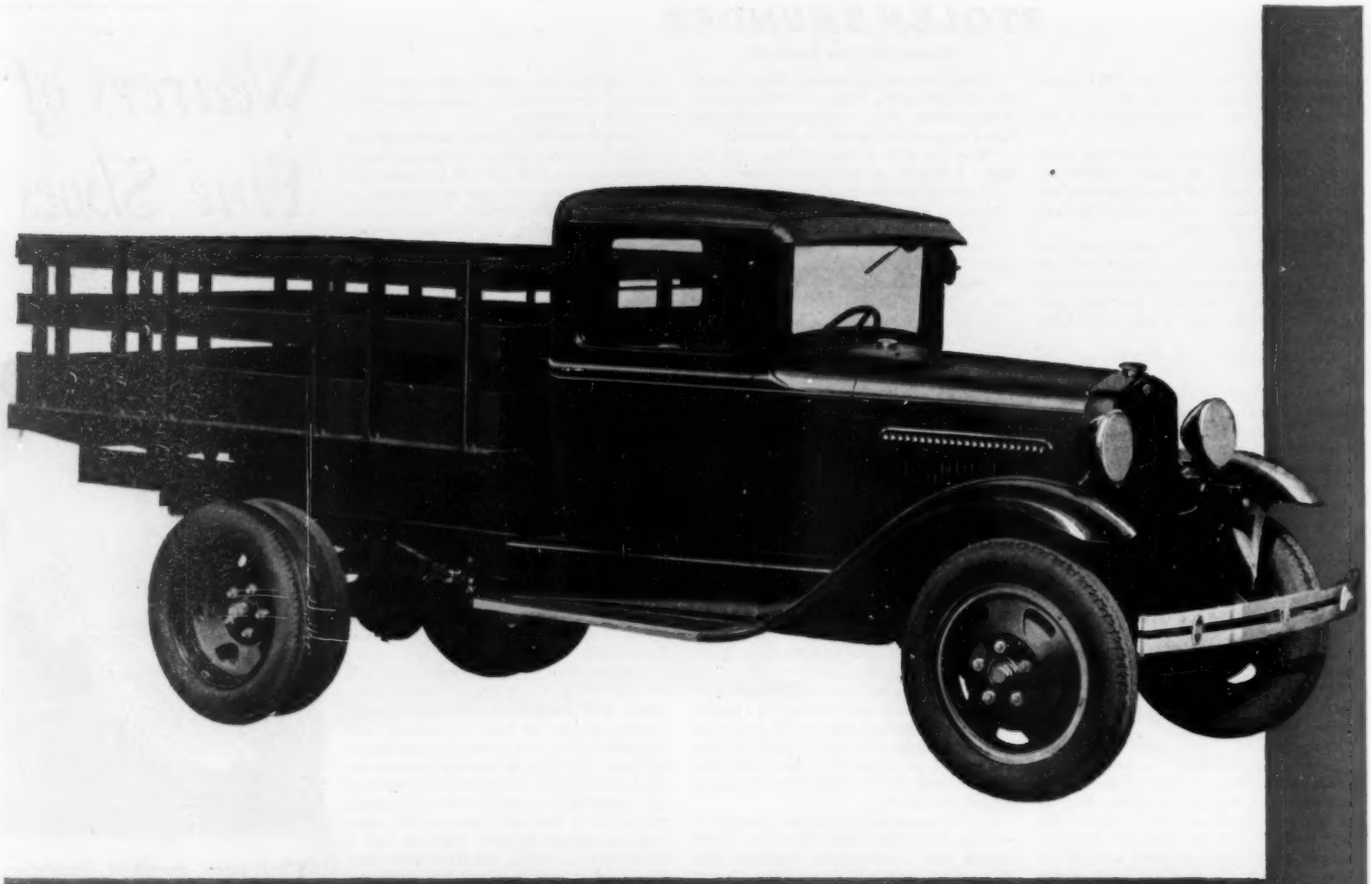

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BODIES of new and more handsome design are now standard on the Ford 1½-ton truck. The radiator and hood are higher and narrower. The front fenders meet the running-boards in a more sweeping line. Rims of the head lights are of bright Rustless Steel. Radiator and gasoline-tank filler-caps are flat and wide, made of Rustless Steel. The enclosed cab, hood, and cowl have a more unified appearance. The glass in the doors is rectangular, making the roof seem lower. The roof is thicker, curves down at the rear and at the corners, and has a military-shape visor in front.

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Stake, panel, express and platform bodies are standard. An open cab, and the enclosed cab illustrated, are both available. Let your Ford dealer show you the many features of this truck which make it a value far above the price.

Ford

(Continued from Page 59)

beautiful publicity in the world, Sartorius, as a free gift, and this is the best you can do! You must indeed be sick. It is a scandal, I tell you, and I wonder that anyone in her senses employs you!"

"Now listen, madame; you've got no kick at all, really. The boys have been pretty good to you for a long time."

"Good to me—to me! I have been good to them, you mean!"

"Now quiet a minute, madame. I met Crighton of the World just now. He says it's a knock-out story, but it shouldn't break this way. Too easy to fake. They want to find McGann before they shoot the works."

"What? They won't believe me, Cléo Hanni, after all these years I've slaved here before their eyes—given my strength, my youth?"

"Hush, madame, never admit that last, you know. Now listen, there's nothing to worry about. He's got your pearl, hasn't he? Well, let the police find him. That's a cinch!"

"*Schafskopf!*" cried Cléo. "Can you see no further than your own big nose? That is not the story I want! Anyone, the Mattbender even, can have a pearl stolen. It is his conversion by me, my good imbecile, which is the thing worth while. But I have faith, I can wait, and he will come!"

"Bah! You talk like a regular Sunday school!"

Cléo hung the receiver up without more argument and went to her piano, where Fafnir, her Pomeranian, was curled upon an open score of Lohengrin. Cléo, who had always sung Ortrud until this season, was essaying the rôle of Elsa within a fortnight, and was none too happy. It lay too high for her best voice. And now she had no heart at all for study; with a *répétiteur* due in half an hour!

For a moment she considered giving up the whole business and going into a blue funk upon her sofa, with smelling salts, tears, the score of Lohengrin mangled on the floor, the *répétiteur* in shocked retreat, the police astir. The alluring idea held her spellbound. The curative properties of such scenes, varied to suit the occasion, were tried and true, a firm bridge across the chasm of discontent.

But the zeal and enthusiasm of the devoted little *répétiteur*, the actual, fascinating process of exploring a new rôle for herself which now began, proved, as usual, adequate solace. In half an hour so characteristically lost was she that the Chicago affair was almost banished from her mind.

Rehearsals were, however, exasperating. Even for a Hanni the management could not, in the midst of the season, call out the full orchestra, chorus and solo cast more than once, and Cléo had to work up the part as best she could alone, between her regular performances. There ensued, therefore, a frantic fortnight in which Germaine and the wardrobe mistress worked feverishly over the costumes, nights when Cléo was on the stage, that they might be hurriedly tried on in the dressing room before she went home; in which three cooks and one secretary came and went; in which Charlie Duke, inquiring daily on the telephone, was daily told not to make of himself a nuisance.

"I adore my work," Madame Hanni found time to tell the reporters, "but the other things that must go with it—ah, my dear boys, those are what wear one out! Photographers, dressmakers, all the rest—they bleed one like leeches!"

There was, however, no marked de-energizing of anyone but the leeches themselves during those days and nights when the rumor of Hanni's Elsa had already sold out the house a week in advance. Her vitality, on the contrary, increased as the matter absorbed her and preyed upon her patience. The very night of the performance she adopted a new crown for no other valid reason than that it was both heavy and uncomfortable.

"The actual thing poor Elsa would have had to suffer," she whispered in a sort of jubilant martyrdom to Charlie, who, in defiance of regulations, looked in upon her for a moment before seeking his seat in the house. Sartorius also was there, gaunt and hectic, leaning against the door frame and silently computing her success under his fierce gray brows. The *répétiteur* was there, turning nervously on the piano stool. Germaine was on her knees on the white fur rug, her mouth full of pins. Across the hall the contralto tried her scale.

Cléo stamped her foot suddenly and cast the new crown into a corner. "Get out, all of you! Insensitive creatures! Have you no understanding, no tact? *Um Gottes willen*, give me a moment to myself!"

Charles blew her a kiss and scurried off. They had all been there by her command, he knew. But he had never seen her more enchanting, he told himself, and rubbed his elbows thoughtfully as he sat waiting for the prelude to begin. There was a troublesome prickling on those well-upholstered angles of his person which warned him that the evening would be memorable.

And in the main he was right. Cléo had the personal triumph of the season, beyond a doubt, but there was a moment in the second act when it seemed to Charlie that she lost her grip inexplicably, came in a fraction late on a cue—a thing totally foreign to the Hanni tradition.

Cléo, sweeping the scene in the magnificence of her wedding apparel, her head held high under the weight of the new crown, and her glittering eye transfixing the contralto, who was showing a tendency to force her upstage, brushed with her cloak against an attendant man at arms. Being a humble and voiceless supe, this man had really no business to be standing so far forward; still less should he have presumed to set, even for a fleeting instant, his profane foot upon the prima donna's train. But these things he did, and his reward was Hanni's distracted, furious glance—a glance which turned, even in that anxious moment which the coldly perspiring Charles Duke had noticed from out front, into delighted surprise and recognition.

"For heaven's sake," ejaculated Elsa, "where did you come from?"

But she was borne away upon the music's tide before she could hear the answer, if there was one, and it did her no good to send her maid, when the act was over, to the supers' room, inquiring for a Mr. McGann.

It was not until the final scene that she passed him again, just as she made her entrance. "Come to my dressing room after the performance!" she directed in low, hissing tones and, observing his flattering gaze fixed upon her throughout the remainder of the act, she found herself consciously striving to delight him. Hence there were many in the audience that night, including the bewildered Mr. Duke, who vowed that in that final episode the Hanni art actually reached its highest peak.

She was even satisfied with her own work—a condition rare with her at the conclusion of any performance. So she sat in her dressing room, with her ermine robe across her knees, her white camel's-hair shawl drawn about her head and shoulders like a cowl, and received her court.

From the deep folds she looked up, her eyes, in their mascaraed shadows, like stars reflected in a well, and her chalked hand extending its feverish grasp to a procession of colleagues, including the conductor and even the director himself, who came to offer felicitations.

"*Aber glänzend!*" "*Merveilleuse!*" "*Bellissima!*" The pleasant words caressed her ear.

"Well, maybe not so bad," she admitted in her hoarse professional whisper. "At least my Elsa has a spine, let us hope. But listen and you hear a secret."

She pulled the conductor down to the sofa beside her, a thumb and forefinger tweaking his ear. To the impresario she was slightly more formal. "*Signor Direttore*, stay with me only a moment. Now I will tell you two why you like my performance tonight, shall I? Well, it is because *die Hanni* is not singing for herself tonight, no; she has had a great happiness come to her; she has found something very precious! Only guess!"

"*Die Liebe!*" sighed the conductor promptly, rolling his eyes up in elaborate sentimentality.

"A tenor who is not fat?" suggested the director.

"Aha!" she cried. "One of you is right. And there, that knock at the door—you hear it? It is Opportunity. You shall see!"

It was in reality Mr. Boney McGann, very clean and brushed and stiffly self-conscious in a new suit of pin-striped serge. "Pardon me," he exclaimed, looking over Germaine's ruffled cap at the two other men. "Do I intrude?"

"Of course not. Ah, I knew you'd come; Cléo always knows! And now, *Herr Kapellmeister*, be a darling, sit down at the piano. . . . You see, Mr. McGann, I set the stage all ready for you. . . . Mr. McGann sings, *Direttore; una voce miracolosa, le dico*, one in a thousand. You will be entirely ravished! Now, *hören Sie mal, lieber Herr Kapellmeister*, just a little of the Faust; you know, "*Salut, demeure chaste et pure.* . . . So!"

The director, who secretly adored Madame Hanni for her high-handed arrogance, resisted his initial impulse to escape and settled himself more comfortably beside her, a tolerant smile relieving his habitual mask. "*Andiamo, signore*," he muttered.

"The same to you, and pleased to meet you, gentlemen!" replied Boney, only a little dashed by the distinction of the company in which he found himself. "The madam here, she's quite a kidder—wants to have her little joke. But if you two lads like to join in the laugh—well, here goes!"

"Perhaps you are too modest," said the conductor dryly as he ran his fingers over the keyboard.

Cléo laughed. "Modesty is not one of his faults, I assure you, my friends. Did I not say that I give you in all things the perfect tenor?"

Boney missed the point of this thrust, but he was game. To the general chuckles he added his own guffaw. "Say," he protested, "quit, will you? I gotta keep my face straight!"

His manner was a miracle of counterfeit assurance and elegance, and Cléo suddenly loved him for the freshness of his bold gaze, the redness of his young and racing blood, his frank, untrammeled vulgarity. To sing with him upon the stage, to lay her head upon that reckless heart, with that voice close, close to her ear! There she must surely find new vitality, new zest for the old rôles, for her weary self! "*Also*, come, we all are waiting," she urged him.

And so the amazing audition actually took place, and on the whole the judges had to admit that such a tenor voice had not recently come their way.

"*Ma*," stipulated the impresario, rising, "it is not possible in this way to tell. He must submit to the regular procedure; I must hear him in the theater itself. And"—here his voice reduced itself to a confidential, throaty rumble—"*mamma mia*, he has so much, so much of everything to learn!"

Cléo threw back the folds of her blond envelope and crossed the room to join the tableau by the piano. She took the impresario's arm affectionately and leaned her cheek for a moment against his shoulder, so that the Elsa make-up came off on his spotless black.

"*Santo Dio*," said he, thinking of the cleaner's bill he'd have to pay, "what will you have now?"

Cléo held a forefinger impressively close to her nose. "Do not forget, *Signor Direttore*, that this young man is the Hanni's own protégé. All those many things she will know quite well how to teach him!"

"Ah, in truth, as one says here in America, and how!" agreed the conductor and the impresario almost with one breath. "And so," the latter went on, "Meester McGann, there is a formal audition tomorrow at 11:30. Be so good as to present yourself at my secretary's office somewhat earlier."

With many bows and much hand kissing the two departed, and Cléo turned to her dressing table, beginning to take the hairpins from her wig.

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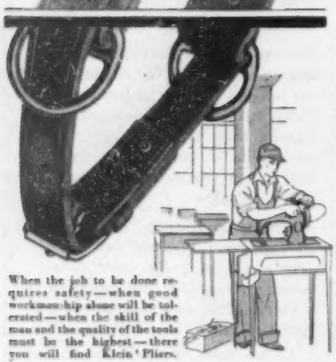

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"You must go too," she remarked over her shoulder to Boney, who stood as one spellbound before the piano, turning over the pages of the Lohengrin score.

"Right, as usual," he told her. "But I was just wondering could I ever sing this part, d'you think?"

"Certainly," said Cléo, "and considering my success tonight, it might not be a bad rôle for your debut. But now run along before I get tired of you and the whole affair. I have, after all, sung tonight." Her hand flew to her throat and she lapsed into a desperate whisper: "Let me hear about tomorrow without fail. My maid in the corridor will give you my address; then send her in to me."

Boney took a step forward, bent at the waist as he had seen the others do, seized her hand firmly in his own, and planted upon it a resounding smack. Straightening up, he revealed a crimson face, and exclaimed, to cover his confusion, "Pretty nifty, what?"

"Fair," admitted Cléo, "but promising." She laughed delightedly and following him to the door, whistled for Germaine.

The next afternoon toward four o'clock, when Madame Hanni was indulging in the pleasant pastime of reading a unanimously enthusiastic press, the doorbell rang and Miss Plum, the thirteenth of her secretaries, soon appeared, holding a large lavender envelope by one corner as if it were infected with the plague.

"Excuse me, madame, but quite a horrible person just left this for you and is waiting for an answer. I don't think you should touch it; it smells of cheap scent!"

Cléo moved eagerly in her nest of newspapers. "What sort of a person, Plumkin?"

"Something like a jockey, madame, I'd say; or a burglar dressed up for church."

"Aha!" cried Cléo. "Is he tall, dark, deep-set eyes?"

"Oh, no, not at all, madame; little and pimply!"

"Ah, an emissary, doubtless. Give me the letter. *Pfui*, no. Go over by the window and read it to me!"

Miss Plum extracted the contents of the envelope gingerly and read between sniffs of disapproval:

Madame Cléo Hanni and escort are kindly invited to be present at a dinner and celebration for Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte McGann tomorrow, Wednesday, night, beginning at eight o'clock.

"Oh, madame, really, what nerve!" put in the reader. "And here is the name of the hotel, and down in the corner it says, 'R.S.V.P.D.Q.' Did you ever? . . . Wait, there's a card inclosed, typewritten: 'Admit 1 Guest of Honor and Friend.' I'll go at once and dispose of the presumptuous creature!"

"Not so fast, my Plum!" cried Cléo. "As this Napoleon himself would say, 'You don't know the half of it!' Tell the man to wait; then get me the opera house on the telephone!"

A moment later she was in communication with the director. "Fontani," she whispered, "*Son io, la Hanni.*"

"*Ah-h, carina!*"

"*Si, si*, you are the only one I speak to myself on the telephone, you know. *Dice*, how did it go with my little friend this morning?"

"*Brarissimo.* We have offered him a contract."

"Ah, *molto gentile!* How he must be delighted, as I am, *caro Direttore!*"

"*Ma* no, if you please, he says he thinks it over, *quel parone!*"

"Rubbish!" said Cléo. "It is not true. He is beside himself with joy, I tell you. He gives a great party for me tomorrow night in gratitude. Perhaps you will be invited also. *A riverderlo, son, eternamente grata!*"

"H'm. Now get me Sartorius," she commanded Miss Plum, who had meanwhile returned to her elbow. "And you tell him the story. See if for once you can save my voice a little!"

Miss Plum, insufficiently supplied with facts, however, hopelessly tangled the threads of her narrative, until Cléo, exasperated, snatched the instrument from her and withered her with a glance.

"That is my cook, Sartorius, not my secretary; such a goulash she makes. But listen, you must tell me now. Of course I shouldn't go to this dinner, do you think? . . . What? You do? Now, listen, Sartorius. . . . Hello. . . . Hello. Have you fainted or something? . . . Well, I'm glad if I make you so happy! . . . No, no, I couldn't take you, idiot. It mustn't look like business! Mr. Duke will go. . . . Yes, of course, all the reporters! It is quite settled. I have just heard from Fontani. . . . Such a lovely romance, Sartorius. It shouldn't be kept too long. . . . Well, maybe you know best!"

"He says it's the perfect break! It will rock the town!" she told Miss Plum jubilantly as she clicked down the receiver. "Now run along and write in your best language that we will come with pleasure. And mind you," she called, "put three drops of my muguet in the envelope!"

"Oh, really, madame, you're not serious?"

"You heard me!" said Cléo.

Even Charlie Duke was dazzled by her appearance when he called for her at 7:45 the following evening. Her hair had been freshly tinted, and she wore a gown to match it, a marvelous brocade of yellow and gold, with all her emeralds ablaze on wrists, ears and throat. "I hope they're heavily insured," he muttered. "What an insane costume for a crooks' ball, and what an insane idea anyway. Is Sartorius mad? Thank goodness, I've got a gun."

Cléo laughed gayly and tweaked his little beard until he consented to smile again. At the hotel the doorman knew her—she had lived there long ago, when she first came to New York—and saluted her respectfully. It was a little thing, but it completed her happiness.

Thus, in regally gracious mood, she made her entrance some minutes later before the gathering in the room of festivity. But there something seemed immediately to be the matter. The tableau which she had instinctively planned—that hesitant moment in the doorway, the sable cloak falling from her shoulders while she glanced about in shy bewilderment at a thunderous reception—was quite wasted. The room was swarming with people, but their entire attention seemed to be centered in a certain corner where lights burned blindingly.

The air was full of acrid fumes which made her clutch her throat, but she swept on magnificently down the room, and at last someone recognized her. Two young cartoonists whom she had once fed upon lobster Newburg and champagne when they called to make drawings of her in a new rôle caught sight of her now and charged down loyally to greet her. They had to force a way for her through the crowd, however, loudly calling out her name like comedy footmen, as, one on each side of her, they escorted her toward the platform.

Charlie trailed miserably along behind, his round eyes darting apprehensively to right and left as the dense groups shifted a little to let them pass. "Gunmen all!" he decided, contemplating the male element in its rented evening clothes. Most hotly, however, he resented the sharp glances of the women, who turned hard and curious faces upon Hanni, taking frank inventory of her appearance. He scowled and felt with pleasure the bulge of the tiny automatic nestling under his coat.

Above the heads of the guests Boney was now plainly to be seen, as he joked and perspired and diligently posed under the directions from the cameramen. He caught at once, however, the flash of Cléo's jewels and shining hair even through the glare of the lights, and held up an imperious palm to silence the mob.

"Well, well," he announced a trifle too boisterously, "if there isn't my little sweetheart! Come right up here to poppa, madam!"

Charlie Duke winced and stole a miserable glance at his prima donna, but only the slightest pucker between her brows betrayed distaste. Her red lips were parted in a tolerant smile and her eyes danced merrily beneath their waxen lashes. She tossed her cloak and her gold mesh bag to her escorts, and in a moment she had reached the little platform and had sprung as lightly up the steep step as Brünnhilde to her rock. An obese and oily personage proffered a hand, but she spurned it.

Boney, however, strode gayly to meet his radiant guest, and for a swooning instant Cléo thought she was going to be kissed. The hot breath of her protégé actually stirred the fine gold tendrils of hair about her ears; she was aware of alcohol tainting the air. Desperately she implored the cameras, with a helpless shrug, and closed her eyes. Down in the crowd someone tittered and several clapped.

"Now, but wait one moment, blease," rebuked the obese one's lubricant tones. "That don't combose so good like that. Now listen, boys," he addressed the photographers, "we ain't got so much time left, but we gotta shoot anyway one with the moddom, so. . . . Now get this, McGann; you're taking her hand, see, not eating her. So, nize and cordial; that's the dope!"

A long shudder was slowly rising from the heels of Cléo's sparkling slippers, threatening to engulf her, but she fought it down. She avoided Charlie's anguished face by the edge of the platform and turned to beam graciously upon Boney as the cameras clicked.

There was, however, something about this pose which she felt instinctively to be false, out of key. McGann, with her hand in both of his, bending above her, smiling proudly down. There was condescension there, a hint of favors being bestowed from the wrong angle.

Now Cléo Hanni knew, among all the various ramifications of the opera singer's profession, very well indeed how to be photographed. This was wasting time! She smiled at the cameramen, as one who would imply, "We professionals understand one another," and then, turning eagerly to Boney, discovered that he had vanished. In his place stood the oily personage, offering a firm, moist palm.

She looked through him, not at him, and arched her famous brows. "Mr. McGann?" she asked.

"He changes his collar. He needed ut," said he. "And now, thenk you, moddom—thenk you very much!" Unmistakably the creature was gesturing her toward an exit.

Cléo waved him airily aside.

"If you will only listen to me for a minute we can make some really nice pictures," she began.

Again the fat, moist palm insinuating itself under her elbow. "Ah, thenk you, thenk you; the one we got does nizely. Just let your gentleman friend there steer you over to the punch bowl now, moddom, and we'll all meet later in the banquet room. So-o, there, easy does ut."

Cléo slid resistlessly from the platform into the eager arms of Charlie Duke, who, livid with futile rage, swept her out of the indifferent crowd into the curtained recess of a window.

"Charlie"—her eyes were tragic, her hot hands upon his wrists trembled—"have I been insulted?" There was that heartbreaking catch in her breath which always made Mr. Duke gnash his teeth and clench his cushioned fists.

"No, no, darling," he assured her, his voice just a note too high, "but these are not your people—not even your public, *cara*. You mean nothing to them, and as I said before, you never should have come. We will wait just a moment here until their attention is occupied, and then I'll call your car."

But Cléo pouted. "You're wrong; I know you are. Oh, dear, everything's all wrong! And besides, I'm hungry!"

(Continued on Page 65)

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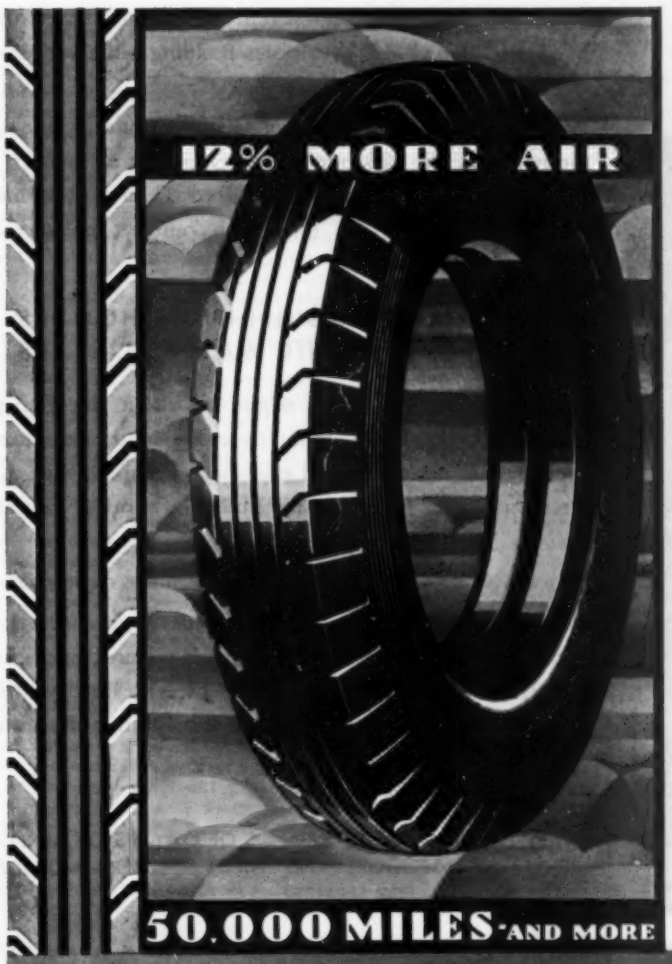

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This new-type Federal AIR-CUSHION Tire adds other wanted features to the performance of today's car. Get-away is faster; acceleration is more spirited; speed is increased; steering is easier; braking is more positive; skidding is less liable. Even miles per gallon of gasoline are increased 5% to 7% by road tests.

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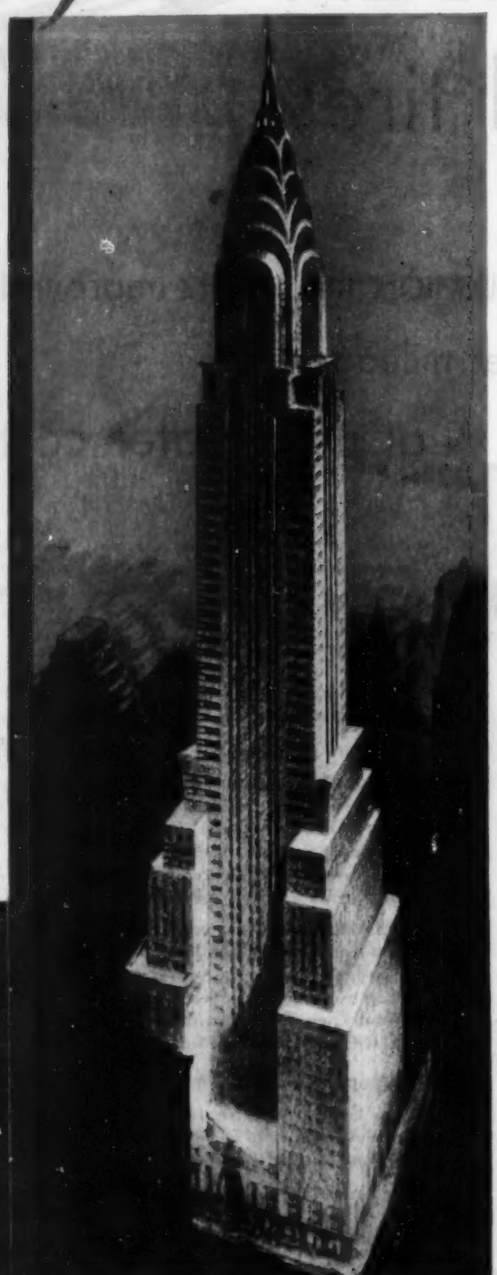

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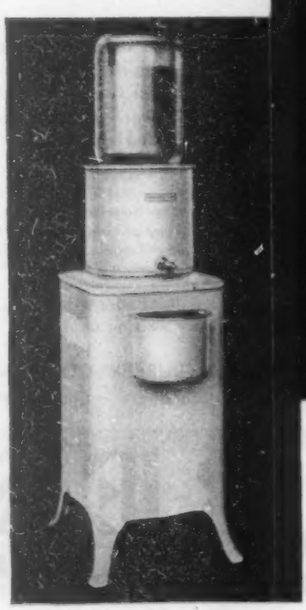

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GENERAL ELECTRIC BOTTLE WATER COOLER

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS · COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS · MILK COOLERS

(Continued from Page 62)

The two faithful cartoonists now rediscovered her. "You're not going?" exclaimed the man from the Telegram. "Why, the show hasn't even begun yet!"

Hanni fixed him with an absent eye. "I want food!" she said and wrung her hands.

The man from the Evening World was sympathetic. "I tell you what, Madame Hanni. This gang won't put on the nose bags until Birnbaum gets here; and when they do—well, it'll be some little soup recital, believe me—pretty hard on a musical ear! Why not we three just go get a quiet dish downstairs together?" His young eyes were devoted, his pay check, fresh that afternoon, burned his pocket.

But the Telegram had a sterner sense of duty. "We gotta get Birnbaum, you know, Stan," he reminded his colleague. "He's coming right up. Why not sit here just a minute, madame," he suggested, "and take a look yourself at the famous man?"

Cléo was torn between hunger and complete bafflement. She sank in a glittering heap upon the frail gold chair which was offered her, sighed deeply and swept a little tear away with a pointed forefinger. "Who is this Birnbaum, and what is he to me—to opera?" she asked dully.

"Opera? Opera!" Both gentlemen of the press laughed heartily. "Why, Madame Hanni, don't you really know? The opera is old stuff for Boney McGann by now—just twenty-four hours dead!"

"What—what do you say?" cried Cléo. She rose to her full height and twitched her sables furiously about her, her eyes flashing contempt for all these Lilliputian brains which thus surrounded her. "But you are babbling—babbling, my poor children! I, Cléo Hanni, secured this McGann a contract from Fontani two days ago. Why should I otherwise be here?"

"Lord knows, madame," said the Evening World; "it's a darn shame!"

"The fact is," the Telegram explained, "that wise little guy up there just walked out with his opera contract unsigned in his pocket and went to see a manager. That very same day Birnbaum booked him—now, madame, this is big news, believe it or not—Boney McGann, the Burglar With the Voice of Gold—to do a coupla crook talkies, and hands him a two-year contract that makes Fontani's look like scratch paper.

"There, lookit! There he is now—that little dark fat fellow! You wouldn't think, to see him, that his ——" The rest of his sentence was lost in a wave of applause which shook the chandeliers.

Cléo listened, her head on one side, instinctively appraising the spontaneity of the outburst. But this sweet music was not for her. No, nothing was for her tonight! And her two nice boys gone, too—gone to join the crowd about another's feet!

Only Charlie was still with her. She turned to him with a strange, choking sound halfway between a sob and a snarl.

"Take me home at once!" she hissed. "Fancy your bringing me, Cléo Hanni, to such a place!"

Charlie bore this in noble silence, but downstairs he proved unexpectedly stubborn. He helped the doorman tuck her furs about her and he bent devotedly above her hand, but he would not accompany her himself.

"I've got something I must attend to at once, Cléo," he said almost crossly.

Cléo was staggered at such independence; her voice caught in a little sob. "I suppose you're going to eat!" she accused him, and turned away her head, refusing even the faintest smile of farewell.

The next morning she rang her bell furiously and demanded all the morning papers with her breakfast. Miss Plum, who had already combed them thoroughly for the news, made a neat little wall of them upon the bed and stepped back, quivering with apprehension.

Madame Hanni did not, however, give them her whole attention until she had explored the possibilities on her tray. She tapped an egg wrathfully with a little golden spoon, and suddenly tossed it, just as it was, in the general direction of the retreating Germaine. It did not crush.

"Solid!" screamed Cléo. "Solid as the cook's head! Tell her, for me, to swallow it whole, then pack her bags and go!"

"*Mais oui, madame,*" Germaine raised her shoulders in a shrug of self-righteous intolerance. "*C'est une affaire tellement simple, les œufs à la coque!*"

Cléo was gratified at this spirit. "Ah, then go out at once and show that imbecile how! Only four little minutes, mind you, not fourteen! . . . And now"—she turned expectantly to Miss Plum and indicated the papers—"read!"

The secretary trembled forward. "It must have been a brilliant affair, madame. There are columns about it."

"Yes, yes! Well, read, can't you?"

"But I do consider the report inadequate, very," Miss Plum persisted, tactfully easing the blow.

"I asked you to read, not to consider!" Miss Plum read:

GALA DINNER FOR EX-CONVICT. BANQUET ROOM THRONGED. MCGANN AND BIRNBAUM MAKE SPEECHES.

"What moron sheet is that?"

"The Morning Globe, madame."

"*Pfui!* Go on to the next."

Miss Plum coughed for as long as she dared, then plunged again: "The Times, madame:

BONEY MCGANN ENTERTAINS AT HOTEL PARTY; BIRNBAUM IS GUEST OF HONOR; BOTH LEAVING FOR HOLLYWOOD TONIGHT.

Cléo's eyes were blazing now. "*Du lieber Himmel,* but I, Cléo Hanni, was also there. Did no one—no one at all—happen to notice a mere detail like that?" She put down her teacup with stiffening fingers and pushed away her muffins untasted. She bent upon her secretary a look that was white-hot and blasting.

"What nonsense is all this? What trick do you play upon me now, you miserable girl? Give me those papers!"

The searing eyes sought first the pictures. Boney McGann and Birnbaum. Boney alone, with floral horseshoe. Birnbaum, the famous contract in his hand. Ah yes, here at last—here she was! But an old, outmoded Kundry costume, confined within a circle which merely amputated Birnbaum's right leg below the knee.

DRAWN BY JOHN WALDIVE

"*Er—by the Way, My Dear, How's Your Mother?*"

Cléo held the paper out and pointed, speechless with chagrin. Miss Plum, feeling vaguely responsible, nodded and stared. Oh, if only Mr. Duke would happen to drop in now!

Like an answer to prayer, the telephone tinkled in the hall and Germaine could be heard in sprightly conversation:

"*Bon jour, monsieur! Ah-h, mais quel dommage! Une petite minute.* I see if madame will speak." Almost instantly the maid's cap appeared around the door, her eyes wide with news. "*Pardon, madame, c'est Monsieur Duc.* He is very seeck!"

"What's that?" Cléo moved a brocaded screen from her night table and took her own telephone from its hook. "Thank heaven you called up, Charlie. I want you at once. Do you hear? Where are you now? What!"

She turned weakly to Miss Plum, and in her eyes was a sudden merriment. "He's in a hospital, he says, but, do you know, I think he's drunk!"

"I heard that, Cléo!" rebuked Charlie's threadlike voice over the wire. "But I'm perfectly thober, I am indeed."

"Well, you're talking very oddly then, my friend."

"I dare thay. It'th my front tooth, Cléo. Lotht, you know, and you thould thee my eye!"

"*Um Gottes willen,* Charlie, what have you done? Where did you go last night?"

"Now lithen, Cléo, I don't want thympathy or anything, tho don't mithunderthtand, but before I take any further actthun, I mutht know how you feel. You're quite through with thith McGann now, I thuppothe, aren't you?"

"Through!" shrieked Cléo. "I never want to hear his name again! After all that I did for that swine!"

"Thatth jutht what I thought," agreed Charlie. "When I left you latht night I hoped I could thettle the matter quietly. I called him into the cloakroom and I jutht thtuck my gun at him. But he didn't give me the pearl after all, darling; he jutht put me to thleep with hith fitht in my fathe!"

"Pearl?" said Cléo vaguely. "Pearl?"

"Tho I want your permithion now to turn the matter over to the polithe at onthe, and high time too."

"But pearl, Charlie. You said pearl?"

"Don't be thupid, *cara,* your ring which he took—King Ferdinand'th black pearl!"

"But—oh, my Lord, Charlie, of all the prize idiots! He hasn't got it, silly! He sent it back perfect ages ago in Chicago. You remember, that floral heart—in the dove's beak! Or didn't I tell you?"

A sound came over the wire like the groan of one who expires in mortal anguish.

"But I'd far rather he'd kept it," Cléo went on sadly, "than to deal me this treacherous blow. Have you seen the papers?"

Charlie had indeed, but safely tucked away in his hospital he dared be callous. He had never been quite so annoyed with Cléo Hanni before.

"Why, you ought to be thatithfied, dear heart. At leatht he'th forthaken hith life of crime!" he reminded her tartly.

Cléo dropped the instrument sharply in its cradle and winked two glittering drops from her eyes. Life was treating her very cruelly. Germaine and a new dish of eggs were just entering, however. They would be hard again, of course! She seized one and tapped it eagerly, prepared to relieve all her sorrows in a fresh burst of rage. But the egg was exactly right!

She pushed it from her bitterly and dismissed her retinue with a heartbroken gesture.

"So! No one understands me—no one at all!"

LEWIS AYRES
in
All Quiet on the Western Front

This is not a story of *defeat* or *victory*. It is a story of Youth in the World's War. It depicts, in a most dramatic manner, the youth's reactions to the abrupt change from the school-room to war's grisly front. Just imagine these care-free, cheerful-minded, joyous boys rushed from their classrooms to the horrors of the trench. The whole world will sympathize with them throughout this most remarkable picture.

Erich Maria Remarque, the author of the book, wrote this fine story from the rich fund of his own experience, and the actors and the director, Lewis Milestone, caught in full the spirit he put into it. Faithful to the book in every detail, UNIVERSAL presents in startling, smashing sequences the greatest picture-story of the World's War.

The openings in New York and elsewhere have been most impressive. Newspapers have fairly shouted their praises. The public has been startled and thrilled to the last degree.

The attention of every moving-picture theatre in the land is now centered on UNIVERSAL'S three outstanding and unprecedented productions: "Captain of the Guard"; PAUL WHITEMAN'S "King of Jazz"; "All Quiet on the Western Front." These three productions will lead this year's moving picture history. They are beyond description.

As rapidly as you see these pictures, I will look for your comments. Will you write them?

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

A Welcome Gift for the June Bride

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If you're told "this is an automatic toaster" demand to see "the toaster that pops up the toast." For that can only be TOASTMASTER... the World's *Most Completely Automatic* Toaster

TODAY you'll find Toastmaster on 500,000 breakfast tables.

Because it makes toast faster—a slice a minute!

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Every operation is automatic, even to popping up the toast and turning off the current when through. These features bring you *speedy*, complete automatic toasting—and you can't get them in any other toaster made.

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All you do is put in a slice of bread, set a lever at the exact shade of toast you want—and forget it. In a few seconds there's a POP!—and the toast, just as you wanted it, is discharged from the toaster and current turned off.

By toasting both sides at once, all the flavor is sealed in. Toast moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside.

You don't watch the toast—you don't turn it—you can't burn it. Everything is done automatically for you, even to turning off the current.

That's why the speedy Toastmaster is unique among toasters—why, in justice to yourself, you should see one before buying any toaster. More people buy this amazing Toastmaster than all other toasters, at its price or near its price, combined. On sale at all stores in the U. S. and Canada.

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All Toastmasters Now Chromium-Plated . . . No advance in price!

THIS BILLION-BARREL OIL COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 9)

And get no oil. A hundred sinister things beneath the surface may squash all the scientific calculations of the location experts. You may go to a place where dozens of drillers have sought unsuccessfully for oil, and be the lucky one to find it. You may drill at a place where all your neighbors are getting oil, and because of some diabolical fault or geological eccentricity down below, get a dry hole.

The drama of it is unceasing and vivid. The gamble of it is the greatest on the globe. The grief is desperate and crushing. The rewards are munificent. The losses are in keeping. Men go out and stick up a derrick in some place where the signs and the seepages and the geological structure seem to combine in beckoning them to fortune. They drill their holes. They hit the productive sands. Or they do not. The labor is prodigious. The cost is great. It is no piker's game, especially since these days of development and discovery of deep sands. If they win they are rich. If they lose they borrow some more money and try again. No person who ever had an experience in seeking or finding oil—its real production, and not mere speculation in stocks—ever is free from the lure of it. It gets into the blood. All over this world, hard-fisted, hard-headed men are seeking oil, in the most remote mountains and farthest corners. They are hard-fisted and hard-headed, but they are sentimental adventurers too—great gamblers in the secrets and the riches of the earth. They are throwing dice with Nature. It is the greatest game there is.

Hitting Oil at New Depths

Let me cite you Santa Fe Springs, California, as an instance of the gamble and the glamour of it. Santa Fe Springs was one of the great flush fields of California that did so much to create the overproduction situation presently to be discussed. It was originally a town site not far from Los Angeles, set apart by the Santa Fe Railroad Company for the benefit of its retired employes. Many of these owned one, two, three or more town lots in the town site, and some were living there. All Southern California, it would seem, is underlaid with oil. In any event, some enterprising person, in 1919, drilled an oil well on this town site and got oil in what were known as the Meyer sands. Naturally, this created excitement, for, hitherto, no oil had been found in that exact locality. So the lease hounds flocked in and the town site was quickly put under oil leases. In 1921 another sand—the Bell sand—was discovered and this set off the entire bunch of firecrackers.

There never has been more intensive drilling for oil than there was at Santa Fe Springs. As the land was held in small parcels, it was grabbed up in small parcels. In passing, it may be said that if one or two of the big companies had controlled that field there would have been a saving of more than $100,000,000 in exploitation expense, but that isn't part of the story. After the Bell sand came the Fox sand, and Santa Fe Springs was producing about 400,000 barrels of oil a day. That was in 1922. This intensive production sapped the field. It languished and declined.

Then, in 1928, some gambler with the gods of chance deepened a well to 6000 feet after all the oil men, or most of them, said the field was practically dead, and after many had relinquished and abandoned leases. He hit the Buckbee sand, and away went the field again in a mad scramble to deepen to the Buckbee. The field shook off the shroud, got out of the coffin and danced a jig on the lid of it. This adventurer had dramatized the situation. And his fellow adventurers, being good gamblers, said that if there was good oil at 6000 feet, it might be that there was good oil below that level, and they were right. They found the O'Connell sand at 7000 feet, and the Clarke sand at 8000 feet, and up gushed the oil again. Now the field is petering out again, but who knows what is below? Nobody, but it is a good bet at ten to one that some oil man with the real oil-gambling spirit within him will keep on going down to find out.

Of course, as with all other American industries that have expanded as has the oil business—from the few-barrels-a-day production in Colonel Drake's well at Oil Creek, in 1859, to the more-than-1,000,000,000-barrels production of last year—the oil industry has been organized, capitalized, consolidated and made highly efficient in all the oil-producing centers. There are a dozen or so—maybe twenty—very large oil-producing companies and hosts of smaller ones, but there is no monopoly of it. If a brave oil seeker has the money or can get it, and can get a lease on a chunk of good-seeming oil land, there is nothing to stop him from putting down a well. There is no law or custom against wildcats. And the big oil companies do a lot of wildcatting themselves. The search for oil is continuous in all parts of the world. The amount of capital ready for investment in oil production seems limitless.

Moreover, the improved methods of production, the flexibility of oil-drilling machinery, and the efficiency of it, compared with the old standard drilling, are similar to the mobility of the automobile compared with the horse and buggy. The greatest factor is the ability to get down deeper into the earth. Only so recently as 1912, when K. R. Kingsbury, now president of the Standard Oil Company of California, joined that company, there were a few wells in California down to 3500 feet, and that was considered miraculous. Oil men from all parts of the country came out to California to see how this wonderful feat of penetration to the depths of the earth was accomplished. Now, as I have said, a well 3500 feet deep is rather shallow. Two-mile depth is what they are shooting at, and the deep and deeper sands.

The three greatest oil-producing states are California, Texas and Oklahoma. The development of the automobile engine and the other internal-combustion devices for obtaining power gave the oil production of this country its greatest impetus, and the consequent intensive search for new oil territory discovered many new and highly productive fields. Gasoline became one of the most important products of the country, but the fact was soon apparent that there was a great deal more oil beneath our soil than even the most enthusiastic and optimistic oil prophets, oil seekers, geologists and experts dared to predict.

A Wild Scramble for Oil Profits

They found oil in many places, and in some places they found subterranean lakes of it. There was no restriction or conservation of production. It was a wild scramble to get some of the gravy. Naturally, the big companies, with great capital, acquired large acreage and could control their drilling on a scientific basis in some instances; but even big oil companies are human, and no matter what their ideas were as regards conservation, they could not hold oil land idle when companies next to them were drilling and draining their oil. They were forced to drill offset wells, and oil began to come forth in great quantities.

Hence, it was not long before two conditions arose: The first was that there was a wasteful, expensive and burdensome production, and the second was that there arose a band of economists who proclaimed that

(Continued on Page 69)

THE INDEPENDENT MERCHANT

IS ENTITLED TO THE SUPPORT OF EVERY MANUFACTURER

BY HARRY T. DUNN

PRESIDENT, THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

We believe that the local merchant who has successfully built up his own business and is supporting his local community to the best of his ability is entitled to the full support of every thinking manufacturer. ⋙ This is not an altruistic statement, but one based on good common sense as well as on good business. ⋙ Any man who has built up his own business must, of necessity, be a better organizer and a better merchandiser than the average. ⋙ The Fisk tire merchant in every community is a capable citizen, owning his own establishment. He is neither subject to our command, nor any one's else. ⋙ We believe he is rendering you a service which is not only completely satisfactory because it is to his best interests, but because he has been assisted in rendering this service by every help which this great organization can give him. ⋙ At the same time, we have placed in his hands the greatest tire merchandise in all tire history, we believe, in the new Fisk Air-Flight Tire . . . a tire that is a radical and completely new development . . . now being much sought after by the American motoring public. ⋙ We—and he—solicit your patronage. A call at his establishment will demonstrate instantly the truth of our statements. ⋙ We are, as quickly as possible, disposing of 26 experimental retail establishments which we are now operating in various communities where no dealer of Fisk qualifications has been up to this time available. These will be placed in the hands of capable, independent merchants. ⋙ Two weeks from today I shall publish another message on this subject.

TIME TO RE-TIRE

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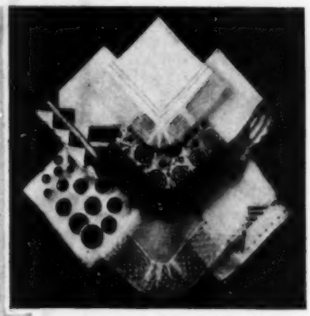

That's just one suggestion for that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. There are many others. Gloves for example. Hosiery for women. Socks for men. Let's stop there. Nobody needs to tell a woman how to spend money.

25¢

Such a gentle, exhilarating dentifrice..

white, dazzling teeth at a saving of $3 a year

UNTIL you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ you will never know how effective, pleasant—and how economical—a dentifrice can be.

Men and women tell us that little brushing is necessary; they say that its action seems almost automatic. Discolorations left by food and tobacco disappear at once. The superfine cleansing and polishing agents reach the crevices between the teeth and dislodge decaying particles of food. To the broad surfaces of the teeth they impart a flashing luster that others envy. And remember, they cleanse safely; being harder than tartar they remove it, and being softer than enamel are harmless to it.

Yet this dentifrice costs you but 25¢ the large tube. And it is made by the makers of Listerine—proof enough for anybody that its merit is beyond question. Such a paste at such a price is made possible by economical buying power, modern methods of manufacture, and mass production.

More than a million people, having satisfied themselves by actual tests that Listerine Tooth Paste is superior, have discarded costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. The saving that follows amounts to $3 a year per person. That saving becomes increasingly important when the family is large.

Don't take our word for the merit of Listerine Tooth Paste. Get a tube today at your druggist's and try it for a month. We predict that you will be so satisfied that you will not care to use any other. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from Page 66)

our oil resources were rapidly being depleted, that it would be only twenty or thirty years, at this rate of production, before all our oil would be gone. There was much to-do over this, direful in the extreme, and much demand for strict conservation.

Overproduction of oil in the Western Hemisphere, and especially in the United States, which came to a dangerous peak in 1929, may be traced back, to a large extent, to the oil discoveries of 1921 and 1922. Some of California's most prolific fields were discovered in these years—notably Santa Fe Springs, Long Beach and Huntington Beach.

Those were the years when California was at the beginning of her big oil spree, and when any person with a lease on a fifty-foot oil lot drilled a well, and some of them tried to drill two. These discoveries resulted in widespread prospecting in all parts of California, particularly south of the established Coalinga field, although many an enthusiastic oil company went broke trying to find oil far to the north of the general producing area.

Up to that time oil men were dubious over the feasibility of the profitable development of large production from such depths as 4500 feet, or thereabouts, but the success of such production at Sante Fe Springs led to deeper drilling, not only in California but in the Mid-Continent field of Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas. This deeper drilling resulted in the discovery of some of this country's largest pools, and it was followed by the perfection of geophysical instruments for the location of oil lands. They went down a long way after oil and got it.

For example, they produced oil in large quantities from a depth of 8525 feet in the Big Lake field in West Texas; from 8300 feet at Long Beach, California; from 8200 feet at Santa Fe Springs, California; from 7900 feet at Ventura Avenue, California, and from depths ranging just beneath these in other fields in California, Texas and Oklahoma.

New discoveries continued in California after the great outgushing of 1923, not only in Southern California but in the San Joaquin Valley. The news of these discoveries brought in large quantities of Eastern oil capital, and also large numbers of Mid-Continent operators, who wanted some pieces of the pie. The result has been, from that time to this, new discoveries and deeper developments, which have brought the potential production of California up to well over 1,000,000 barrels of oil a day, of which a large portion is not to be considered as mere flush production, but well settled, long-time production, not subject to drastic decline if opened to full capacity.

Black Gold in the Sooner State

Meantime, Oklahoma was not idle. That state put on an oil show in 1922 and 1923, particularly in the central part of the state, that was a whale also. They found the deep Wilcox horizon, and with that came the famous and exuberant Seminole area. Then, still drilling deeply and prospecting widely, they found the Oklahoma City pool, which, at present, if allowed to flow at full capacity, would itself produce more than 1,000,000 barrels of oil a day. Furthermore, this Oklahoma City pool is the first Oklahoma field of large proportions where the oil comes from the siliceous-lime formation, and there is plenty of siliceous-lime formation beneath the topside land of the state. This great Oklahoma City pool forecasts other discoveries in similar formation. There is a lot of oil in Oklahoma.

That year of 1923 certainly put oil on the map, for Texas came marching to the front with the discovery of the Big Lake pool in the West Texas Permian basin. This was quite a pool and excited the Texas oil men to such a degree that they began putting down wildcat wells all over the place, and one of those wildcat wells landed right in the middle of what is now known as the Yates pool, in Pecos County. Oil men say that the Yates-pool field is the largest potential oil-producing field in the United States, and probably in the world. There were other discoveries, and the geophysical instruments have indicated more fields in East Central and coastal Texas, as well as coastal Louisiana, many of which have been substantiated by drilling test wells. There is a lot of oil in Texas also.

It must not be forgotten that, in addition to these three great producers—California, Texas and Oklahoma—there is oil in Kansas, Wyoming, some in Montana, in Canada, and much in Mexico, to say nothing of prospects in various other parts of the continent, and besides, the Eastern production in Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, and so on, which has its explicit oil uses. In the meantime, Venezuela took a hand in the game. There had been much prospecting in the Maracaibo basin, and, adjoining the eastern shores of Lake Maracaibo, one of the world's most important oil fields was located. They got some good wells there in 1924 and 1925, but the discoveries in and the development of the Lagunillas field, in 1927, put Venezuela on the oil map. There was a production of more than 400,000 barrels daily in Venezuela, as of July, 1929, and as much more production was shut in.

Vast Oil Reserves

Thus, so far as it has gone, with undoubtedly more to follow, the Western Hemisphere is pretty well off for oil.

However, speaking in terms of the industry, the United States has not yet recovered from the effects of the great overproduction that began in 1923. California has had large quantities of oil shut in in the ground each year since 1922, and at the present time the curtailment—the difference between what is produced and what could be produced—is 450,000 barrels a day, although the demand for California oils is greater now than ever.

The correct shut in in Oklahoma is estimated at 1,158,000 barrels a day, and in Texas, where the gigantic Yates pool—almost a subterranean ocean of oil—has increased potential production so greatly, the difference between the actual production and the possible production if the wells were run wide open is nearly 5,000,000 barrels a day. There has never been a time in our oil history when the proved oil reserves, both in wells actually shut in, or pinched down to much smaller production than they are capable of, combined with undrilled, but proved, oil land were as great as they are today, and improvements in producing and prospecting and refining machinery and appliances are constantly being made, with the consequent future certainty that this increased flexibility and adaptability of the production machinery will find more and more oil as the oil is needed.

The total daily supply of oil, in 1929, speaking in terms of the United States, was 3,196,000 barrels, and the total daily demand 3,006,000 barrels. In addition to this, we imported a daily average of 298,000 barrels, and the Venezuelan daily average production was 375,000 barrels. The total stock of oil held in storage on April 15, 1930, in the United States, was 689,000,000 barrels.

These stocks represent a capital investment of $1,000,000,000, for oil is a cash commodity and storage is very expensive, requiring vast tanks, either above or below ground. Furthermore, as the production far exceeded the requirements of the country and that production was increasing rather than decreasing, the situation might easily become chaotic. This was realized several years ago, but the ordinary commercial safeguards in such a situation were not available. The oil operator is an independent person. If he can get a lease on a good piece of oil land, he can drill a well, or several wells, or a hundred, if he has land enough. The rewards of the past have been so great that every oil driller, whether a company or an individual, saw no reason why he should suffer by restricting drilling

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ATLANTA—metropolis of the South. A city of gracious hospitality—of well-dressed men and women. How splendidly Bostonians fit into this atmosphere of prosperity and refinement! For these shoes, too, are distinguished for their good taste—their correct style. A typical example—the "Summerdress." Try on a pair of these zestful outdoor shoes today and learn how much style and foot-cradling comfort Bostonians give you. Modestly priced at $7 to $10.

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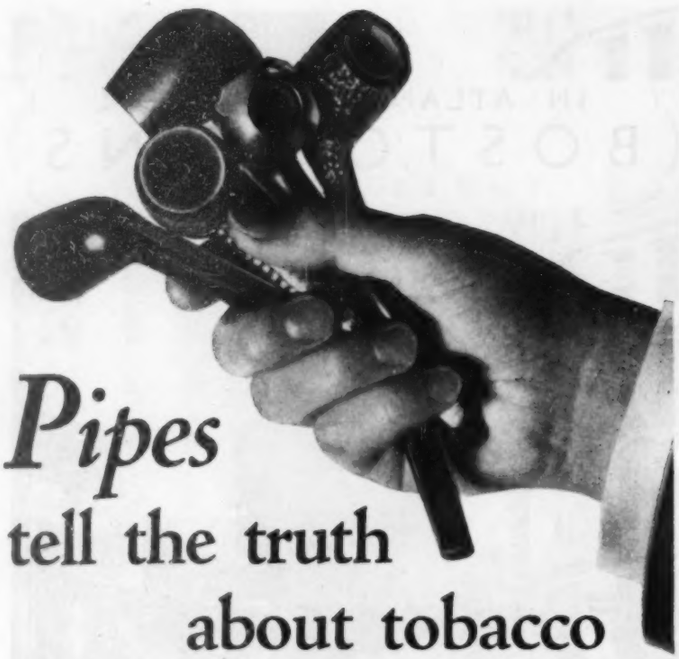

Pipes tell the truth about tobacco

CORNCOB and briar, dudeen and hookah, pipes are pipes wherever you find them. They have personality — unobtrusive, easy-going, comfortable pipe-personality that wears well with men. And they have character, they're trustworthy, *they tell the truth about tobacco* by giving tobacco plenty of room to burn as it should. As the tobacco is, so is its smoke from pipes.

Pack some Edgeworth in your favorite pipe: watch this fine old tobacco wake up when you touch the light to it; see it swell and stretch, using all the room in the bowl; best of all, relish the flavor and the fragrance of its rich, *cool* smoke—for these are Edgeworth's inner secrets. Where else than in your pipe could you find so revealing and pleasing a tobacco truth, even about Edgeworth?

If you are new to pipes and have no favorite to fill, buy a good pipe—corncob or briar or what not. Get one that has no varnish in the bowl, for even though a varnished bowl soon gets right you want the unvarnished truth about Edgeworth. And as for the Edgeworth, we'll send you some to try, whether your pipe is new or old—a generous free packet of this slow-burning burley blend, for nothing more than the coupon. Tempting fate, is it? But Edgeworth *always* invites the truth that pipes tell. This truth has made Edgeworth!

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Tune in on WRVA, the Edgeworth Radio Station.

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Corncob Pipe Club every Wednesday, 8:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—"Ready Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin—Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name_____

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Now let the Edgeworth come! E-31

or shutting in his wells, when others did neither. There was a lot of dog-eat-dog about it, and intense rivalry and competition for territory.

Various attempts at conservation and reduction of waste and expense were made, but they were not effective. Oil men refused to be bound by any covenants or agreements. They were all on their own, and devil take the hindmost. They felt that, no matter how much too much oil was produced, their particular oil would bring in the money, and money was what they were after. Then, along toward the end of 1928, came the crisis.

As far as oil was concerned, 1929 threatened to be the worst year in oil history. Enormous stocks were held in storage and new fields were adding to the visible supply. If the potential production in Western Texas had been fully developed, it would have been good-by to the oil business, for the Yates pool alone, with all its wells opened wide, would have produced 5,000,000 barrels of oil a day—almost twice the entire production of the country, and more oil than can be used now or is required for every national oil need.

Damming the Oil Flow

The American Petroleum Institute met in Chicago in December, 1928, and considered the situation. The country was zoned as to its oil production and oil possibilities, and committees appointed to consider the requirements of each zone. The decision of these committees, backed by the Institute, was that the crude-oil production of 1928 should be considered as the peak requirement for 1929 and the following years until the industry was stabilized.

The first result was in Oklahoma, where, with large areas shut in or pinched down, the production was exceeding the refinery demand by 75,000 barrels a day. The operators appointed an umpire to control the situation, and production was prorated and curtailed sufficiently to eliminate the surplus. This was an astonishing and almost unbelievable event in the oil industry. The operators in Oklahoma actually curtailed production of their own free will and accord. Nobody had thought that such a thing was possible in that cutthroat business, but here was Oklahoma showing the way for the return to oil sanity, and the example was a powerful one.

But Oklahoma had her troubles. The great Oklahoma City pool was discovered, and here was a disturbing, almost calamitous, factor. Here was an oil threat that might easily upset the entire plan. The Oklahoma operators met it squarely and efficiently. They shut down absolutely all producing and drilling wells for thirty days, all operators agreeing and standing by. Here, again, was something new in oil, and something no oil man in the world would have believed possible even so recently as 1927. After that drastic move, the production of the field was set at from 50 to 60 per cent of its potential output. On January 1, 1930, the field, with a potential production of 400,000 barrels, was producing about 90,000 barrels, and Oklahoma seemed stabilized, for flush production in the Seminole area was controlled also.

The Texas operators followed Oklahoma's lead, or, rather, went along with them. They restricted production and restricted drilling, especially in the troublesome Gray County area, and presently Texas was doing her part in the conservation program.

This left California—the remaining member of the great oil-producing triumvirate—to get into the game, and California was an unruly member, but eventually sat in. After various coöperative plans had failed, because certain producers refused to be bound by any agreement and continued actively in the development of oil-producing lands, with a consequent excess and rapidly mounting production in a state that was already producing almost 900,000 barrels of oil a day, and could assimilate not much more than 600,000 barrels, the California Legislature passed, in May, 1929, a law declaring that "the unreasonable waste of gas" is unlawful. When the law was passed it was estimated that the wastage of gas in California was 400,000,000 cubic feet a day and, subsequently, this wastage increased to the enormous total of more than double that amount—that vast quantity of gasoline and heat and power-producing gas blown off into the air and lost forever every twenty-four hours! There was waste more prodigal than the world had ever known before. In terms of fuel oil, this wastage was equivalent to 132,000 barrels a day.

The gas-conservation law said nothing about oil and its production, but gas is the power that sends the oil to the surface, and if gas production is restricted, oil production will be restricted also. Indirectly, the law reduces oil production, which was the object of it.

The state began legal operations, under this law, to help bring California back to a normal and profitable oil-producing level. Suit was brought to enjoin the unreasonable waste of gas at Santa Fe Springs and in other fields of California. A small insurgent group of oil producers fought this action, resisted the application of the law, and halted the injunction proceedings. The California Supreme Court held that operators wasting gas unreasonably were guilty of nuisance under the law, and ordered the trial to proceed. The trial court held that the law is constitutional, and issued an injunction limiting the production of gas and, consequently, of oil from the Santa Fe Springs field. Eventually, the law will be tested in the highest courts, and if it is upheld, the way is open for restriction based on something more substantial than mere agreement, for other states can pass similar laws if so inclined.

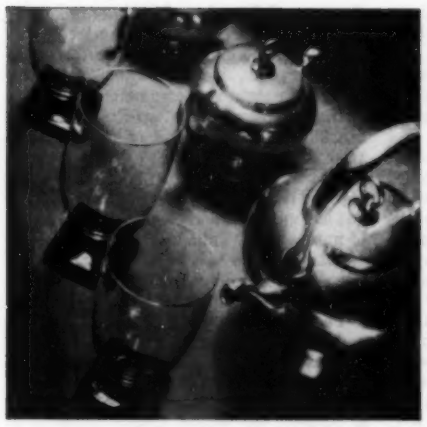
Meantime, California was not doing so well as had been expected along curtailment lines. The gas law had been held up. Voluntary agreements for curtailment had lapsed after certain times. The average daily production of oil was 180,000 barrels a day more than in 1928, when there was a lot too much oil, and at this juncture the Standard Oil Company of California, which controls the field prices of oil in that state, stepped in and brought the oil hogs to their senses. On October 21, 1929, the Standard of California made a drastic cut in the prices offered for the production in the flush and disturbing fields—Long Beach, Santa Fe Springs, Seal Beach and Ventura Avenue. These cuts ranged from forty cents to $1.05 a barrel, and they brought the flush-oil boys up standing. Conditions did not justify price quotations, the Standard said, which would encourage continued and disastrous overproduction.

Establishing an Economic Level

That action did the trick. Even the greediest of the flush-production operators saw that there was no sense in producing two barrels of oil for the former price of one, and seeking to get three barrels by new production. It hit them right in the pocketbook—their most vulnerable spot. Meetings of producers were held, committees appointed, and there were agreements to curtail overproduction. In three weeks California's oil output fell 205,000 barrels daily. Then the Standard of California restored the former prices, for that reduction in oil produced practically restored the equilibrium, not only in California but in the rest of the United States as well. The mark of production set as this is written, in April, is 609,000 barrels a day, and it is expected that this level will be maintained for a considerable time.

This curtailment agreement covered all the oil fields in California, practically, save the great Kettleman Hills field, where there was an entirely different situation as to ownership. The Standard Oil Company of California owns alternate sections of land in fee—some 30,000 acres—covering the whole Kettleman area, while the Government owns practically all the remainder. That Standard ownership is another of those

(Continued on Page 72)



The *Competition* in Excellence

AN EXCESS OF CHEAP LABOR over a long period usually results in the blossoming of a high culture. Whips of hippo-hide helped materially to shape Egypt's ancient glories. The flowering of French civilization . . . Versailles, the Château Chambord, Fontainebleau . . . preceded an explosion of revolting serfs.

We are now entering upon a new period of extraordinary culture . . . of luxury, opulence, beauty, unparalleled in history. And this age of greatest culture is likewise built on a plenitude of cheap labor. Fortunately, however, this cheap labor is in the form of mechanical energy which frees human beings instead of enslaving them.

With good wages and more leisure time, an entire people . . . instead of a limited upper class . . . can now express the old repressed desires for higher forms of culture. And this means, simply, a cultivated sense of discrimination!

We have, in fact, definitely entered a new period of competition in excellence.

Almost everything today that is offered for sale must finally be sold on points that transcend fundamental mechanical efficiency. Manufacturers and merchants must give an intangible something more of excellence to overcome the competition of other products essentially as good as their own.

There are no exceptions to this principle. Foodstuffs must be more attractively packaged. Kitchen utensils must add beauty of color and form to serviceable quality. The bathroom and all its accessories are things of beauty. Excellence must be an element of your product.

AND EXCELLENCE in your advertising is as definitely a part of your product or service as are the elements of beauty or courtesy in the product or service itself. Your advertising is the language with which you speak to the world. It must be of suitable character if you wish it to identify you in the company of those manufacturers and merchants who occupy positions of leadership in this world of modern excellence.

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Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth—do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know, always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralize Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

In use over 60 years

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

(Continued from Page 70)

incredible oil happenings that make the oil game the most alluring and the most adventurous there is.

When the Southern Pacific Railroad was built across that country, years ago, the Government granted to the railroad company, as a bonus, or subsidy, for its development of transportation in that section, every alternate section of land, running back a certain distance from the tracks, which was the usual Government custom in those days. A section of land is 640 acres. This land ultimately came into the possession of the Pacific Oil Company, which was the oil subsidiary of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and eventually the Pacific Oil Company was consolidated with the Standard Oil Company of California.

Monuments of Disappointment

The Kettleman Hills country is an area of wild, rough hills, forbidding, raw, unlovely. It forms a part of the western margin of the San Joaquin Valley, in California. Between these hills and that division of the Coast Range Mountains known as the Tremblor Range is a narrow valley called Kettleman Plains. Its northern limit is about ten miles southeast of the oil town of Coalinga, and eight miles south of these hills is the Lost Hills field, which has been producing oil for the past nineteen years. It was just land—and poor land, at that—with no agricultural possibilities, and was worth, in its raw state, a dollar and a quarter an acre, say, or less. However, other similar land in the San Joaquin Valley had oil under it, producing vast amounts of money for the discoverers and exploiters of it, and prospectors had tried out Kettleman Hills.

Wildcatters had been in the Kettleman Hills for years. The records show that nine wells had been drilled to various depths and abandoned before November, 1900, and until the great Milham discovery well was brought in, on October 6, 1928, after enormous difficulties, which included the redrilling of the hole from 5800 feet to 7108 feet, thirty-eight wells were drilled, all dry or impossible of completion because of water and other implacable foes of the oil drillers. The Milham people kept going despite their troubles. It took them from March 2, 1927, to October 6, 1928, to get their well, but when they did get it, they had one of the greatest oil wells in the world. After this well was fully developed it produced, and has produced since, a daily average of 3200 barrels of oil and a daily average of 71,800,000 cubic feet of wet gas—which is gas from which gasoline can be extracted.

That was not all. A well producing 3200 barrels of oil a day is not such a whale of a well as wells go, but this well produced 3200 barrels of oil that was, and is, practically good gasoline. This oil has a gravity of 60 per cent. It is a clear white oil that you can put in an automobile tank and use as is, if you want to make the experiment, and not the ordinary oil of commerce, that must be put through the usual and complicated refinery processes before it can be used for motor power. Hitherto, any oil of more than 30 per cent gravity was considered first-class oil.

Thirty-eight bands of hopeful oil men spent millions in those hills before oil was found. Dry and abandoned holes puncture that forlorn territory on all three of the great domes. Sagging derricks, each showing the adventurous spirit of some oil man, give desolate testimony of the fruitless explorations of the years gone by. And then came an even more adventurous and determined body of men, who drilled deeper; and now Kettleman Hills is one of the world's greatest potential oil fields, unique, save for a little similar production at Calgary, Canada, and in a few other places, and of a potential value so vast that the figures seem fantastic.

The hills are divided into three domes, known as the northern, the central and the southern. The northern dome is about thirteen miles long, and the central dome about six miles. The length of the southern dome has not yet been determined, but many geologists think it may be as long as the northern dome, or longer, and include Lost Hills at its southern end. The width of the three domes is about five miles.

The Standard Oil Company of California owns practically half of this territory in fee, with no leases, or bonuses, or royalties to pay. Almost any figure you like is conservative enough as an estimate of its money value. And the Standard Oil Company of California carries its 30,000 acres on its books—of which 6000 acres are already and absolutely proved—at seven dollars an acre. What do you think of that as an example of the money there is in oil when things come right? No wonder the oil man never quits. Fortune may be beneath the uneven floor of any *barranco* or in any hill.

Kettleman Hills fired the imagination of every oil man in the country, and within nine months after the discovery well came in, thirty-five wells had been started in the field. The number was smaller than usual in such circumstances because of the restricted holdings of the field. The Standard of California and the Government owned most of it. Ordinarily, with diversified holdings and leases to be fought for and royalties to be boosted and plots to be secured, 200 wells would have been spudded in in the same time. However, here was a new situation, and as the field undoubtedly was of the greatest potential oil-producing value—greater than can be calculated—and about half of it was owned by the Government, the Government stepped in and began to conserve.

Leases or prospecting permits had been granted for practically all the Government land, for oil prospectors never give up hope, but the Government took immediate steps to shut in the oil in this great field until it is needed. Even if no more than the thirty-five wells that were started had been allowed to go to completion, those wells, with their attendant enormous flow of gas, with their production calculated on the production of the wells already in, and the accompanying gasoline to be secured from the gas by casing-head methods, would have supplied approximately all the gasoline needed by the Pacific Coast, leaving all the other 700,000 or 800,000 barrel production of California superfluous.

Developing a By-Product

Standard Oil of California, owning half of this Golconda, met the Secretary of the Interior halfway on the problem. Whatever the Secretary of the Interior, representing the Government, arranged was all right with the Standard of California, and it was decided and affirmed that the north dome, until now the only producing area of Kettleman Hills, would be limited to four wells; three of which are offset wells to the discovery well, which, because of its enormous flow of gas and other mechanical difficulties, cannot be shut in. This agreement runs to July 1, 1931, unless there is a demand for Kettleman crude oil in the meantime, which is not expected, and, in any event, there will be no overproduction in Kettleman Hills, but an orderly development of this wonderful field.

Another phase of this field and of other California fields is the conservation and utilization of the gas. Natural gas has been utilized for years in all parts of the country for industrial, commercial and domestic purposes. Within the past few years processes have been developed whereby the gasoline content of the wet gas has been extracted at the wells by means of certain distillation handling. This product is called casing-head gasoline and is used for mixture with and reënforcement of the gasoline obtained from the crude oil in the refineries. It adds greatly to the values of oil production.

As an example of the value of this product, the comparative gas conditions as to San Francisco and Los Angeles may be cited. Last year, Los Angeles, being in Southern California and in closer proximity to gas supply than San Francisco, used 35,000,000,000 cubic feet of gas for industrial purposes, and 32,000,000,000 cubic feet for domestic and commercial purposes. During the same time San Francisco used but 35,000,000 cubic feet of gas for industrial purposes, but did use 19,000,000,000 cubic feet of manufactured gas for commercial and domestic purposes. Manufactured gas has approximately one-half of the heat of natural gas. Thus, the comparative use of natural gas in heat units in the San Francisco area was between 9,000,000,000 and 10,000,000,000 cubic feet.

There is no doubt that the great industrial and residential expansion of Los Angeles in the past ten years has largely been due to the accessibility and use of natural gas. Now, with these vast potential supplies of natural gas within piping distance of San Francisco and the thickly populated and highly industrial Bay region around San Francisco, pipe lines are being laid, and presently this region will be supplied with gas for miles around. This means not only greater profits for the operating companies but also great industrial expansion and economy in the San Francisco region, with their attendant benefits.

Sanity in the Oil Industry

It is estimated that a daily average crude-petroleum production in the United States of 2,797,000 barrels, augmented by imports of crude oil and crude-oil products and by the domestic production of natural gasoline, should keep a supply-and-demand balance for all products except fuel oil, the stocks of which would increase approximately by 133,300 barrels daily throughout the year. It would be impossible, under any curtailment program, to keep fuel-oil stocks unchanged, because the residuum fuel oil resulting from straight-running the crude through the refineries exceeds the estimated fuel-oil demand to be satisfied. The daily average crude-oil production in the United States for the week ending March 22, 1930, was 2,535,900 barrels, and the potential production, with all fields at their full potential production, was roughly estimated at 10,000,000 barrels daily. There is a lot of oil in this country.

In making these estimates, it was assumed that both imports and exports of crude oil and its products would continue about as at present during the remainder of the year 1930. It was also assumed that about 100,000 barrels of crude oil would be produced daily which would never reach the refineries, but would be burned directly as fuel or transferred to stocks of heavy crude and fuel oil.

Therefore, if this national policy of curtailment of wasteful and unneeded oil production hangs together in the three great oil-producing states of California, Oklahoma and Texas, we are entering on a period of sanity, greater efficiency and greater emoluments in the oil industry. That is a large if. Save for the California gas law, there is no legal restriction on unlimited oil production by those who have oil to produce. The agreements now operating are agreements among the producers and manufacturers themselves.

However, as they are based on a sane realization of the business idiocy of producing more than can be sold and the cutting of costs by the stoppage of waste, it may be that the conservation policy now working so efficiently will hold until a national formula is devised that will do the trick. Though the situation is more hopeful now than ever in the past, it may blow up at any time. Still, the benefits have been clearly demonstrated. Oil can be conserved. Oil should be conserved, not because there isn't plenty of oil but because it is sheer business lunacy not to recognize the imperative economic law of supply and demand.

There is hope. Conservation will continue unless the oil producers are the biggest and greediest business jackasses the world has ever known.

"Are they *both* new cars?"

"Not much. That one on the right is our old *car. We had it refinished with Duco."*

"ARE they *both* new cars? No, sir. But I don't wonder you can't readily tell. It would be hard for me if I didn't know.

"The one on the left *is* new. It belongs to the folks next door. The other one is our old car refinished with Duco.

"Everyone thinks we have a new car. And in effect, we have, for a whole lot less money. What's more, our car will bring a better price just on its appearance whenever we do want to dispose of it.

"Any way you look at it, our neighborhood Duco refinisher turned us out a fine job."

The Duco refinisher's all-round service includes not only refinishing and recoloring, but also fender repairs, top and trim work and body repair.

He follows du Pont refinishing methods and uses only genuine Duco—created by du Pont. This is the finish used on so many new cars at the factories.

Your business equipment advertises the quality of your business.

Appearance counts in commercial vehicles as in the family car. There is a special Commercial Vehicle Duco for economical delivery vehicle refinishing.

The same reasons of superior beauty, economy and durability that inspire the preference of leading engineers should be significant to you, as an owner.

You, too, will enjoy satisfaction if you take your refinishing work to the Duco refinisher. If you buy a used car, we urge you to make sure the finish is Duco.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
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The du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station sign is displayed by more than 2200 shops throughout the country. At these shops you can be sure your work will be done by the du Pont Process and that you get genuine Duco materials and service.

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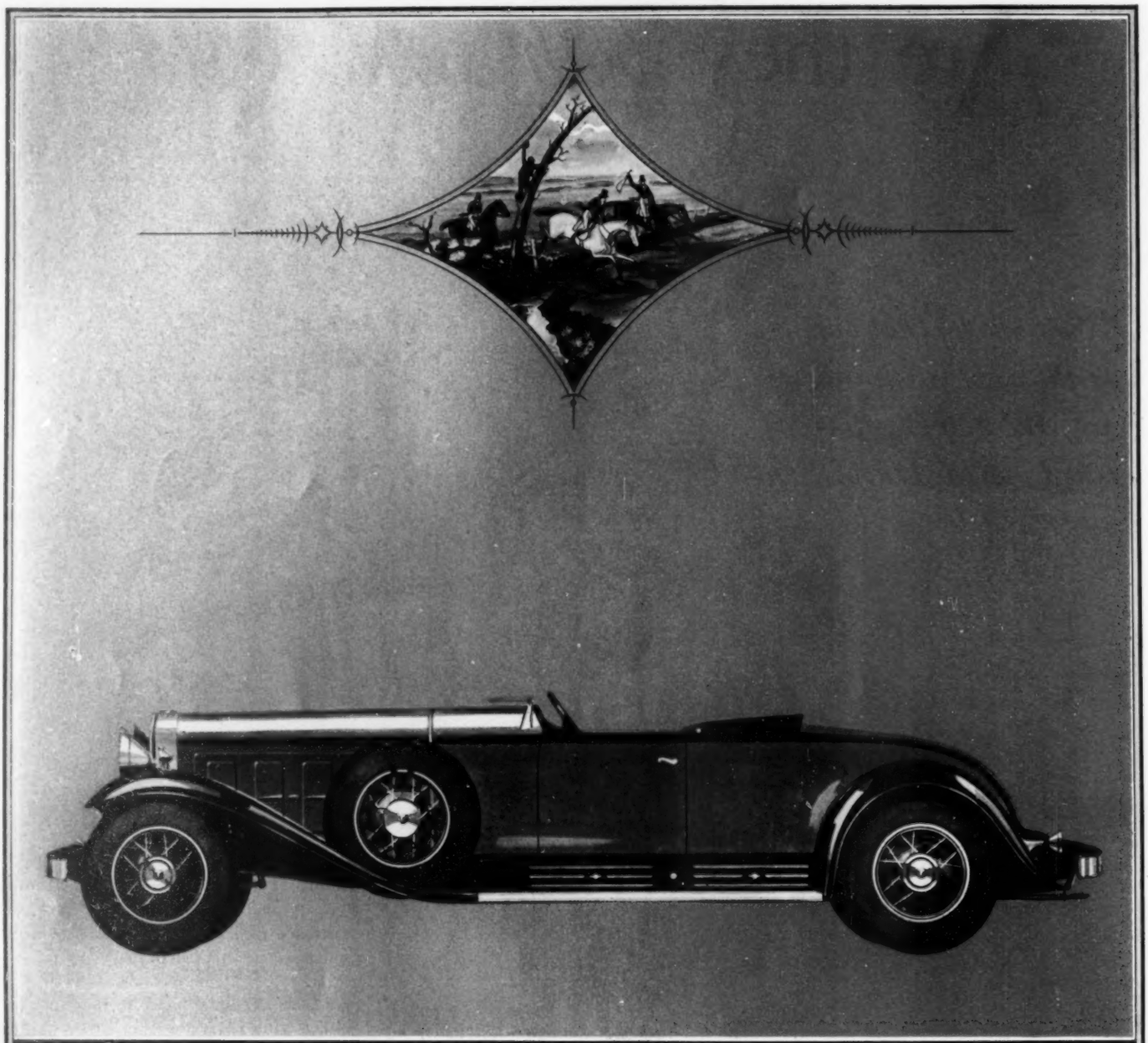

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

MIRTHFUL HAVEN

(Continued from Page 25)

He went on talking, in his hearty and sonorous voice, as they walked to the corner in the order of precedence he had suggested; then they turned into River Road, and the street of the ancient sea magnates was quiet again. Its peace was disturbed some minutes later by the noisy exodus of the lower-grade pupils from the schoolhouse, and, at four o'clock, by the less impetuous coming forth of the high-school students; but at half-past four, when Edna Pelter was released, alone, from the ugly building, the stately neighborhood was once more all silent, except for a steady whispering from the distant surf. The girl's face was flushed and brooding; her eyes seemed disturbed by an anxiety and her mouth was set with the dogged stubbornness that still remained upon it after half an hour's interview with the principal of the high school. He had detained her for an intricate questioning into the matter of Nina Grier's sweater; this was by no means her first subjection to such probings, moreover, and she had begun to fear that the mere interminableness of the results of an act generally held to be sinful might in time break down her energy for denial. She walked home gloomily by River Road, meeting no one; but as she turned from the sidewalk and stepped upon the outermost plank of the front yard at Pelter's, she halted, hearing from within the house the astonishing sound of Captain Francis Embury's loud sailor voice.

"What in the world?" she murmured; and her troubled imagination presented her on the instant with the stricken conjecture that the Captain was accompanied by a deputy sheriff and had come to Pelter's upon the matter of the sweater. Edna had read insatiably the autumn leavings of the summer people and she had been often to the motion-picture theater at New Yarmouth—the Captain was the rich man of the village and undoubtedly of late had curled his mustache for her benefit. Would he first hound her, then malignantly offer to protect her? She went on tiptoe to listen close by the front door, and what she immediately heard was incomparably more startling than the sinister fragment of drama just sketched by her imaginings.

"'Tisn't the most important question at all, Harry," the Captain was saying. "Whether or not legal adoption papers are goin' to be made out for your daughter, why, that doesn't so much matter. The question you have settled was the main one: whether you were goin' to keep her here or let her have a good home and higher education and a woman's care, such as she needs, and a chance to get something better out of her life than she'll ever have here under the circumstances her step-grandmother's been talkin' about. I don't for a minute say it isn't goin' to be a sacrifice or that you mightn't have needed her here to cook for you, wash dishes, make beds and ——"

"Never mind 'bout all that," Long Harry's voice interrupted. "I did my own cookin', and so on, plenty well enough when the children was little, and I lived here alone right enough before I ever was married. The idea of jest bein' here alone doesn't fret me a mite, and maybe you'll laugh when I tell you what's the main cause, as you might say, Cap'n, why I keep on a-hesitatin' to do what you say, no doubt rightly, is the good thing to do. Yet I guess maybe you're the very one man that'd understand me best. You see, Pelter's an old name here ——"

"I know 'tis; no one knows that better 'n I do."

"Well, the name dies out with me, Cap'n, and of course that can't be helped; but when my time comes, I kind o' would like to think that some o' the old blood was goin' on here in Mirthful Haven, and there wouldn't be any chance o' that if Edna ——"

"Why wouldn't there?" the Captain's voice cried testily. "She could come back here some day, couldn't she, if she's a mind to? After she comes of age, or most any time her step-grandmother'd be willin', she could come back, couldn't she? Certainly hope she will myself, because already she's the best ornament Mirthful Haven's got, no matter about all that biddybody talk. I wouldn't urge on any man to sign papers declarin' that he'd never in his whole life even so much as lay eyes on his own child again; adoption papers or not, the main thing is that her step-grandmother is goin' to take her away and have her for two-three years or more until ——"

"Take who away?" Edna gasped, and, throwing open the door, walked into the big room, to stare dazedly at the three people who sat there engaged in this strange consultation. "Take who away?"

Captain Embury jumped up with a lightness of movement unweighted by the number of his years, and came to her. "I'm Captain Francis Embury, Edna Pelter," he said. "I'm an old friend of all your family, though you may not remember me and ——"

"Yes, I know you," she said, not looking at him but at her father, who sat meditatively in a broken rocking-chair and did not even glance up at her. "What's this talk about my goin' away somewheres?"

"Your step-grandma'd better tell you, I think," the Captain said gently, with a deferential gesture toward Mrs. Shellpool. "It's what she's here for."

Mrs. Shellpool's gloved fingers fumbled with a dampened handkerchief in her lap, as she leaned forward to look searchingly at the agitated girl before her. "Don't you know me, Edna? Don't you remember me?"

"Yes. . . . What's this talk about somebody takin' me away somewheres?"

Mrs. Shellpool did not reply directly. "You're almost sixteen, aren't you? And you're growing up to be as pretty as you were when you were a little child," she said. "They all admit that about you, Edna; but they think it makes matters the worse. You need somebody to take care of you, child."

"Do I? Guess us Pelters can look out for ourselves!"

"You wouldn't mind being with me, would you?" Mrs. Shellpool asked gravely. "I don't mean you'd be with me all the time; you'd be in school, of course. Perhaps you don't remember very much about me. When I was young I taught school myself for a few years before I was married, and my best friend was another teacher, Miss Branch. She has one of the best girls' schools in the country now, at Stony Brook, in New Jersey, where I live, Edna. She's willing to take you as a day pupil next September if I prepare you during the summer, and that won't be difficult if I take you to Stony Brook now to live with me. You do remember at least that I was kind to you when you were little, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. But I'm not goin' anywheres to live."

"Wait," Mrs. Shellpool said. "You're old enough to understand what we've been trying to make clear to your father, Edna. I'm entirely alone in the world now; you and Nettie are only step-relatives, but you're the nearest I have. I've seen Nettie, and I've done what I could for her; but I was too late for it to amount to a great deal. I can do more for you, because you're younger. I can't leave you any money in my will, because I live on an annuity—I want to explain everything to you, Edna—but I can give you proper care and an excellent education. If you were my own daughter I'd rather have you at Miss Branch's school than at any girls' college, and you'll be comfortable in the cottage where I live, at Stony Brook; you won't have to cook or do housework, because I keep a servant. You'll have suitable clothes and ——"

"I don't want 'em!" Edna said suddenly and fiercely; but she had begun to tremble all over. "I don't want 'em!"

"Edna, your father's consented to your going with me," Mrs. Shellpool returned quietly. "All that remains to be settled is whether or not this is to be a legal adoption; but that's a point I won't stress, because it's immaterial."

"You say ——" Edna began; then she walked to her father and stood before him, while he still did not look up at her, but sat fumbling with his pipe and seemingly engaged in a gloomy contemplation of it. "She claims you 'greed to it," the daughter said huskily. "Leastways, she—she claims you did!"

"Well ——" Long Harry polished the bowl of his pipe against the palm of his hand. "Cap'n Embury and my mother-in-law certain'y 'peared to have some good arguments. Too stiff fer me to answer, anyways. I like to have you with me—always did git along all right together—but o' course it would be a nice thing to have you fixed to do better 'n Nettie's done, I guess. Tells me all she could do fer Nettie was to kind o' reform her—guess you might call it so—and fix her up in a private family in Lynn, or somewheres, doin' housework. Hired help!" He laughed with some bitterness, and added ruefully, "Kind of a comedown in the world fer Pelters, you might say. Guess it'd be a good thing if you could git as far up as Nettie's gone down."

Edna's trembling increased, and she stared at him with eyes widening to their utmost. "You—you 'greed to—to let me ——"

"Well ——" His attention still seemed concentrated upon the polishing of his pipe. "Yes—guess I did!"

"Well, I haven't," she said thickly, and turned a quivering face upon Mrs. Shellpool and the Captain. "Guess you better—you better ask me whether I want to get adopted or not, hadn't you? Guess you better ask me whether I'm goin' to—whether I'm goin' to leave Mirthful Haven or not, hadn't you? Guess you better ——"

But here her voice failed; she tried to control her trembling and the twitching of her lips and eyelids so that the intruders should see before them a firmly defiant figure never to be overcome. For the first time since her stepmother's death, somebody was trying to be useful to her; the only distinction she made between this effort and the selfish pressures that had been put upon her to do things she did not wish to do was that she found this one staggeringly the more painful. She had usually yielded to the other pressures and had only despair to oppose to this one, since her father abandoned her to it. Dismally overwhelmed by the suddenness with which her life already seemed to be changing, and herself bereft of the one being for whom she passionately cared, she was still impelled to offer the show of a resistance that she herself knew had no substance.

"Better ask me, I guess," she said again indistinctly; but her breathing had become too rapid and her trembling too violent to be exhibited endurably before these virtual strangers. She ran to the rickety stairway and fled upward, clutching the stretched rope that served for a railing. "Better ask me, hadn't you?" she tried to cry fiercely as she went; but was unable to make the sounds she uttered into words.

VII

EDNA had been away from Mirthful Haven for six months before Captain Embury came to Pelter's again; this time upon a somewhat belated prompting to pay what his manner suggested was a call of condolence.

"Know how you must miss that grand young lady of yours," he said to Long Harry, as they sat together upon the rear veranda above the clear waters of the incoming tide. "Miss her myself, especially since school began again. Never saw anybody with a face of a color pleasanter to

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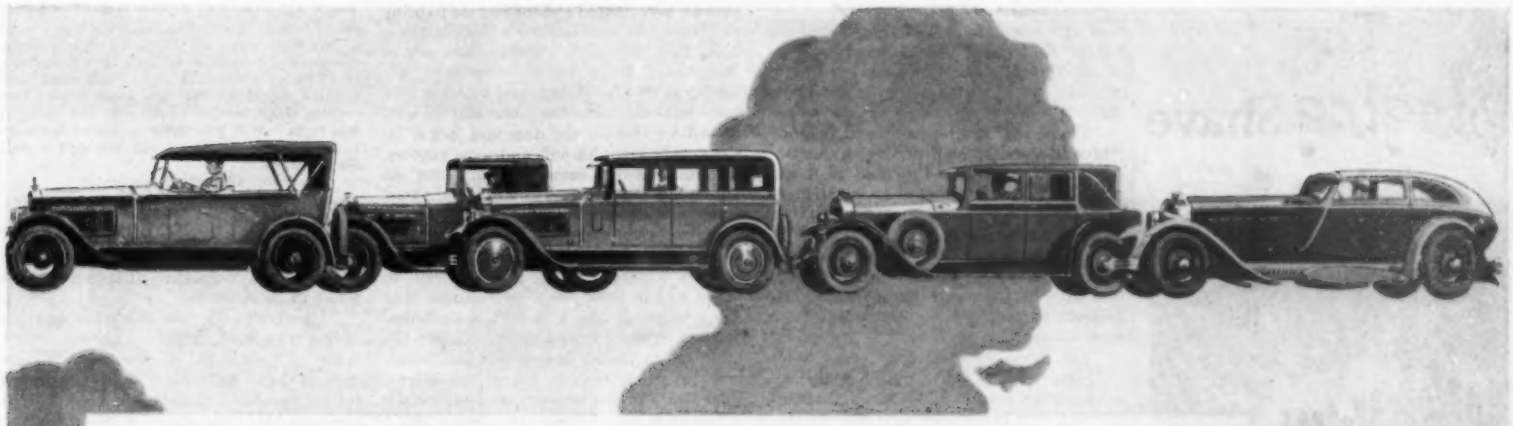

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BLADES

(Continued from Page 75)

look at; most of 'em get a good deal like putty this time o' year, teachers and all. What I mean, it must be lonesome for you without her and livin' all by yourself like this."

"Think so?" Pelter said, and laughed. "Live all alone yourself, don't you, Cap'n?"

"That's different. I'm used to it and didn't have a child growin' up in the house and startin' in to blossom out to be a comfort and a pleasure just to look at, the way it's been with you. Might say I lent my help to deprive you of her, if you happen to look at it in that light, but I couldn't help believin' her step-grandmother's arguments were sound."

"Yes, guess they was."

"Nevertheless," the Captain added, "I certainly feel sympathy for you and admire the way you haven't let anybody see that this trial is wearin' on you."

"On me?" Long Harry said, mildly surprised. "I git along all right. A good dog's always been comp'ny enough fer me most any time. Evenin's, old man Wye drops in on me, likely, and he's a right sociable talker, old man Wye is." (In Captain Embury's presence, Mirthful Haven had learned to be tactful in the matter of courtesy titles; without loud reproof to the speaker, he never allowed that of "captain" to be misapplied, even with the second syllable carefully omitted.) "Old man Wye's good comp'ny, Cap'n; so's Prince here, and I got plenty to read when I'm a mind to. Any extra time I git from fishin', lobsterin', and so on, I'm buildin' a motorboat that might make me a dolluh off o' the summer people, takin' 'em fishin' or pleasure-partyin'—if they don't git to boycottin' me too hard."

"Boycottin' you too hard? Who's——"

"Yep, they been tryin' it. Passed around the word so 't a good many of 'em wouldn't buy any fish or lobsters off o' me this season, or hire my old sloop or any rowboats from me."

"Why wouldn't they?"

"Want to make me sell 'em Pelter's fer nothin', Cap'n, but I wouldn't sell it to 'em, no matter what they'd give me. Wouldn't have no other place to live and wouldn't live nowheres else if I did! They had engineers take soundin's, and this water front stretch o' mine here is 'bout the only place along River Road where there's bottom enough under the soft mud to drive pilin'. Want to put a yacht club here so 't they won't have to git to their boats in summer from that old rotted gov'ment wharf down by the breakwater. Corning got 'em stirred up; thinks Pelter's hurts the view from that new 'dition he's built to his house up atop the Point. Been after me a good while, Corning has."

"Has he?" The Captain frowned. "Don't ever let him weaken you, Harry. I was sorry when the first summer boarders began to come, long ago; yet in a way I guess they've been a godsend to a good many of our people that didn't hardly have any other way to make a livin'. As it is, nine-tenths o' the young folks leave the village and go to the cities the minute they're of an age to shift for themselves, and those that are left have had to depend more and more on what they could skimp along on out of what all these strangers paid 'em. Hasn't anybody in Mirthful Haven got very well off at that, I guess! Maybe Munsons."

"Yep. Munsons try to be hand-and-glove with 'em."

"Guess so," the Captain assented. "Won't get very far with the best o' the summer people, though, probably, because there are some mighty fine people among 'em, you know, Harry."

"Yes, guess there might be—here and there, and now and then."

"Most of 'em, though," the Captain added reflectively, "I wouldn't let come in my house. They're great hands to try and get in, too, to see my collections and look at my furniture. Make up all kinds of excuses to get in. Party of 'em last summer had a dressy, big, loud-spoken woman in the front of 'em said her own brother-in-law's name was Embury, same as mine, so she was sure we were related and she wanted to bring her friends in and tell me all about these New York Emburys. 'Never been any in New York,' I told her. 'Never been any Emburys that far West.' Said I guessed she must have mistaken the name and excused myself for shuttin' the door and lockin' it. Corning brought his wife and some visitors, first summer they came here, and I let 'em in because the village was all talkin' about what a good thing it was to have such an important man here. Hardly got inside the house before Mrs. Corning began hintin' how she'd like to own the big oil paintin' in the front hall—the one o' the Embury that was province governor in Old Colony times. Walked right on down the hall and into the dinin'-room, they all did, and began to talk in whispers, excited like, among themselves; then Mrs. Corning began to smile and make a fuss over me. 'When you decide you'd like to have a splendid new sideboard in place of that old one, Captain,' she said, 'I hope you'll give me your promise to let me be the only person you consult about it.' I told her my great-grandfather had buried that sideboard to keep it from the British in the War of Eighteen-twelve, and she said, 'Well, remember! You've promised to let me know the minute you decide to part with it!' That's what happens, once a person lets such people get into his house!" The Captain coughed and cleared his frowning brow. "Well, that's neither here nor there, just at the present time. I suppose you write to your daughter regularly? Guess she certainly hoped you would, Harry."

Pelter looked slightly uncomfortable. "Well, I never was no great hand at letter writin'. Postal cards mainly, and not too many of 'em, I'm afraid."

"You ought to do better by her; I know she counted on it. Hear from her pretty regularly, do you?"

"Yes, pretty. Letter from her yestaday. Like to see it, Cap'n?"

"I would so," the Captain said heartily, and Long Harry, bestirring himself, went into the house, closely accompanied by his dog. He seemed to have some trouble in finding what he sought, but after a time returned with the letter in his hand and gave it to the Captain.

"Couldn't remember what'd 'come of it," he said apologetically, and, resuming his seat, languidly stroked the dog and smoked his pipe while Captain Embury read Edna's letter. She had written:

I guess I am sort of getting used to it. Some things about it don't bother me as much as they did at first, anyhow. One thing I never will get used to though is everybody thinking my name is Edna Shellpool. Grandmother is very strict about that because she says there might be some girl in the school that might happen to visit Mirthful Haven in summer perhaps and might ask about me there and bring talk here to the school. I will never forget that my true name is Edna Pelter of the Pelters of Mirthful Haven but while I am with Grandmother I suppose I must bear it. She is very nice, and so is Miss Branch's school as I have so often written to you. I would like to have some letters back when you can find time though I was so glad to get the post cards, but it is almost a month since the last one. If you could find time I would like to have a letter very much. Miss Branch is perfectly lovely and all the teachers are interesting women and very kind. They are very thorough in their methods but the studies seem almost easy after the way Grandmother worked at me night and day during the four months before the school opened most of the time to get my manners and pronunciation correct and at home she still keeps on. At first I hardly spoke to the other girls at all but it is easy enough to talk the way they do though they still think I am very quiet. I have got a great deal better acquainted with them since winning the swimming championship in the pool and some of them are the nicest I have ever seen. One named Mildred Kerr and I are best friends. My studies are all very interesting. It was a little hard at first to wear new clothes and have to think about them and to have Grandmother worry when my feet would get wet which was very funny to me. I would like to know how you are. Every night I wonder how you are and I wonder what you are doing. I hope nothing happened about that. You know what I mean—Corning. I hope it is all right. When you write to me please tell me how you are and how Prince is and everything. I do not like to bother you or to put any burden upon your time but indeed I would be so glad if you would make the next a letter instead of a post card—though don't make this request an excuse to forget the post card! Grandmother asks me to have you remember her to Captain Embury and I wish you would tell him that I am sorry if I was rude to him that day when he was just helping Grandmother to do what she thought was right. Will you write to me pretty soon and in writing to you I will not sign myself Shellpool but

Your affectionate daughter
EDNA PELTER.

"Writes a nice letter, don't she?" Pelter said, as the Captain, concluding, returned his eyeglasses to a waistcoat pocket and the letter to its envelope.

"Finest letter I ever saw from a young lady o' that age!" the Captain said beamingly. "Apologizin' to me the way she does, it shows politeness. Wasn't any need for it, because I understood how she felt that day; but that makes it all the better. Anybody can be polite when they got to; but to show politeness when there isn't any call for it, that's the mark of a true lady."

"Might be," Pelter assented absently. "There's one thing I think she hardly hadn't ought to been willin' to do, though."

"You're wrong," Captain Embury said promptly, comprehending without the need of further explanation. "If you were only fifteen or sixteen years old yourself, and the person that had charge of you told you your name'd have to be Shellpool for a while, instead of Pelter, you wouldn't know what to do except just be obedient. You shouldn't hold that up against her, Harry."

"Maybe not. Shouldn't thought she'd 'a' done it, though."

"Now, now!" the Captain remonstrated. "She'll change it to Pelter again when she comes back here some day."

"Will she? Don't know if she will or she wun't. Matter o' that, don't know if she'll ever come back 't all."

"You do, too, know! She's got too much old Mirthful Haven blood in her not to feel the draw. Once anybody gets the draw o' Mirthful Haven into them they can't help feelin' it the rest o' their lives, no matter where they go, and if they haven't got their liberty to come back to settle down in the old home again, they anyhow come back as often as they can to look at it. Take you or me; suppose that somebody offered us ten million dollars to go and live somewhere else——"

"Yes, I know, but if she was willin' to drop the name o' Pelter, why——"

"Nonsense!" the Captain cried, and, laughing loudly, slapped Long Harry's knee; then he rose to go. "She'll come back to Mirthful Haven, and she'll come back to the name o' Pelter too. Even an unlearned old sailorman could see how that little girl's heartstrings are all wrapped around her daddy, and you oughtn't to let her get so lonesome for letters, Harry. I went cabin boy on the Star of the East, when I was eleven years old, and didn't see home again for four years; it was a long time between ports, too, and I know how 'tis to be months without any news o' Mirthful Haven. Before I go you got to promise me to spend a few evenin's writin' to her, now and then, instead o' puttin' in the time scratchin' your dog's back or listenin' to old man Wye. I want your word you'll do it."

Long Harry laughed and readily gave the assurance required of him. His intentions were sincere, moreover; he sat down that evening with a pen in his hand and some sheets of blue-ruled paper before him, and, after a period of meditation, began to write. "Well I would not thought you would change your name from Pelter, Edna, but be that as it may——" At this point, his pen abruptly stopped writing, and for reasons unknown to him he found himself unable to force it to proceed. He sat for a long time, staring at the unfinished sentence and at the curiously rebellious pen; then he decided that there was nothing for it but to substitute another postal card. This he did, though not until some weeks later, for he was an easily forgetful man, and his

(Continued on Page 80)

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daughter had already begun to seem to him remote.

VIII

IN HIS mind she verged toward the blurring and unimportunate past, that mist into which Nettie and his two dead wives had disappeared and where they remained veiled and undisturbed, unless an infrequent memory seemed to stir them a little. He was elusive, not to be found, when Captain Embury came again to see him; the Captain chuckled ruefully sometimes, meditating upon Long Harry's extraordinary powers of evasion. Whole seasons passed, but the fellow was not to be caught by anyone with a chiding in mind—not to be found at Pelter's, unless the house were searched, perhaps; not to be trapped at the post-office, or to be pinned down anywhere else, for that matter. At the Captain's age, and in Mirthful Haven, too, time goes fast, but resolves to action are taken slowly; he was roused at last, however, and, upon a dismal morning of alternate rain and wet snow, drew on his galoshes, put a sandwich into a pocket of his overcoat, tramped through the slush to Pelter's, and spent the rest of the day pacing the tipsy verandas or sitting upon a box, drowsily staring at the river. At twilight Long Harry appeared from upstream in a rowboat, tied it to an iron ring in one of the floats and came slowly up the pier toward the house.

"Got out the front way some time this mornin' whilst I was round at the back, didn't you?" Captain Embury inquired.

"Me?" Pelter said blankly. "You been waitin' fer me, Cap'n Embury? Been fixin' a fish trap all day, quarter mile or so 'bove the bridge. Lookin' fer me, was you, Cap'n?"

"Lookin' for you?" the Captain returned, with satire. "Nobody's ever given you two three hundred messages from me that I was tryin' to see you, have they? It hasn't been on your mind at all that I ever stuck any notes for you under your front door to let you know I was lookin' for you, has it? It hasn't ever occurred to you ——"

"Why, Cap'n, I declare I been so busy ——"

"Never mind! There's enough on Gabriel's record book to keep you busier still if you ever get up there; don't add to it. I'm here to ask you a question, and I want an answer right straight point-blank! Just exactly how long is it since you promised me you'd write a letter instead o' postals to that little girl down at Stony Brook, New Jersey?"

"How long? Let's see." Pelter lifted one side of his oilskin hat and rubbed his wet fingers through his thick, touseled, fair hair. "Well, you see, Cap'n, she wa'n't in Stony Brook all last summer, you know. Seems her step-grandmother took her on a long trip out through Yellowstone National Park and California and all that wild country out ——"

"Never mind!" the Captain interrupted sternly. "Last summer was 'way long ago last summer. You come to the question! How long since you made me that promise? Matter of a couple o' years, isn't it?"

"Why, no, Cap'n; it couldn't be anywheres near ——"

"'Tis, too! What's more, it's maybe a month or so worse than two years. Suppose you don't know that after I saw what a cravin' she had for news o' Mirthful Haven I sat down and wrote to her myself and told her you were well, but awful lazy! Suppose you don't know I've been writin' to her every month or so ever since, so's she wouldn't pine away for ——"

"Yes, I know, Cap'n; she wrote me you'd ——"

"Didn't it shame you?" the Captain shouted fiercely. "How much longer are you goin' to let her depend on somebody else for news that her own daddy isn't sick or dead? Says now she hasn't had even a postal from you since last July! What do you mean by it? She hasn't forgot you, has she? You listen to me! If you live till tomorrow mornin', you're goin' to have a good long letter to her finished and put in an envelope and brought to me by breakfast time, and I'll see it goes in the post-office myself! If you're not at my house with that letter by the time I've finished my breakfast, I'll be back here mighty soon after and sit right over you till the thing's done, so you might as well do it tonight. Hear what I say?"

The Captain's final question seemed needless, for he could have been heard across the harbor; his vigor was awesome. That night Long Harry wrote a letter to his daughter, and was surprised to find the task less difficult than he had so long imagined it would be.

Well Edna we have had quite a little Snow all ready but not very cold yet and mostly rainy afterwards. Looks like a hard winter coming thogh because the wild Geese went over early and moss thicker than usual on the North side of the trees in the woods. Well I will try to answer all your questions. I am well as you ought to know never haveing had a Days Sickness in my whole life. Yes the Mash Hens still croak come evenings like hoarse old Sailors going home drunk the way you said and the Tern still did thier wonderful diving off our pier up to the time they left in September like you said and Willy Briggs still stands around Cargo Square all day doing just the same he always did jerking his Head and making motions and kind of Yelping. Yes I will tell you all about that. Summer People put kind of a Boycot on me the Word haveing passed around that I was not a good Character in Mirthful Haven but I get along because I Finished the Motor boat and took out some Pleasure partys in spite of Boycot. I have been useing Her some all ready in kind of side business with Anton Sharett that lives a peice back off the New Yarmouth Road. Somebody put small Rocks all around in Cornings grass before Cornings come last Spring. He had a new Lawn mower with a gas Engine that cost him good Money and the first time they tryed to cut the grass I hear they had a funny time. Woodbury Fogg says Corning laid it to me and was guilty of useing Profanty. Woodbury had to laugh telling me about it but said I better Look out. I do not need to Worry and you do not need to ask any more questions about this Trouble because I am alright. The People come back again this last Summer that Prince had the fight with thier dog. Thier Name is Gordon and they are some Kin to Cornings so I guess they agree with him but they did not Get Prince. I had a Warning to keep off the Point from thier Chaufer but went up the next Morning and stayed all Day with Prince fishing off the Rocks in front of thier Cottage. They will not Get Prince and they will never Get Pelter's no matter what they do. Cap Wye is still alive and we play Checkers evenings. Hope you are well and remain Yours with Best Regards H. PELTER.

Thus Captain Embury was satisfied; Long Harry ceased to avoid him, and, meeting the hale old man in the post-office, informed him that Edna's response to the letter had expressed gratification.

"Guess you were right and I ought to 've done it long before, the way she thanked me," Pelter said. "No, don't worry, Cap'n, I'll do it again; guess I can keep it up right along, now I got the ice broken."

"'Ice broken'?" the Captain grumbled. "Wish I could get the ice broken in my kitchen plumbin'! Froze up solid some time before daylight, it did, and snowplows 'll be breakin' out the roads between now and Christmas. We're goin' to get another winter straight down from Labrador, you'll see!"

Pelter agreed with him, and the event proved the gloomy prophecy well founded. By Christmastime the snow was deep upon a foundation of ice; the lights of the three or four places of business upon Cargo Square showed faintly through windows too thickly frosted over to permit a glimpse of the red and green holiday decorations bravely attempted within the shops. There was no thaw or abatement later; the north wind drove even Willie Briggs from the Square for weeks at a time; the half-buried village seemed to possess either no populace at all or a stupefied one, and Pelter abandoned until better weather that "side business" into which he had entered with the collaboration of Antoine Charette. Long Harry was cheerful enough; he did a little icy fishing on the less boisterous days, read, strummed his guitar or played checkers with the aged Wye in the evenings, and, as he had predicted to Captain Embury, even

(Continued on Page 82)

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION

With the invention of the jinrikisha the aristocracy of Nippon turned from the carrier-borne *norimono* and *kago* to the silent, swift and more luxurious wheeled vehicle

Packard owners keep their cars—far longer, both in months and miles, than do owners of less distinguished vehicles of like size. For Packard not only builds long-lived cars, but preserves the characteristic beauty of their design.

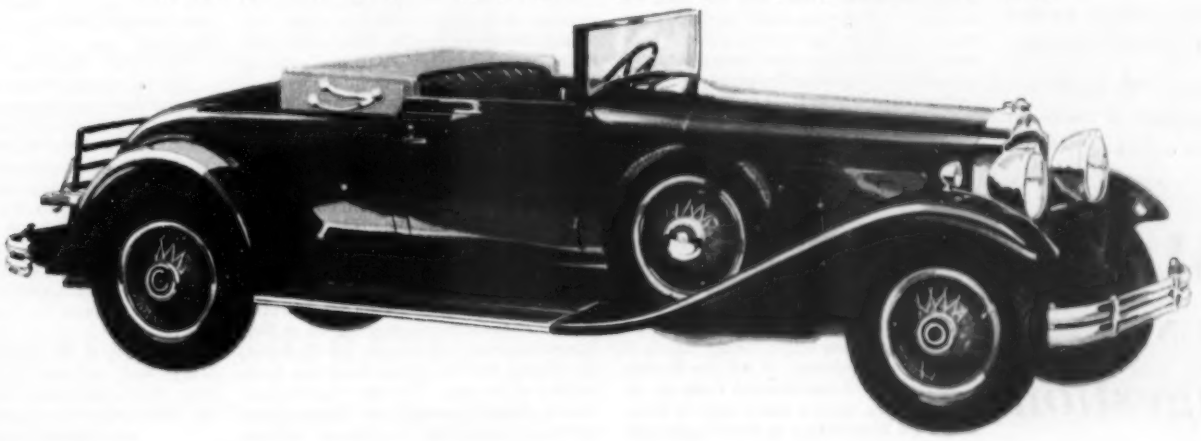
Everyone knows that motor car depreciation results more from outmoded appearance than from outworn mechanism. And that depreciation is the one great item of ownership expense. The Packard owner knows that the beauty of his car remains ever modern—that by keeping his Packard a little longer, he enjoys *luxurious transportation* at ordinary car cost.

Packard cars today are finer, more luxurious than ever. Packard constantly betters, constantly refines. But Packard improvement is evolutionary, not revolutionary. A Packard today is a Packard tomorrow—in beauty, in comfort and in distinction.

Three complete lines of the luxurious Packard Eight are now available—Standard, Custom and De Luxe—at factory prices from $2425 upward. Popular in each line is the smart Convertible Coupe illustrated below on the De Luxe chassis.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



drowsy *after* dinner?

chew

for digestion!

WHEN there's sleep in your eyes from eating more than is good for you, chew Beeman's to help your digestion.

Over 30 years ago, Dr. Beeman originated this delicious gum, knowing well that people needed such a delightful aid to digestion.

A pleasant digestive aid, Beeman's has also won millions of users on sheer smoothness and keen, fresh flavor.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

(Continued from Page 80)

found himself able to write several times to his daughter. A letter from her at the end of February, however, failed to bring him pleasure; his lips, forming the words as he read, moved slowly, and when he finished there was a line of misgiving between his eyebrows. Edna wrote:

Mildred Kerr made me go home with her over Washington's Birthday. That night there was a dance at a country club the Kerrs belong to, and the first thing I did there was almost to run out of the place and start to hike back to Stony Brook. We walked straight into the Corning family! I hardly knew what I was doing, but I needn't have worried! Every one of that family must have seen me hundreds of times at Mirthful Haven; but in reality not one of them had ever seen me at all. To the Cornings, looking at any of the native children would be just like looking at some of the sand on the beach or a part of the underbrush in the woods. Besides that, I've grown about three inches—perhaps you wouldn't know me yourself? Perhaps even Willie Briggs wouldn't! Both of the Corning boys asked me to dance, and it seemed pretty queer, thinking of the thousands of times I've seen them pass Pelter's. I wouldn't have done it or had anything whatever to do with any of the Corning family; but I was in a pretty helpless sort of a jam. After we got home, Mildred talked about them and seemed to admire Mr. Corning very much, which disgusted me, but I didn't know how to say anything. I could hardly eat my breakfast the next morning—those people all seem so powerful they frighten me. Please, please be careful!

I was sorry I went, especially as I found Grandmother not so well when I got back, and a great deal of the time she's in a state of depression that I can't get her out of. Sometimes she talks pitifully about having lost track of Nettie again and about not being able to leave me anything in her will. I laugh at her about that, of course, as if there were no reason to fear she wouldn't get well, and I hope it isn't heartless of me to be thinking to myself of what you used to say—that we Pelters can look after ourselves! Surely you see that I still am a Pelter in spite of my not having been called that for so long that I usually give a funny little kind of jump when I sign it on my letters to you.

I suppose you'll laugh if I tell you that there are still times when homesickness for Mirthful Haven gets to coming over me. It's so lovely of you to write letters to me now—you can't think how grateful I am. Captain Embury wrote me you looked "well and big and handsome." I am well and big myself—at least tall—and the Pelters can take care of themselves; but some things are too powerful for us not to be afraid of if we're sensible. Oh, please be careful!

Affectionately, your daughter,
EDNA PELTER.

Pelter's eyebrows did not relax as he absently folded the letter and tossed it upon the table, nor was his misgiving caused by her troubled warnings or by anything whatever she had written concerning the Corning family. True, of late he had been able to write to his daughter more copiously than before; nevertheless this more and more educated young lady correspondent of his seemed to him proportionately more and more a disturbing and somehow pretentious stranger. Frowning, he contemplated his dog and muttered to him in a fretful revery:

"She'll be back here, Prince—if that old lady don't git well, she'll be back here sure as clams is clams! It'd what you might call compilicate matters, wouldn't it, Prince?"

The dog, half awake, languidly thumped his tail upon the floor, and Pelter, glancing upward, seemed to be worried by a thought of the dismantled room that had been his daughter's. The room could be made shipshape, of course; but to have a young lady from a fashionable school occupying it—occupying it permanently, perhaps—might "compilicate" matters, as he had just said, and complicate them at the wrong time, when they were going well. If he were only a better hand at letter writing, now, he thought, he might be able to save the seclusion of Pelter's from such an intrusion; but as a scribe he had not sufficient gift to admit in one breath the claim of a Pelter upon the rooftree of Pelter's and in another breath tactfully to deny it to her. Regretting with dole his lack of talent, he sighed; then cheered himself with the thought that although her coming might be inevitable, it was not yet imminent. It did not become so, indeed, until he returned from an excursion to sea, upon a warm night in June, to find old Wye sitting by the oil lamp and waiting for him. Long Harry halted in the open, wide, double doorway that gave access to the rear veranda and the pier; he stared and stamped his rubber hip boots, which were muddied to the thigh.

"Up pretty late fer you, ain't you, Cap'?" he inquired.

"Dun't know 's I am; dun't know 's I ain't. Have a good run?"

"Might be 's I did; might be 's I didn't."

"Guess maybe you made a dolluh," the old man said, giggling, and, rising creakily, came out to the veranda. "See that star up there, right cluss t' the moon?"

"Could if I looked at it," Pelter admitted, scraping the black mud from his boots with a stick. "Why?"

"Better look at it," Wye said. "Look at it and dun't never fergit what I'm a-goin' t' tell you."

"All right," Long Harry assented good-naturedly, and, turning, he stared up at the moon and its bright follower high in the sky. "I'll look at it to please you, Cap. What you got to say 'bout it?"

"You never knowed 'twas a warnin'?"

"No."

"Wust warnin' they is," the old man said. "Dun't try to make no run tomorrow night, Harry, and not fer three four days after, neither. Portagee fisherman told me 'bout it when I was a boy, and it hain't never failed. 'When the moon's riz with a bright star cluss to it, you watch 'em,' he says. 'If the star keeps on a-ridin' cluss t' the moon and they ride together clean up over the sky like that, with the star a-clingin' on and the moon never fit and able to haul away from her, you look out,' he says. 'Hug habbuhs and be ready to run in quick,' he says. 'Yes, and pick good anchorage inside, at that!' he says. Hain't never knowed it to fail, Harry."

Pelter was not impressed. "Had good dry weather fer three weeks now, Cap'. All signs fail in time o' drought."

"This'n wun't! It's the wust storm warnin' they is, and you be careful!"

"All right," Pelter said, and laughed. "Too late fer a game o' checkers?"

"Yes, 'tis. Wun't waitin' fer you on that 'count. Come here early in the evenin', thinkin' maybe you wun't out on a run and we could play. Set down to wait fer you a while, and a boy come on a bicycle with a telegram; it's there on the table. Stayed because I thought you might not notice it. Thought it might be somethin' wuth while in regards to you and Anton, maybe."

Long Harry strode into the house, tore open the yellow envelope and read the message; it was from Edna.

GRANDMOTHER DIED PEACEFULLY THIS AFTERNOON STOP I WILL HAVE A WREATH MADE AND PLACED NEAR HER FROM YOU AND AFTER THE FUNERAL I WILL COME HOME AS SOON AS I CAN

Wye had followed his host into the house and was on his way to the front door, departing; but he paused to inquire, with a little anxiety, "Somethin' funny goin' on, Harry?"

"No," Pelter said. "Not in that line—but I guess ——"

"Guess what?"

"Nothin'." The impulse Long Harry checked was to express his thought that the celestial omen might indeed be a true one, though betokening other perils than those of the sea. When his friend had gone, he went back to the veranda and again gazed upward; the moon and its attendant star were at the heavenly zenith. The star glittered brightly—even fiercely, it seemed to him—as if it were determined not to be parted from its great companion nor to be deterred from flashing its ominous portent to mortals below, and Long Harry accepted the presage. The storm was coming.

IX

IN SUMMER a motorbus for Mirthful Haven leaves the railway station at New Yarmouth every half-hour in the afternoon, and usually the five o'clock departure is the liveliest of the day. The five o'clock bus is almost always crowded, and, upon a warm afternoon preceding a national holiday, may even be found a little suffocating; at least, Mr. Freeman Wicks, an out-of-doors man and heavy in body, found it so upon the afternoon of the third of July. Under the patriotic circumstances, the regulations of the bus company were disregarded; flushed and determined passengers jammed themselves into the vehicle somehow and anyhow, bulging warmly against one another and sometimes making more uncomfortable contacts as they rocked over the uneven streets of New Yarmouth. Mr. Wicks, supporting painfully upon his lap an unsymmetrical bundle containing metal, maintained with difficulty a sitting posture upon the right edge of a seat occupied by two other people and intended for two only.

"Guess maybe I'll reach home alive; guess maybe I wun't!" he said to an acquaintance who similarly occupied the left edge of the seat across the narrow aisle. "You up fer over the Fourth?"

The acquaintance nodded. He was a hatchet-faced, sallow young man in dark clothes that suggested a church-going city workman's apparel for Sunday; he loosened the handkerchief he wore about his neck to prevent his stiff white collar from wilting, mopped his forehead, and, sighing with the heat, returned the handkerchief to its protective position. "Yep. Got Mame and the baby up forrud, packed in somehow. Didn't see you on the four forty-eight, Freem."

"Good reason you didn't, too! Only b'en to New Yarmouth to the chandler's. Ain't b'en that fur before in two year'—not by land, and, my Godfrey Mighty, how I wish I'd done it in my boat this time!"

"Yep," the other assented. "Anywheres in a boat, that's always better, and safer, too. Never get that out o' my noodle, no matter how long I live in the city. What's the news over t' the Haven? Mame and I didn't get down Christmas, and it's a full year since we b'en home. Aunt Hez wrote me Reverend Beedy had a bereavement."

"Yes, lost his woman by a shock. I was one the bearers; seemed like I never did lug no sech a heft."

"Guess she was! Hear they got their Casino finished up t' the Point."

"Yep. Kind o' handsome, too," Mr. Wicks said. "Sets at the other end that shingle beach where the Point dips down on the side away from the habbuh. Woodbury Fogg had the contractin' of it. Guess he made a dolluh. From outside, looks 'sif it sets right down on the ocean. Have their hops there, most every night. Handsome when you come in from outside after dark, all them sparklin' o' lights right down on the water. Guess them people 'd be right content now if they could git their yacht club too!"

"Yes, guess they would." The city man laughed shortly and dryly. "Guess they wun't."

"Guess they wun't." Freeman Wicks echoed the other's laugh. "Goin' to stay with your Aunt Hez?"

"Yep, wrote a postal she'd 'commodate us. See Hink Ma'sh lately? How's he lookin'?"

"Peakid," Mr. Wicks replied, and his warm fat face betokened amusement. "If you want to know what's the matter with him, though, better ask his brother, Henry. Ask him."

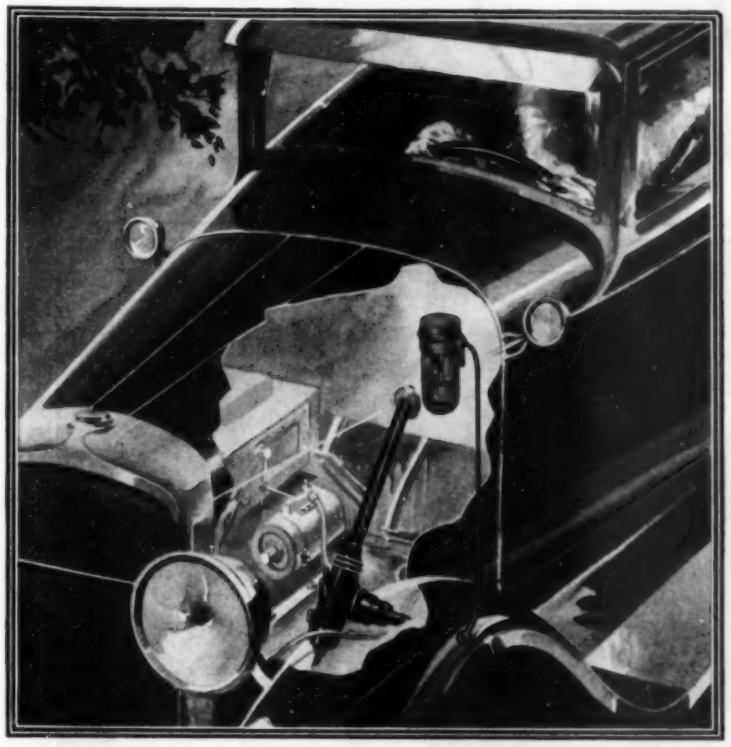
"Ask him? What you ——"

"If you could look all the way around me, you'd see him, because he's settin' dreadful hot up agin me right now and usin' up all the best part o' this seat he's only left me 'bout an inch o' the edge of," Mr. Wicks explained; then, turning his fat head, spoke somewhat irritably to the obscured, short, broad young man upon his left. "Godfrey Mighty, Henry Ma'sh! Don't never pick out the same day I do to come to New Yarmouth agin! Can't you make 'bout a quarter inch more hip room fer me somehow?"

"Ain't got it fer you, Freem," Henry Marsh said, and continued to stare at the back of the seat before him. In his solidity there was the stoniness a Mirthful

(Continued on Page 87)

ALEMITE AUTOMATIC—Your Car Lubricates Itself as You Drive



100% automatic! No levers to pull! No handles to turn!

Natural motion of chassis forces oil under 100 lbs. pressure to vital bearings.

First and only completely co-ordinated system of centralized chassis lubrication.

Now comes a new system of chassis lubrication based on a totally new idea. The only system of centralized chassis lubrication that is *absolutely automatic in operation.*

It is 100% automatic in action. It is 100% continuous in oil flow while car is in motion. It reaches the vital points of the chassis. That's why this method is efficient and thorough.

Now, for the first time, a constant and positive lubricating system is available that *requires no thought or action on the driver's part.* It completely removes chassis lubricating from the list of man's "car responsibilities." Even the responsibility of "forgetting" is eliminated—*your car lubricates itself.*

All you do is fill a transparent reservoir every 2,000 miles. Each road jar and car movement sends a continuous flow of fresh oil to the chassis bearings. With the filling of the glass tank your part in the operation is through. No levers to pull—no handles to turn. And there are no alternating periods of bone-dryness, of drenched overflow. This characteristic weakness of less advanced systems is likewise eliminated. Saving car wear—increasing car comfort.

All You Do is Drive

This new system lubricates only when car is in motion—*the motion* of the car operates the system. On rough, bumpy roads greater *motion* increases the oil flow—gives you more lubrication to offset higher friction.

Here is the first and only completely co-ordinated system of chassis lubrication yet developed in the automotive field and offered to manufacturers and the public.

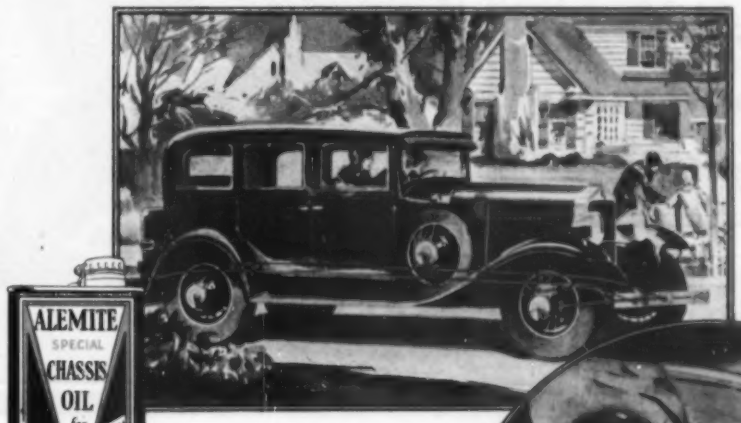
The name—Alemite—on this system, is its best endorsement. It is made and engineered by Alemite. It is proved by over five years of exhaustive test in actual service by Alemite engineers. This system revolutionizes chassis lubrication, just as 4-wheel brakes revolutionized automotive braking.

Fill Transparent Tank Every 2000 Miles—That's All

Glance at the transparent reservoir once every 2,000 miles—keep it full. No dials to wipe off or indicators to watch. *This glass tank instantly reveals, without guesswork, how much oil it contains.*

As long as there is oil in this tank, there is 100% automatic and 100% continuous lubrication at every vital bearing point while car is in motion.

Alemite Corporation (Division Stewart-Warner), 2638 North Crawford Avenue, Chicago. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont., Canada.



Alemite Special Chassis Oil

A scientifically compounded fluid lubricant of extra heavy viscosity, assuring correct lubrication of chassis bearings at all times. Flows freely and continuously through Alemite Automatic System. Maintains proper pressure at all temperatures.

All you do is fill this glass reservoir with 1½ pints of oil each 2000 miles.

New Nash Adopts Alemite Automatic

Nash engineers after exhaustive tests have adopted Alemite Automatic for the new Nash Single Six in the Nash "400" series for 1930, as offering Nash owners the ultimate in scientific chassis lubrication.

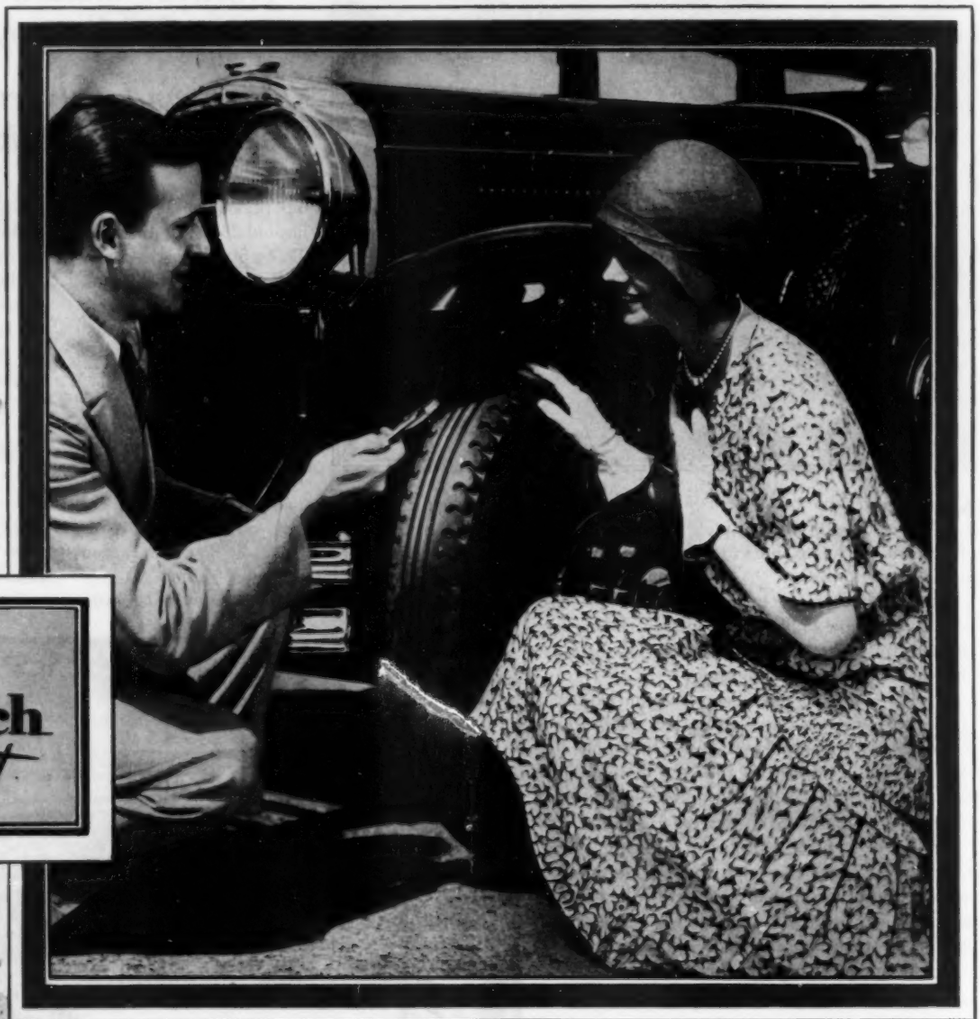
ALEMITE AUTOMATIC

CHASSIS LUBRICATION SYSTEM

Lubricates as You Drive

To-day... Goodrich with amazing NEW INVENTION that

NONE OF THIS... when women drive on Air Containers!



It's a B.F.Goodrich Development

MOST TIRES go to the scrap heap only 75% worn. Air Containers end that.

"LOOK AT THAT NAIL!" With any ordinary tube that would have meant trouble for sure! Certainly a flat . . . probably a ruined tube . . . possibly a badly damaged casing. But with Air Containers in the tire, out it comes . . . and away you go. Yet that is only one of the advantages of the Air Container. It not only seals punctures . . . not only ends roadside troubles . . . but protects you and your car by ending the danger of blow-outs; lengthens the life of your tires by maintaining even inflation; reduces tire care to occasional inspection; and avoids the premature and uneven tire wear that sends 9 tires out of 10 to the scrap heap long before their time. All this costs you nothing . . . for Air Containers pay for themselves.

Goodrich Air Containers

32,000 different rubber articles

Scores Again!

revolutionizes TIRE PERFORMANCE

Read these 7 reasons why the remarkable new GOODRICH AIR CONTAINER instantly makes any tire give longer life, greater trouble-free service

7 Ways in which Air Containers save Money Time, Trouble

1. THEY SEAL
punctures on running wheels.

2. THEY MAINTAIN
correct air pressure.

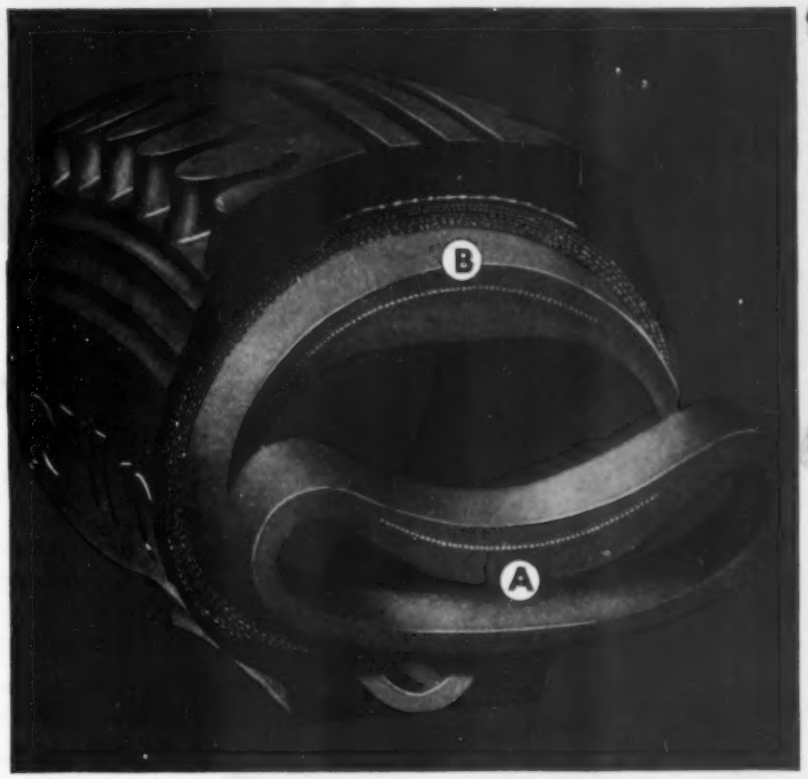
3. THEY ADD
from 25% to 30% more mileage.

4. THEY STRENGTHEN
and reinforce any tire.

5. THEY REDUCE
tire care to a minimum.

6. THEY INSURE
safety, prevent blow-outs.

7. THEY OUTLAST
the tire, often several.



HOW THE AIR CONTAINER WORKS. (A) shows a cross section uninflated. When air is applied the "bridge" of rubber underneath the cord insert (B) is placed under compression by being forced into shape. Any puncture is instantly squeezed shut and sealed by compression. The *patented* cord insert makes the Air Container fit snugly, prevents shoulder separation.

SAFETY at all speeds. Air Containers end the danger of blow-outs at high speeds.

AGAIN . . . Goodrich has done it! By a single, radically new type of product, has completely revolutionized old conceptions of tire performance! Added mileage! Ended troubles! Increased safety! Minimized tire care!

All that, and more, is accomplished by Goodrich Air Containers, nationally announced for the first time here!

Air Containers are "more than inner tubes." They do what no ordinary tube can do!

They *maintain even inflation!* Eliminating under-inflation ends 90% of all tire troubles . . . from carcass breaks to premature wear.

They *strengthen any casing!* A reinforcing bridge of cushioning rubber protects sidewalls and shoulders against shocks, which cause pinching, bruising.

They *minimize tire care!* The support they give to a casing minimizes upkeep—some users claim 20% savings in tire maintenance.

They *insure personal safety* at all times. Ending the danger of sudden "flats" and blow-outs, they protect car and occupants . . . not to mention insuring complete peace of mind when you drive.

They add *25% to 30% to life of tires!* By maintaining correct air pressure and supporting the casing, they bring even wear and added mileage to any tire.

They *seal punctures on running wheels!* Roadside "flats" are avoided; all ordinary punctures are sealed by compression.

They *outlast the tire!* One Air Container often outlasts two or three casings in succession. And they pay for themselves in savings on tubes and upkeep!

Finally . . . and this is important! . . . they embody *a patented, exclusively Goodrich construction principle* which avoids the weaknesses of so-called "puncture-proof" tubes offered in competition with them!

Air Containers may be used in any tire, and on any type of car. They mean uninterrupted service, striking economy and complete relinbility.

They have been thoroughly tested . . . there are Air Containers with a perfect performance record of *nine years* in continuous service!

Your Goodrich dealer . . . and only Goodrich dealers . . . can show you genuine Air Containers. The principle of their construction is illustrated above. Study this picture . . . then see your dealer.

If you want more mileage, fewer mishaps, greater safety . . . if you want to enjoy a motoring season really free from annoyance, you'll install a set on your car today! The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, O. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Kitchener, Ont.

..another B.F. Goodrich Product

Goodrich Silvertowns · Zippers · Rubber Footwear · Drug Sundries · Soles · Heels · Hose · Belting · Packing · Molded Goods

SQUEEZES the red ink out of Industry

As America becomes more completely "Timken Bearing Equipped" a mighty machine is put in motion—an anti-friction machine; an anti-waste machine; an anti-red machine.

High pressure is put on high costs; red figures of loss are squeezed down and *out*.

Fuel that was burned up in friction now bursts forth into *work* horsepower; machines take long life as their right; precision is preserved at micrometer measurements; lubricant that used to eat up profits has reduced its diet to drops.

Ripping out old methods, Industry changes red figures to black; obsolete machines, to modern "Timken Bearing Equipped".

For Timken stands alone—the one bearing with Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken steel, providing a self-contained ability to carry all loads—radial, thrust, or both in combination. No three words so completely symbolize "red ink prevention" as "Timken Bearing Equipped".

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN Tapered Roller **BEARINGS**

© 1930, The Timken Roller Bearing Company

(Continued from Page 82)

Haven man expresses when he finds himself in close juxtaposition with a stranger of the summer caste. He gave Freeman Wicks almost nothing to sit upon and was oppressed by that honest fisherman's fat back and shoulder; but he allowed a strip of yellow woven cane full two inches wide to appear between himself and the girl in black who sat next to the window.

The scramble into the omnibus had carried Henry Marsh with her and deposited them together, much as a sweep of tide may bear along and toss to one side upon the shore a chunk of rough-hewn timber in company with a bit of fine carving from a yacht. Henry was young and a bachelor, the girl about nineteen and of a stirring comeliness; yet one glance at her had been enough for him. He would have preferred any other seat in the bus to his own—even the fragmentary strip of support beneath Freeman Wicks, though Henry was too reticent to suggest an exchange. For the girl beside him was recognizable not only as an invader but as one of that too elegant kind known to do objectionable things with lace handkerchiefs in the presence of a wholesome and necessary slight odor of fish.

He expected some such pretentious exhibition, but was unmollified by its continued absence; one of her hands, gloved in black suède, remained at rest upon a small bag of soft black leather in her lap, and the other upon the silver head of a tightly furled, black silk umbrella. Henry's frigid gaze, moving downward, found at the right edge of its field of vision other black silk and other soft black leather that strangely left him uncharmed. He loved a long fine curve in the hull of a boat, but not in the heel of a slipper. The dully lustrous, high-heeled slipper now within his view seemed too foreign and remote for him to concern himself about it, either gallantly or antipathetically; nevertheless, he had both resentment and a sense of being downtrodden; he hated a thing so useless and merely aristocratic, and felt the pressure of that light, tall heel upon his spirit.

Of her face he had seen only the pale profile under a black crape hat that concealed her hair; but, for some time after the bus began to move, even her profile would not have been visible to him if he had desired a second inspection of it. The girl turned her face to the window, and she sat looking out at New Yarmouth, and then at the countryside, with a fixed, still eagerness. Beyond the outskirts of the town the paved road ascended a long slope, then wound downward through a pine wood and emerged from it suddenly with farm meadows upon one side and a great green expanse of marsh grass upon the other. In the distance white sand dunes edged the grass, and, above the dunes, a twinkling summer sea rose to the clean pale-blue horizon line that separated it from a soft sky almost its own color. Within the bus there were murmurs and a turning of heads to the left; children were excitedly bidden to look, and Freeman Wicks laughed with the pleased indulgence of a man whose possessions are being admired.

"Fust sight o' salt water a good many of 'em's had in a long while, I guess. Might be some o' the childern in this bus never see the ocean before 't all."

"Guess so," the young man from the city said absently. He was staring at the girl beyond Henry Marsh; she had leaned forward and turned her head to catch this first glimpse of the sea, so that her face was toward him for the moment. Then, as she resumed her former position, again looking out of the window beside her, he lowered his voice. "Freem, who is that girl settin' the other side o' Henry Ma'sh?"

"Couldn't call her by name," Mr. Wicks replied. "These childern o' summer families all look pretty much the same and keep growin' up and out of a man's recollection so 't you can't keep no track of 'em. One's a good deal the same's the other."

"Yep. Seemed to me like I'd ought to know her; puts me in mind o' somebody—can't think who. Likely I might 'a' done some work or somethin' fer her folks before I quit livin' at the Haven. Well, no matter." The young man passed his handkerchief across his forehead again, and changed the subject. "Cap'n Embury hale and hearty as ever, I suppose?"

"Sh'd say he was! Wouldn't take him fer a day over sixty. Saw him yestaday. Had Ben Clack to cut his grass and rake it fer him, Cap'n followin' him up with a broom—Cap'n swep' the whole yard up with a broom!"

The lips of the girl by the window parted in a smile that was a little tremulous; then her attention once more was concentrated entirely upon the roadside. She had last seen it in an hour of stolid despair, and, a little time before that, she had trudged home the eleven miles to Mirthful Haven with a Northeaster at her back and a dyed sweater under her rough coat. The long road had stretched vacant before her beneath the beating rain; there had been patches of sodden snow under the pine trees, and in the corners of the stone fences, upon that dark day now blurred and musty with time—three years of change lead so far into the past when one is just nineteen. Today the landscape showed a gala spread of wild flowers and lay gilded by the afternoon sun; children by the wayside shouted and waved at the speeding bus, and the road was alive with holiday makers in automobiles or astride of motorcycles and bicycles. Powdered with a thin white dust, they rode through air still pervaded by the heat of the day and smells of gasoline and burnt lubricants; but after a time the motorbus left this main-traveled highway for a graveled road much less thronged that bore to the left, and then, almost suddenly, there was a change in the air.

A breeze came in through the windows and filled the interior of the bus with its refreshment, cooling and enlivening the crowded passengers so that almost all of them began to stir and murmur. Mr. Wicks's acquaintance removed his protective handkerchief, put it briskly in his pocket, sat up straight, drew deep breaths and looked about him with a brightened eye.

"Ha! That's the ticket!" he said, and slapped the stout fisherman upon the knee. "Good fer city lungs, I guess, Freem?"

Freeman Wicks's expression showed the benevolence and pardonable vanity of a physician who has just administered a splendidly successful potion of his own concocting. "Sh'd say 'twas! Straight from Mirthful Haven!" he exclaimed, delighted. "Mirthful Haven air! Guess you don't breathe nothin' much like that anywheres else, do you?"

"Guess not!"

"No, guess you don't!" Mr. Wicks said gloatingly. "Nor nobody else anywheres else, either. You can always begin to git it from jest 'bout right here, blowed in across the Point, straight from salt water through pine woods. Three, four mile' inland or even right along the coast, away from Mirthful Haven anywheres, why, you look at people and they're all wilted down and droopish; but take anybody at Mirthful Haven at the same time and he'll be steppin' right out like he was goin' somewheres he wanted to go!"

Again from the passengers there were murmurs and exclamations stimulated by another view of the summer sea, and now upon the road there were tokens of the vehicle's approach to a place favored of heaven and patronized by the affluent. Slim open automobiles driven by bareheaded youngsters swept by the motorbus, glittering blindingly for an instant as they passed; squads of golf players and their caddies were seen moving over the undulating ground upon the right, and, at a trim brick-pillared gateway giving access to the links, a chauffeur in livery held his machine in check to let the bus go by him. Beside him in the long, open, black car sat a robust gentleman whose handsome face was rosy with a sunburn that sharpened the whiteness of his short moustache; his expression was of a reticent or condescending affability, and, behind him in the tonneau, the presence of three other gentlemen much of the same pattern, together with a projecting of golf bags above the sides of the car, showed that a pleasant day's work was over. Her glimpse of this genial tableau brought no pleasure to the girl in the window of the motorbus, however; at sight of the elderly gentleman beside the chauffeur, a quick faint color came into her cheeks, then departed, leaving her detectably a little paler than before.

That delicate flush returned, half a minute later; her eyes widened with the tensity of her staring at everything at once and she began to tremble with excitement. For the bus was rolling down Church Street under the elms of Mirthful Haven; its brakes tightened and screeched, dogs barked, children squealed, a hurdy-gurdy filled the air with the romantic pomposity of the Toreador, and the motorbus came to its terminal halt in the midst of the carnival confusion of Cargo Square. Honking and tooting, the bright-colored summer automobiles crossed it dangerously in every direction; bareheaded vociferous girls, dressed in violent colors, trooped with hatless and coatless sunburned youths in white flannels, or ran in and out of the gay little shops, the confectioners', the hairdressers' and manicurists', the gift shops and the display rooms of metropolitan dealers in costly apparel. Dozens of carefully dressed little children came whooping and scrambling from the motion-picture theater that once had been a ropewalk, and were seized upon and urged into limousines and beach-wagons by worried nurses, governesses and chauffeurs; and into this light turmoil and brilliantly colored movement the returned natives out of the motorbus seemed to be almost instantly obscured and lost.

In this, they were not unlike the unemigrated native populace, which seemed to have disappeared entirely, although, as ever, there was one vividly conspicuous exception. The hurdy-gurdy had stopped before a summer fruiterer's shop, and Willie Briggs sat upon an empty orange-scented box as close to the instrument as possible, adding his crowing to its insistent stream of sound. In one hand he held a hammer borrowed from the Sicilian fruiterer, and in the other a dozen small round nails; with these simple implements he entertained himself at the expense of people so newly arrived in Mirthful Haven, and therefore so unfamiliar with all important things, that their unsophistication was fair warrant for a little mirth on the part of the knowing. A glistening, dark-green, closed automobile halted just beyond the hurdy-gurdy; the chauffeur went into the fruiterer's and a cold fat face looked down from a polished glass window at Willie Briggs. It was a new face in Mirthful Haven that summer, he knew; he grinned up at it as if in warm admiration, which increased its coldness; then he placed the point of the nail upon his left knee and with one blow of the hammer drove in the nail so smartly that only its shiny round head was left in sight, flat upon the shabby black cloth of his trousers. The cold fat face withdrew from the window of the limousine, apparently into a condition of stupor, and, after a moment, Willie Briggs seriously pried the nail out of his artificial leg and renewed his accompaniment to the hurdy-gurdy.

Edna Pelter stood for a few moments at the center of the Square, where her descent from the motorbus had left her; then she distinguished from all other sounds one long familiar to her, and made her way through the moving groups and between the gliding automobiles to the hurdy-gurdy, where she paused, looking gravely at Willie Briggs. He was instantly aware of her glance, grinned jovially, drove a nail to the head in that same left knee and, with a careless air, affected to dust the spot with his torn handkerchief. She nodded appreciatively, but with a gravity not relaxed, gave him a dime and passed on, leaving him baffled upon his box behind her.

He drew out the nail, stared at it reproachfully, then, in like manner, at the

(Continued on Page 90)

Would you call this a hint?

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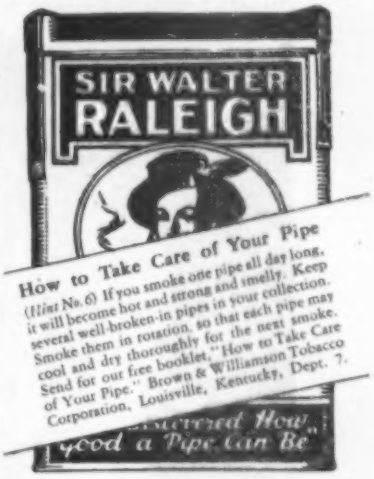
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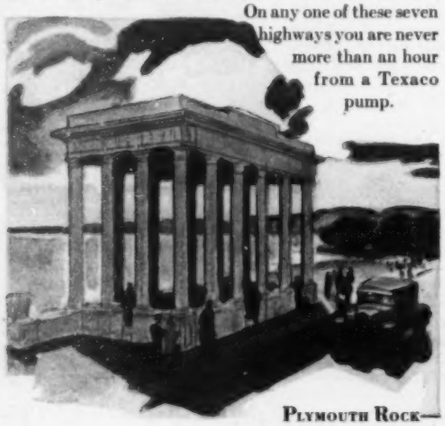
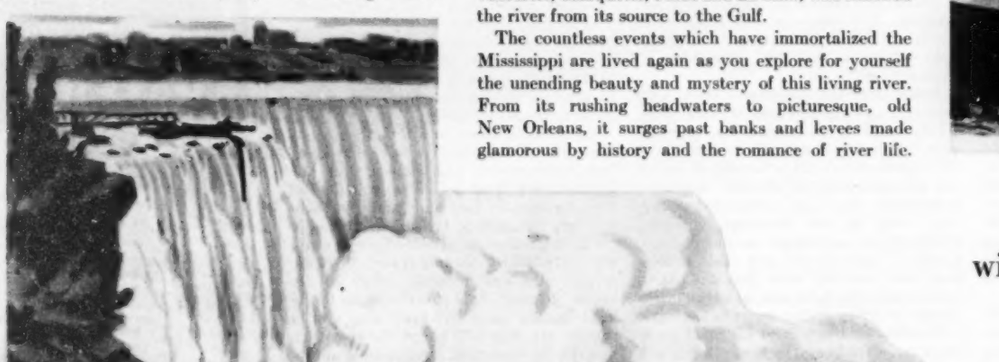
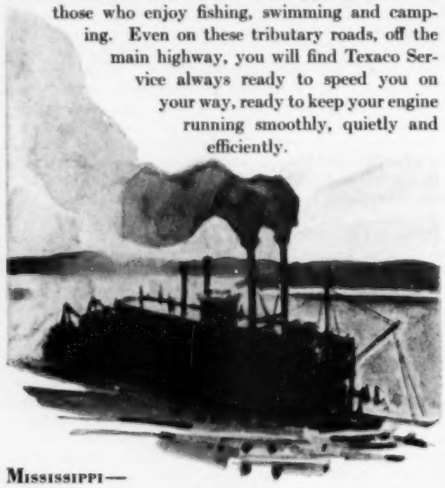


Plymouth Rock—Typifies the spirit of New England. It brings to mind thrilling tales of Miles Standish, John Alden and the Mayflower. Should you prefer great vistas and pine-clad slopes, it is but a step to the mountains of New England. The roads are in excellent shape. But before attempting the steep climb it is advisable to have radiator, crankcase and gas tank checked. Any Texaco Service man will be glad to do this for you and supply you free with an up-to-date Texaco Road Map of the surrounding country.

Niagara Falls—Never have you seen a sight more inspiring than this mighty overflow of four great lakes. You will stand in wonder before the shining spectacle of this stupendous wall of water 2,600 feet wide tumbling down 167 feet—a shimmering cascade of multi-colored jewels. The effect is heightened by a breath-taking crash on the rocks below—by a deep-throated roar that seems to come from the very heart of the earth. Here is power at once terrifying and wonderful.

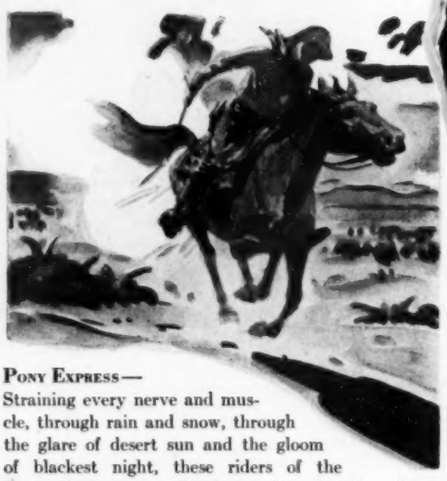
If you have the time, a side trip to Lake Ontario is well worth your while. Its sweeping expanse bordered by virgin forest—its deep clear water and beautifully wooded shores offer matchless opportunities for those who enjoy fishing, swimming and camping. Even on these tributary roads, off the main highway, you will find Texaco Service always ready to speed you on your way, ready to keep your engine running smoothly, quietly and efficiently.





Mississippi—Seeking gold and conquest across the Spanish Main, Spain sent the flower of her hidalgos. It was the restless De Soto marching ever westward through trackless wilderness who first discovered the "Father of Waters." It was the later adventurers, Marquette, Joliet and La Salle, who followed the river from its source to the Gulf.

The countless events which have immortalized the Mississippi are lived again as you explore for yourself the unending beauty and mystery of this living river. From its rushing headwaters to picturesque, old New Orleans, it surges past banks and levees made glamorous by history and the romance of river life.



Pony Express—Straining every nerve and muscle, through rain and snow, through the glare of desert sun and the gloom of blackest night, these riders of the Pony Express sped 1900 miles in nine days. Brave men they were, these mail carriers of the 60's, ready always to leap into their saddles and be off like the wind. You marvel today at the hardship and peril of their journey, for you can travel the same trail along broad highways, in perfect comfort and safety, confident in the smooth flashing power of your car if it is fueled and lubricated by Texaco.

Pike's Peak—The automobile highway up Pike's Peak is a double-track boulevard stretching for 17 miles from

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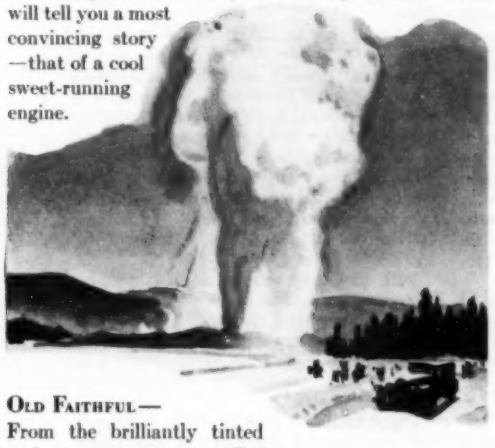
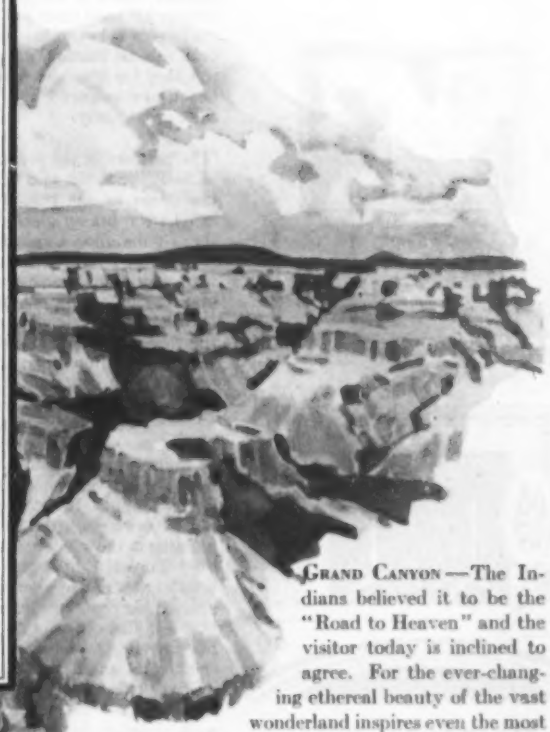


Old Faithful—From the brilliantly tinted rock center comes a muffled roar. Then a graceful column of boiling water, 6 feet in diameter, rises to a height of 150 feet. The stream sways against the sky—then the breeze carries it away, unfolding it like a fragile flag from its watery standard. These eruptions are so regular, occurring every hour, that you may almost set your watch by them.

But Old Faithful is just one of the wonder spots in Yellowstone Park. Everywhere throughout this great national preserve can be seen gorgeous fantasies of nature mingled with masterpieces of scenic splendor: bubbling, steaming lakes . . . gleaming canyons . . . rushing rivers . . . broad, park-like meadows . . . and deep forests, their silence broken only by the sound of the wind in the trees. Over 160 miles of paved roads winding through these wonder spots make sight-seeing easy for the tourist.

Salt Lake City—In the midst of a wild and magnificent desert, the Mormons built this famous garden spot and crowned it with a huge tabernacle that is one of the wonders of the world.

Where once stretched the perilous Old Salt Lake Trail across burning desert wastes, today runs the magnificent Lincoln Highway. Tourists need no longer carry an extra supply of gasoline and motor oil for the desert crossing, for even in the most arid and desolate sections of this transcontinental artery you are never more than an hour from a Texaco Pump.



Grand Canyon—The Indians believed it to be the "Road to Heaven" and the visitor today is inclined to agree. For the ever-changing ethereal beauty of the vast wonderland inspires even the most casual visitor with awe. From its rim you can see almost a thousand square miles of peaks, pyramids and minarets, carved from the painted depths of the earth; then, far below, a slender silver thread—the mighty Colorado that worked the miracle of it all.

Giant Redwoods—"The living link that binds us to the past." These great trees, found only on the Sierra Nevada slopes of California and Oregon, were old when Columbus discovered America—and they will still be standing hundreds of years from now. In the fresh cool air of this magnificent dark forest one is instantly transported to days primeval. Tour with Texaco!

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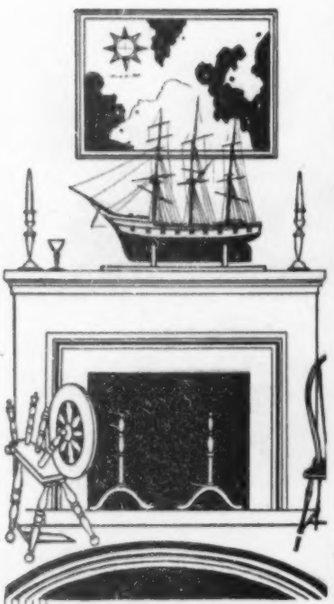

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DETROIT, MICH. WALKERVILLE, ONT.

(Continued from Page 87)

tall and graceful figure in black just disappearing round a corner into River Road. He put his head upon one side, introducing his fingers between his cap and scalp for a brief mental massage; but the matter was too deep for him—he gave it up and again began to vocalize for the encouragement of the hurdy-gurdy.

x

THE street of the old sea magnates ends at River Road, and Edna, glancing into the street as she passed along the road, caught the brassy gleam of the two small ship's guns upon Captain Embury's doorstep. The Captain's window boxes were gay with geraniums, pansies and lobelias, and upon the lawn a row of high blue-and-white-porcelain pedestals, long ago brought from the Orient, supported great Chinese bowls wherein grew more geraniums, pansies and lobelias; but now the Captain's fine house was not the only one inhabited, for the whole street was alive once more. Children played in the big yards, scampering from pursuing nurses; young people chattered with girls in hammocks under the elms or lounged about the doorways, idle tennis racquets swinging from their hands; only one building in the whole street was closed—the schoolhouse. Edna's glance at it was of the briefest, yet not so brief as to leave her unmoved; her shoulders jerked with the shiver that a dulled old pain suddenly recalled to life may bring, and she hurried on toward the distant angular outline of Pelter's.

River Road was noisy with the insistent signals of the flashing cars, and the sidewalk crowded, here and there, with pedestrians going to and from Great Point; but Edna met only one person whom she had known. This was a short plump girl of her own age pushing a baby carriage before her, and Edna recognized her at a little distance as Nina Grier. Nina, for her own part, showed no sign whatever of any answering recognition. Instead, after one glance at the tall girl in black coming toward her, she looked away with the same stolid and veiling frigidity exhibited by Henry Marsh in the motorbus, for, like him, Nina instantly classified this former schoolmate with those invaders who were most bearable when most ignored.

This silent encounter, not wholly emotionless upon one side, took place within a dozen yards of Pelter's, and Edna was already astonished by the changed appearance of the old building; it seemed not the less scarecrow and ramshackle—perhaps all the more so—for its fresh coat of white paint and newly shingled roof, and, when she stepped into the wooden front yard, the planks were firmer beneath her feet than ever she had known them; new piling must have reënforced the platform. "Gracious!" she whispered, and walked slowly round the house to the back porch.

Pelter, with his feet in rubber boots upon the rail and the dog beside him, was taking his ease in the same old insecure, cane-seated rocking-chair, smoking and contemplating the river. All was as if she had never left him or gone away from Mirthful Haven. As she appeared, he glanced toward her inquiringly; the inquiry in his eyes held place there for some seconds, but changed to a faint surprise as she continued to stand and look at him without mentioning the errand that had brought her; then suddenly he frowned incredulously and stared hard.

"My Godfrey Mighty!" he said in a low voice, rose, and went toward her slowly. "If it ain't Edna!"

"Why, yes," she murmured. "Didn't—didn't you know me?"

Long Harry took her hand limply in his own for a short moment. "Fer goodness' sake, don't cry!" he said.

"No, no. I—I won't cry."

He stepped back from her, looking at her. "Guess maybe you better set down, Edna."

"If you want me to," she said huskily, and seated herself upon a wooden stool at a little distance from the rocking-chair. "I'd like to do whatever you—you want me to."

"Well, guess you always did." The admission seemed to cause him some embarrassment; he coughed, returned to his chair and sat looking not at her but out at the harbor, which was broadening with the incoming tide. "Guess maybe you might be a little tired after so much travelin'." He coughed again and solicitously cleared his pipe of ashes. "Have a trunk or somethin' on the train with you?"

"Yes; it'll come over on a truck this evening."

There was a pause during which Long Harry continued to occupy himself with his pipe. "Well ——" he said, after a time. "Too bad 'bout your step-grandmother—good woman, too, she was. Guess you miss her."

"Yes."

"Naturally." He gave his daughter a quick sidelong glance. "Guess it might 'a' been kind o' laborious fer you bein' with her while she was lingerin' so long. Little bit peakid, ain't you?"

"No. I'm—I'm well."

"Lost your color, though," he observed. "Used to have a good high color all the time before you left here. Studied too much, maybe?"

"Yes, maybe."

"Step-grandmother request you to wear mournin' fer her, did she?"

"No, this is just the dress I had for the funeral. I thought it would do to—to travel in. She didn't want me to grieve for her, she said."

"No, she wouldn't. Always was a good woman, and sensible, too. Good, kind, sensible woman. Guess maybe, though, she wouldn't 'a' liked ——" He paused for a moment, then added, "Should 'a' thought she might 'a' made you promise not to come back to Mirthful Haven."

"No, she never spoke of it to me," Edna said, and her voice grew firmer. "I think she always knew I wouldn't have promised that."

"Well ——" He gave her another sidelong glance and a hint of his dry, lopsided smile. "Well, you've changed pretty near as much as a body could, I guess—don't know as it's unbecomin'. Some changes around here, too, you'll find."

"Yes, I saw. You've had the house painted and the roof ——"

"Yep. Thought 'twas 'bout time to houseclean a little inside, too. Hired Orrin Smith's wife and a Portagee woman, and they made a big stew over it fer more 'n a week. Fumigatin', too. Don't believe there's a spider or any other bug in the place. Fixed up your room a little fer you, too. Don't know as you'll like it."

"Oh, but I will!" Tears came again upon her lashes; but she sprang up, went to the open, wide doorway and looked in. The old brown room was almost neat, for, although it still contained the greater part of its ancient maritime rubbish, it had been swept and scrubbed.

The cobwebs were gone; so was the box of tin cans; the old magazines were in orderly stacks upon new shelves, and in the space left vacant by the launching of the boat there stood a shining mahogany table with a new easy-chair, upholstered in blue plush, at each end of it.

"Got that table and them chairs some little time ago as more or less kind of a present to myself," Long Harry explained, glancing over his shoulder. "Look kind o' funny with everything else all so plain, I guess."

"No, they don't; they're lovely. But I'm afraid ——"

"Afraid o' what?"

She turned back to him, and he immediately looked away from her, facing the river again. "Everything was all right for me just the way it used to be," she said. "I didn't want you to feel there need be any expense ——"

"Guess you needn't worry 'bout that!"

"I would if my coming home made any more—any more burden upon you," she said. "Captain Embury wrote me what a hard time you had under that boycott. He told me more about it than you did. He said he admired the way you held your head up and laughed at the people who were trying to ruin you. Well, you see, I—I ——"

"Never mind! Guess they done everything they could; but they haven't got Pelter's—yet!"

"No, and I mustn't make it harder for you to keep it," she went on, with more confidence. "There's something I want to tell you about that. You see, grandmother did what she thought was the best thing for me in giving me an education; but I'm afraid it was the kind that a fashionable girl needs more than I do. I think she'd expected to live longer than she did and see me through a year or two more of special courses that might have given me a place as a teacher at Miss Branch's; but as it turns out, I'm really not fitted to do anything useful—hardly any better off in that way than I was when I left here. She gave me everything she could and there was a little money left over after everything was settled. It's mine, and maybe it would—maybe it would ——"

"Maybe it would what?"

Edna sat down again upon the stool and fumbled within the small leather bag she carried, bending low over it. "It's here—it's only about four hundred dollars—I thought it might help. I thought—I thought if you'd take it ——"

"Me?" He frowned, staring at her, then laughed. "Where'd you git the idea they got me down that bad?"

"But if the boycott ——"

"Oh, they tried it!" he said. "Them Cornings and Gordons never let up, and fer a while it looked 'sif they'd pretty near got me. Certain'y had my livin' jest 'bout took away from me; but I guess you remember what I used to say 'bout Pelters bein' able to look after themselves. They had me pushed to the wall, all right, but I'm still here, and if you'll take a look down the habbuh you'll see they haven't got their yacht club yet and are still goin' out to their boats from that old gov'ment wharf. When a Pelter can't make a livin' one way, he will another; that's an old sayin' in the family, Edna."

"Yes, I know, but if you'd just take this ——"

"Listen!" he said, with a little sharpness. "I ain't bad off fer money. Got more'n I ever had—maybe more'n I ever expected to have—anyways laid by at one time."

"It's that business?" she asked timidly. "The business with Antoine Charette? You mentioned it in one of your letters, and Captain Embury wrote me ——"

"He did?" Long Harry interrupted quickly. "What'd he say 'bout it?"

"He just mentioned it. He said he thought you'd have done pretty well at fishing and taking parties out, especially since you finished the boat, if they had let you alone; but he understood you'd had to go into something else, and I mustn't worry about you."

Pelter nodded. "He was right, because I told him myself I was makin' a good profit these days. Anton's got a nice little restaurant back off the New Yarmouth road, and he likes to serve lobsters that are maybe a mite shorter 'n the warden would call a full nine inches. Anton ships a few barrels o' the shorts, too, now and then, to customers he's got in the city."

"But aren't the wardens pretty watchful?" she asked anxiously. "Mightn't they find out?"

"Might if they could!" he said, with a short laugh. "Got my buoys in six fathom' 'way off on the outer reef; run my shorts in after dark and deliver 'em to Anton up river couple o' mile' above the bridge. Guess I might be out fairly late some nights; but don't you worry, no warden'll ever lay a hand on me. Pretty fair engine in that boat, Edna; I'll take you out tomorrow and show you."

"Will you?" she said, and smiled quickly, looking out at the long, slim, gray boat moored in the channel, a few yards beyond the floats. "I think I'll begin to feel I'm really at home again, maybe, if I can get into a boat—especially that one."

(Continued on Page 95)

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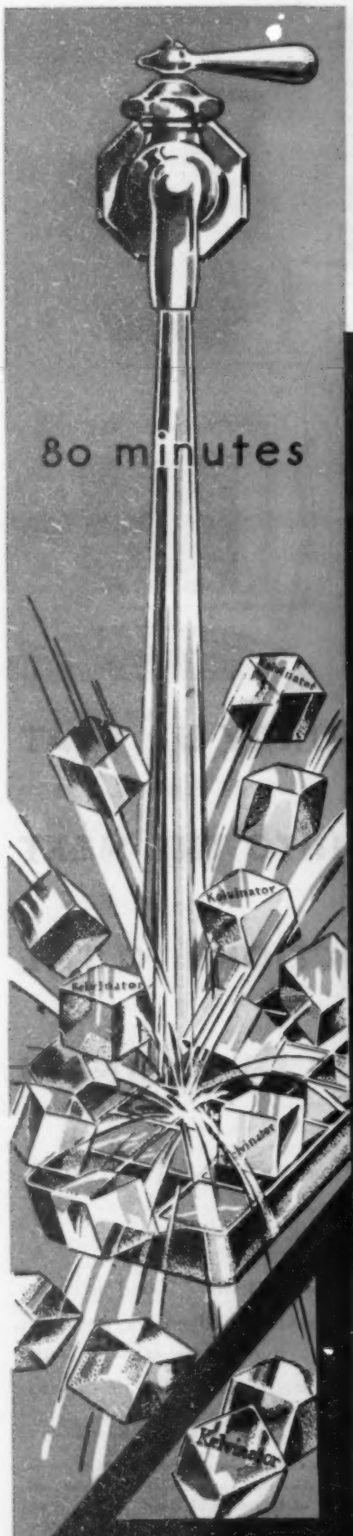

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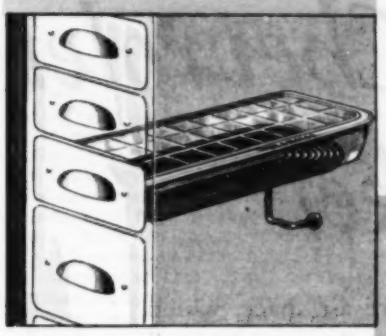

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City	Freezing Time	City	Freezing Time	City	Freezing Time
Birmingham, Ala.	70 min.	Cedar Rapids, Ia.	85 min.	Omaha, Neb.	83 min.
Little Rock, Ark.	59 min.	Wichita, Kan.	75 min.	Las Vegas, Nev.	73 min.
Phoenix, Ariz.	74 min.	Louisville, Ky.	80 min.	Akron, Ohio	69 min.
Los Angeles, Cal.	65 min.	New Orleans, La.	90 min.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	63 min.
New Haven, Conn.	80 min.	Billings, Mont.	90 min.	Portland, Ore.	80 min.
Denver, Colo.	69 min.	Minneapolis, Minn.	155 min.	Pittsburgh, Penn.	70 min.
Asheboro, N. C.	56 min.	Hagerstown, Md.	80 min.	Providence, R. I.	79 min.
Columbia, S. C.	62 min.	Detroit, Mich.	65 min.	Beaumont, Tex.	75 min.
Washington, D. C.	80 min.	Portland, Me.	75 min.	Knoxville, Tenn.	70 min.
Fargo, N. D.	77 min.	Clarksdale, Miss.	75 min.	Provo, Utah	120 min.
Huron, S. D.	86 min.	Boston, Mass.	89 min.	Burlington, Vt.	120 min.
Wilmington, Del.	65 min.	Kansas City, Mo.	88 min.	Charlottesville, Va.	90 min.
Jacksonville, Fla.	70 min.	New York City	60 min.	Charleston, W. Va.	79 min.
Atlanta, Ga.	90 min.	Bridgeton, N. J.	45 min.	Seattle, Wash.	88 min.
Boise, Ida.	87 min.	Manchester, N. H.	86 min.	Milwaukee, Wis.	91 min.
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(Continued from Page 90)

"She's able," Pelter returned, pride in his eyes. "Guess maybe she's 'bout the ablest private boat in these waters, takin' her speed into account. She's a mite faster 'n any o' them pleasure boats off gov'ment wharf down yonder."

Edna's glance followed his and remained for a time upon the water near the harbor mouth.

Motorboats, moored there, glistened with polished brass or bright nickel; two white schooner yachts rested elegantly at ease; and, a moment after Edna and her father had turned to look, a little squadron of small racing sloops, the white of their neat sails mellowed with pale rose from the brilliant west, rounded the breakwater and came daintily up the harbor to their anchorages.

"Handsome, ain't it?" Pelter said. "Guess you wouldn't see no sight like this way out there in New Jersey."

"No," she returned thoughtfully, but kept her eyes upon the harbor mouth, where a large and powerful-looking, dark-gray motorboat had just made its appearance, following the racers in from the sea. It passed them, however, and came on, moving up the harbor almost silently and yet swiftly. A slim gun was mounted upon its forward deck, and two or three men, standing near the gun, looked down with apparent interest at Pelter's boat as their own heavier and higher craft passed close to it. "What is that?" Edna asked uneasily. "What is that boat? It isn't the warden's ——"

"Warden's!" Pelter echoed, and he laughed aloud. "Godfrey, no! Warden's boat is jest the same old wet tub you'd remember well enough soon's you saw it again. Warden's boat's up New Yarmouth River right now; everybody always knows where it is and passes the word where it's likely to be next."

"Then what is that boat there?"

"That one?" As if to make sure of the identity of the powerful boat moving upstream, Pelter looked at it, shielding his eyes from the slanting western sunshine. "Oh, that," he said carelessly. "Guess it's one o' them rev'nue-depa'tment outfits—patrol boat, likely—what they call a rum-chaser. Runs in sometimes and lays overnight at one o' the wharves up t' the village." He lowered his shielding hand and turned to look whimsically at his daughter. "Don't git fretted 'bout no warden's boat. Nobody's never laid a hand on me yet as long as I've lived—not in that way—and nobody never will." He stretched himself lazily, as a prelude to changing the subject. "Well, guess Prince must be gittin' maybe a little over middle-aged; seems like he'd fergot you, or maybe he's jest waitin' fer you to say howdy-do to him first. Think maybe he feels it's owed to him fer you to make a little fuss over him, Edna?"

He laughed as he spoke, indulgently amused by the dog's supposed vanity in the precedence of greetings, and Edna tried to laugh in response as she rose and stooped to pat Prince's head.

"Yes, I—I—he's a good old ——" she said incoherently; but was unable to go on. Something in her father's quizzical geniality, as he spoke of the dog, had released too much emotion within her, and her voice failed her. She choked, and, in spite of herself, tears fell upon the dog's head as she stroked it; but she controlled herself enough to murmur, "I'll go look at my room; then I'll get your supper."

"My Godfrey!" Pelter said, genuinely startled. "You don't mean you ain't fergot how?"

"I—I haven't forgotten anything," she whispered brokenly, made bold to touch his shoulder with a swift, light hand, and hurried into the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NO HORSES, NO BEGGARS

(Continued from Page 17)

will. Dad's just plain Augustus Mankeltow. . . . He wouldn't have done this by himself. She bullied him into it. Well, she's got a car. And Step Bissel has some silk pajamas."

"He needs a job," said pop, "an' not any silk duds."

"Doesn't know what a job is. Started to paper the hall last winter. You should have seen it! He can spend money, when he gets some out of father. He might amount to somethin'. He's no fool. You see the hole I'm in."

Lupus saw nothing at all. He missed his wife, who could delicately tell him what people meant, right in front of them. He hoped Red would get home on time this afternoon. She might untangle all this. Besides, he hadn't been kissed under his left ear in a week now. He missed Mary extremely. But he made nothing of all this. August Mankeltow had signed a receipt or something, when he shouldn't have, or something, and young Step Bissel had some silk pajamas. Step was older than this kid and Carolus. Twenty-three or four. Well, so he had some silk pajamas.

"You can't go to law about it, Gus," said pop.

"No! I'm willin' to give father half—half of each installment. They pay four installments. I'd like to know he's comfortable. But I want to get to Cambridge and get started learnin' some things. I can have tutors and all that. If he'll give me ten thousand dollars, he can keep the rest."

"She left you eighty thousand, boy?"

"Yes, sir, just. But I can't have—have public trouble with my father, can I?"

"Naw," said Lupus, because the kid looked at him. "'Course not, Gus."

"Of course not," Gus repeated, admiring him. "And it's fair letting him have half?"

"That's square," Lupus said. "August's your dad. You want to be white to him."

"That's what I thought you'd think."

Lupus buried a cigarette in the green pulp of a melon. The kid smiled at him. Everybody knew that Lupus Van Eck was dumb, but this wise kid had picked him for some kind of model. Something ought to be done about it, for it was dazing and awful to be admired when he had no notion of what it was all about. But he had to do something. Something was expected of him. Lupus hitched his belt a hole tighter around his lean middle and remembered a businesslike phrase he had heard salesmen use.

"Now, just how do you want this handled, Gus?"

"I just want father to give me a check for ten thousand."

"I see," said Lupus, grinning emptily. "Yeh, ten thousand."

Mr. Van Eck said lazily, "You're leavin' plenty of hosses for the beggars to ride, boy. Tell me a thing, Gus: Is it true young Step Bissel was in jail some place last summer?"

"Don't know where he was. Had a row with father and went off in May. He tramped home in October. Wouldn't say where he was. Maybe his mother knows. Step an' I," Gus reported, with his first chuckle, "don't speak to each other, anyhow. Only one of those kids I get on with is Jim—the lame one. He weeds the garden an' does work. Nice boy. . . . I want father to have half this money, so they can be a little more comfortable."

"Better git it all back, sonny, an' dole it out to him so much the week. Your great-grandfather made money, your grandpa started spendin' it an' your dad's finished the job. Git it all back, boy. No hosses, no beggars. . . . Lupus son, git up to Mankeltow's and tell him least said's soonest mended. Tell him to write Gus a check for the balance—all he has left. Git along fast. Mrs. Mankeltow may be spendin' more this minute."

His cream horse, Bohunkus, was very comfortable under Lupus, and the brilliant morning cheered him up. Late August always brought a smell out of hedges and brushwood in the valley. He rode placidly toward Rangerville and forgot about thinking when he saw a drab truck drawn up at the road's edge, with two fellows in olive cloth fixing a tire. Crossed cannon and a number on the truck pleased him no end. It was certainly nice to be Sergeant Lupus Van Eck again for a minute in memory. He stopped Bohunkus with a movement of both knees and talked to the young artillerymen about their newfangled uniforms and the lousy road they had used for a short cut down from Berthon.

"What's the big dump we just come by, with those little houses out on the road in front?"

"Aw, 'at's the old Mankeltow place. August Mankeltow fixed up those cottages on the road for rent. They used to be millionaires," said Lupus. "Dirt poor now."

He rode on. Had to show himself businesslike in this business. But it was tough to have to think, with so much sun on his amber neck and his blue shirt filling with hot breeze. He trotted Bohunkus past the cemetery and pieced things together: Well, some woman had died and left money to young Gus, and August Mankeltow had swiped the money. That was the truth in the matter. He did not know how he would make August give up this money. The more he thought about Mankeltow, the less he could see him. The limp man must be fifty. Yes, he was all of fifty. They had compared ages once.

"He was just ten years older'n me then. Where was 'at? . . . The kids was there. . . . Aw, yeh! Doctor's office. The kids had to be vaccinated," Lupus mumbled, staring ahead to the left.

It oughtn't to be hard for a man of forty, in excellent condition, to talk business to a skinny piece of goods like Mankeltow, if that fat woman would keep out of the room. And young Step Bissel looked a handful. He knew something about Mrs. Mankeltow's first-born. The fellow had a name, in Couveris, even when he was a kid, for using his fists too liberally. Something funny about him. He said smart things, but he never worked. He never came to dances but there always seemed to be a girl or two quarreling over him. He sat around on corners and smoked cigarettes. Lupus hoped the tall young man wouldn't be there.

Five cheap cottages appeared on the turn of the road into the village of Rangerville. It was known that Mankeltow lived on the rent of these places, reared on the front of his land. Lupus turned into a raddled, weedy driveway between two little yards and was cooled by trees which mixed their leaves in a real tunnel. This was the famous alley planted by Augustus Frederick Mankeltow, before pop was born—way before that—before Rangerville had a name on the map of the county. Lupus drew aside and grinned at one of the Keefe boys and red-headed Cory Potter, in the red Potter car. The youths were taking Florella and Minnie Bissel some place. Pretty girls enough, in their dark fashion. Carolus said they were stupid and kind of rude. Their clothes looked new.

At the end of the driveway, Lupus cheered up in sunlight and looked across a round plot of shaggy lawn at the monstrous house. It confronted him in a dazzle of windows and white stone pillars from the same quarry as the limestone columns, which his wife said were Doric, down at home. The Van Eck house and stables were all of decent red brick. This yellow brick splotched with peeling green paint, and the high slope of the mansard roof, struck Lupus as mighty ugly. Maybe it was true that people forgot how to build good houses after 1800. His

(Continued on Page 97)

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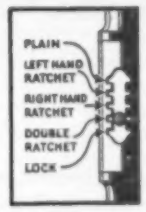

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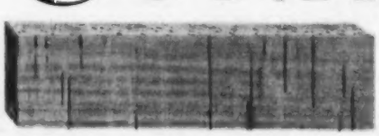

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(Continued from Page 95)

wife and son said so. 'Not all the money on God's earth had given the first Mankeltow a handsome house. Ten massive steps rose from the driveway to the porch. Lupus rode slowly around the circle, frowning at terraced lawns and the shattered dome of a conservatory, and the one neat stretch of garden, where a thin boy in a straw hat stood watching him. That must be young Jim, the nice Bissel kid. Lupus nodded, and the boy nodded back.

"That's a good-lookin' horse," said Stepney Bissel.

"Ought to be. He's Starlight's brother," Lupus drawled.

It was fine to have Van Eck nerves and not to jump when you were surprised. Young Bissel leaned on a pillar at the top of the steps, in blue pajamas that lightly fluttered and shimmered, so thin was the stuff masking his body. He leaned there, with a cup in one hand and his ankles crossed. Lupus thought simply that he looked indecent. Why was that? Carolus doing his exercises up on the balcony, just now, without a stitch on, looked all right. This whelp's jacket was buttoned to the throat, but he seemed to be improper. He looked like a hired man done up in blue silk—that was the trouble. He ought to be weeding the garden in overalls, or grooming a horse. He was like a lot of them at the camps when they'd been discharged, in 1919, and turned cheap in civilian dress, all of a sudden. His curly black hair and his rosy face hadn't been washed this morning. He had no slippers on his shapely big feet.

"Starlight's the prize mare?"

"Yeh. Is your—is Mankeltow 'round?"

"Guess so."

Lupus dismounted and came up the steps. Stepney Bissel now sat down on the hot stone and threw the rest of his coffee over the handrail. His jacket tightened on his shoulders, doing this, and for a second the blue silk turned pink. Lupus paused on a ruinous doormat and stared at the young giant's back. The doors were open before him, but that imposing acre of muscle entertained him. This kid was like his dead father—the strongest man in the county, people said. Silk tightened when he breathed. When he stooped forward, studying Bohunkus, the flimsy stuff fitted to the muscles again, and Lupus somehow wanted to sting him one with a flat hand on those lazy shoulders. It was tempting. Van Ecks made no noise on their feet. He could get over to the cub before Step heard him and slam his hand down, there, on that birthmark or whatever it was under the silk. Or whatever was that?

Curiosity possessed Lupus. High on the youngster's left shoulder rode this odd scar or circular mark of some kind. He edged from the doormat and was within six feet; then within four feet; then within a yard. Bohunkus snorted at a robin on the driveway, and Stepney yawned in answer to the sound. The silk became a blue film on the muscles. Lupus saw a wreath and crossed cannon and a number. Then he was inside the house, before Step's head fully turned. He stood on a checkerboard of black and white marbles and received Stepney's stare through the doorway.

"He's likely back in the library, Van Eck."

"Back along this hall here?"

"Yeh."

"Thanks," said Lupus.

Stepney looked away again. Lupus scoured an ear with a fist. No, he had never heard of this kid being in the Army. But he had the numeral of an artillery regiment tattooed on his shoulder. That was funny—very funny. There was some talk, this morning, wasn't there, about Step being gone all last summer? Yes, pop had asked Gus about that. Lupus walked two yards and peeped through a gigantic doorway into a sunny room. He drew back his head sharply, because Mrs. Mankeltow reposed there on a gilded couch, with her mouth open. But he looked in again, still thinking of Step's shoulder, and considered Step's mother in a welter of pink silk robes on that couch adorned with those thingamajig heads people used to stick on furniture—gryphon was the name of the animal—a cross between a parrot and a fox. She was certainly sound asleep. She billowed in long breaths. Lupus walked on.

If Step had enlisted in the Army last summer, how in time did he get out so fast? A fellow didn't have all that tattooing done just for fun. It would be interesting to know. . . . Here was another door. Yes, and this was a library. Books rose to the ceiling in layers, sagging against each other in cases of black wood. It was awesome. His wife and Carolus would be at home in here, but books depressed Lupus. They were always solemn things to him, although he had read The Three Musketeers a dozen times. There was a lot of fighting and riding in that. He wondered if there was a copy of it in here, and let his spur clatter on the doorsill to make Mankeltow look up from a low table.

"Oh! Good morning, Injun."

"Mornin', August," said Lupus.

This limp person without a coat, on the other side of the marble-topped table, had been fooling with a green check. It lay on the spotted yellow stone, torn from a check book. Lupus watched the hot breeze blow it six inches. Only this breeze swept from the fields and trees through enormous windows, and the smell of wild rose came into the grand house so that Lupus had to grin with pleasure.

"It's a swell day, ain't it?"

"Is it? I've not been out."

His weak, sweet voice went up and was lost in the room's height. Lupus began to be sorry for him, right there. He must sit around here, lots, and worry, and listen to his stepchildren's common voices, or talk to Gus a little. He had no horses in his stable, nothing to do. He existed remotely in this decay, and people never talked about him. He just wasn't anybody.

"How dark you are, Injun. There's really some Indian blood in your family, isn't there?"

"Sure. The fella that was in the Rev'lution had him an Iroquois woman. Really married her too. It's in the old Bible down at the house."

"The Van Ecks have always been gentlemen," said Mankeltow, and smiled.

Lupus walked away from the smile and stared at some books in a shelf. And there, immediately, was The Three Musketeers, right in front of him. He took it down carefully from the polished ledge. It was just like the one at home, with little clear pictures in color scattered nicely on the pages. Here was D'Artagnan on the yellow horse; and there was the Cardinal who looked so much like pop, with his long face and his fine thin nose; and there was Milady, waving her dagger at the kid, with the gown ripped off her shoulder, where the scarlet brand showed.

"Injun?"

"Yeh?"

"My boy took all his clothes and books down to your place this morning. I—I haven't played fair with him. Will you take him this, and tell him you didn't have to ask me for it? That's what you came here about, I know. And tell him the check was written before you got here."

Lupus put the book back in the shelf carefully and went to pick up the check. The First National Bank of Couveris, New York, was ordered to pay Augustus F. Mankeltow the sum of $14,863. He folded the paper and put it in his pocket.

"Gus says all he wants is ten thousand, August."

"I've paid my taxes and bought a car, and they've all had something out of it. Enough out of it! You—do what you can for me, Injun. He admires you so. People do."

"Aw!"

"They do. You can make him come and see me. He knows how we live here—what a temptation it was. I'm making excuses. There isn't any excuse. He's had an awful life here, with Mrs. Mankeltow's children. They're not—his equals."

(Continued on Page 99)

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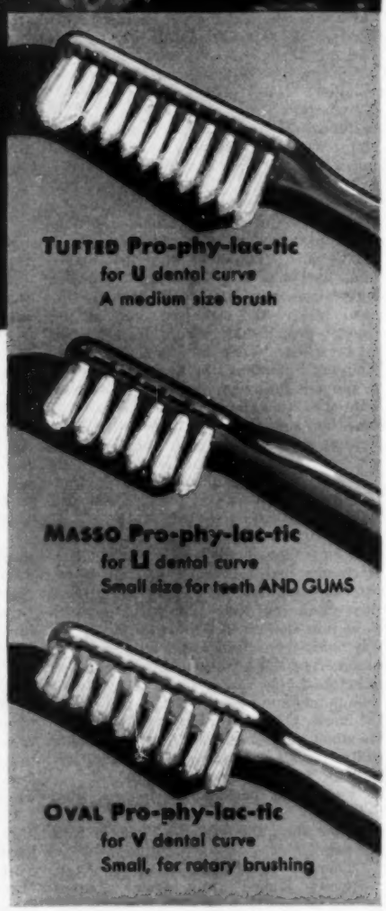

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(Continued from Page 97)

"He likes Jim, August."

"But Jim's—just a kid. Gus had better go away. Advise him to do that, Injun. Tell him to clear out. He might —— I'm talking to Mr. Van Eck, Stepney!"

Lupus turned slowly on a heel and faced the doorway. It must be ten or eleven feet high, and five feet wide, but Step seemed to fill most of it. Lupus thought, "I'm six feet. He can't be more'n six-foot-two. But he's built heavy," and watched Step's toes moving on the tiles.

"This is a private conversation, Step!"

Mankeltow's voice was thin and shrill. He was scared, already, just because this big cub stood looking at him. An anger spurted up in Lupus. He rubbed an ear and ground a heel on smooth marble. This young buck in blue silk stared into the room, and it was hard to tell where he was looking.

"Give him that check back, Van Eck."

"Step!" said Mankeltow.

"Shut your mouth, you fool. . . . Give him that check back, Van Eck."

"You," said Lupus, "mind your own business, Bissel. This check's in my pants an' it goes straight to Gus."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh," Lupus said. "An' clear out, fella. I'm talkin' to Mankeltow."

"Yeh? Well, I'm talkin' to you, Van Eck. If you take that check to Gus, you can tell Gus his father's gonna be in jail pronto! He copied Gus' signature on those receipts an' stuff. That's forgery. Mamma ain't got sense enough to know it, but he did it. She told me he wrote Augustus F. Mankeltow on those forms and stuff the lawyers sent up."

"I did not forge—I did not copy Gus' signature. I just wrote Augustus F.!"

"Just as good. You've got money under false pretenses. Tell Gus if he takes that check, his dad'll be in jail. No, let him take it. Tell him to take it an' fetch me back five grand—five thousand. That'll shut me up. Tell him to fetch me five thousand bucks this afternoon. Got that straight, Van Eck? Five thousand before retreat—before this evening—or I'll get down to the police station an' spill the news. Mr. Mankeltow'll be sittin' pretty in jail unless I get ——"

"Step!"

"I'm not foolin' neither. Had enough of this lousy joint. Five thousand, Van Eck. Let him get that in his head. He's so stinkin' superior to us!"

"He is!" said Mankeltow. "He's a good boy! He's got grandfather's brains. He's—he amounts to something! He'll be somebody. . . . You confounded loafer! You—you tramp! Who are you? You went off to be a cowboy in Texas and tramped home."

Lupus wished himself in Texas, back in the Army, in the artillery barracks at San Antonio or down the hot border. A horror took him.

They were almost father and son, and they stood here sputtering at each other across the stone table. If he could make them shut up, talk of something else a minute, just be human.

"What part of Texas were you workin' in, Step?"

"What do you care?"

"I don't," said Lupus simply, "I was tryin' to change the conversation." His throat had become hot. He coughed and went on: "You an' your sisters an' brother have been livin' on Mankeltow for ten to twelve years. But you got the nerve to speak to him like that."

"What's it to you, Van Eck?"

"Not a thing," Lupus said, "if it's nothin' to you. You're twenty-three or four. Nobody ever heard of you doin' a stroke of work around anywhere. The Bissels are big eaters. Pop saw your grandfather eat four apple pies on a bet, in 1880. You folks live on Mankeltow an' eat him up, and you have the gall to talk to him like that. You better get back in the Army an' get drilled some. A hard-boiled lieutenant'd do you a heap of good. I'll tell Gus what you say. Only you ought to bite your tongue out because you said it, you big tramp!"

As he said this, he knew that he wanted to have a fight with Stepney, which was a silly thing for a man forty years old, with three children, to be wanting. But a red margin appeared all around the body in the doorway. His tongue was dry. Since nothing happened, Lupus counted ten and walked toward Stepney. The big buck stood aside and left him free to tramp down the marble plates toward the door. At least he would be out of this calamitous house without hearing Mrs. Mankeltow's loud voice asking for his wife—who didn't call on her—or suggesting that Carolus drop up to see Florella and Minnie. She still billowed peacefully on the gilded couch. Nothing had changed outside the place except that the clubfooted Jim was mowing the circular plot with the machine. It was a brand-new lawn mower. Lupus mounted and looked at the twinkling instrument with a definite pleasure.

"How's 'at work, kid?"

"Oh, slick! It's just new," the boy said, in the creaking voice of fourteen. "Not so heavy either."

Bohunkus strolled over to the grass plot in his patrician manner, pretending that he didn't want to look at this red-and-silver rattling thing. Jim Bissel stared up at Lupus with dark eyes. He was something like his father, who had died—Lupus remembered—just before this kid was born.

"You must be fourteen, sonny."

"Fifteen in November, sir."

"Go on! Time does fly," said Lupus. "Gee! This is 1929. It's gettin' to be a long time since 1889. I'm so old I'll be droppin' to pieces any minute."

Jim laughed. His voice went childish and echoed in soprano down from the portentous house. Some of it seemed to get loose and float back from the roadway in a clear squeal of music. It was like a bugle. Then the clear wail came again, when the boy's mouth was closed, and Lupus knew it was a bugle. Yes, and down there, beyond the tunnel of trees, the batteries were going past in the sunlight.

"Looky there, kid!"

They looked. A guidon flared scarlet. An officer or a sergeant came riding back against the line of march and beckoned someone. Lupus found himself sitting up straight with a hand on his hip to watch all this, and counting the guns and horses.

"'At's two batteries. Guess 'at's all. They got it easy, up here. You'd ought to've seen us comin' in from drill on a hot day in Texas. Dust! It'd fill any holes you had in your teeth. . . . Hey, when was Step in the artillery?"

"Step?"

"Yes, your brother."

"Why," said the youngest Bissel, "Step's never been in the Army, Mr. Van Eck. Too lazy."

Lupus rubbed an ear. After a while he asked, "Ain't he been in the service, Jimmy?"

"No. He's never been anywhere. Went down to New York last spring to get a job an' then he went to Texas. But he didn't like it. He came back."

"Oh—stay still, Bohunkus—I forgot to tell Mankeltow somethin'," said Lupus, with his mind in barracks at San Antonio. "We'll go home in a minute, boy."

As he came down the hall, Mrs. Mankeltow was still asleep. But Mankeltow was furiously talking in the great library. Lupus checked his movement, glad to be noiseless.

"—— I have some excuse! The taxes had to be paid and the girls did need some ——"

"What are you tellin' me for?"

"But what you're doing is simply infamous, Stepney!"

"Oh, read a book," said Stepney. "I'm sick of all this."

"If Gus gives you anything, you'll just have another party in New York and walk home! You ——"

"I'm sick of all this," Stepney said again. "But give me credit. I told mamma an' you that this wouldn't work. Gus is too smart. You're in a jam now. Van Eck'll tell his red-headed wife, an' she'll tell all the highbrow dames in Couveris. She's so damn superior she ——"

Lupus swung through the doorway and swung his palm on the blue-silk back. The slap sounded with an amazing report, and a red print glowed through the fabric before Stepney turned.

"Your dad was a second-rate carpenter an' your mamma's father was a hired man on our place. Keep your tongue off my wife, fella! I come back to say that I'm not tellin' Gus you want nothin'. You won't say a thing! An' you know why, fella! . . . Looky here, August, what your—your prize package was workin' at down in Texas!"

The silk ripped in a long, sneering noise. The tattoo and the number of the regiment broke into sunlight. Stepney leaped backward and rocked a heavy chair as he jarred it.

"Where's your discharge papers, recruit? You was in Texas last summer! They don't enlist kids in the Army for three months, fella! Where's your discharge, rookie?"

"Stepney," said Mankeltow, "is that true?"

"Of course it's true," Lupus coughed. "Look at the big tramp! Enlisted in New York 'cause he was broke, an' deserted in Texas 'cause he ain't man enough to stand some drill! I claim the Army's well rid of you, fella! But that's all of you, boy! Get a job an' do some work around here. Go an' cut the grass out front!"

He walked into the hall. That would keep Stepney humble for a while. Wouldn't be any more talk out of him. He was shut up. Lupus hunted a cigarette and wondered why he hadn't seen the whole thing before. It was a shame to be so dull. And Step had said "pronto" just now. That was Army talk.

The big ape had been in the service long enough to pick up some slang and to get tattooed on his shoulder. He ——

"Lupus!" Mankeltow yelled.

Lupus threw himself back against the wall below the stairs and the fist whirled past him. After that he was caught in a revolving wheel which had a curiously noiseless motion. He rose from the floor and turned over several times. There was no counting anything when he was tangled up in all these arms and silks, and Stepney was rudely trying to bite his shoulder. A pink substance near him began to let out bleating sounds. Everything was general and rapid, and Lupus drove in his right fist on Stepney's ear three times before the world got steady and the body receded a few feet. As it came back, Mrs. Mankeltow screamed and Lupus straightened an arm against that jaw. A jolt ran neatly down his back and through the calf of his right leg into the ankle.

"Don't you hit that boy again!"

"Look here, ma'am," said Lupus, considering the giant sprawled on the marble. "I'm forty, an' he's bigger'n I am. An' who started this?"

"I don't care who started it! Don't you hit him again! You think I'm going to stand by and see a child of mine abused like that?"

Lupus rubbed his ear and looked at Mrs. Mankeltow. She was what Mankeltow deserved for not marrying a lady. There didn't seem to be any answer to her question. Meanwhile her son was getting up. If her son got hold of him in those arms again, it would be pretty bad. Once was enough. Lupus stepped forward twice and straightened his right arm against Step's jaw once more.

"You big brute!"

Only this time it did not work so well, and then everything was very bad while Lupus flicked his head and danced to and fro, the light in his eyes and Step's shoulders always coming at him. Once the boy's hand came tearing down his chest. Lupus wondered if he would have to explain those scratches to Mary this evening.

"Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" said Mankeltow.

But it did not stop. Step was surely panting. Not enough exercise, Lupus thought,

(Continued on Page 102)

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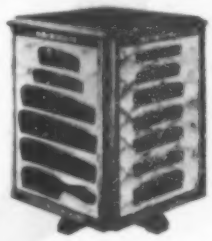

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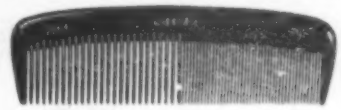

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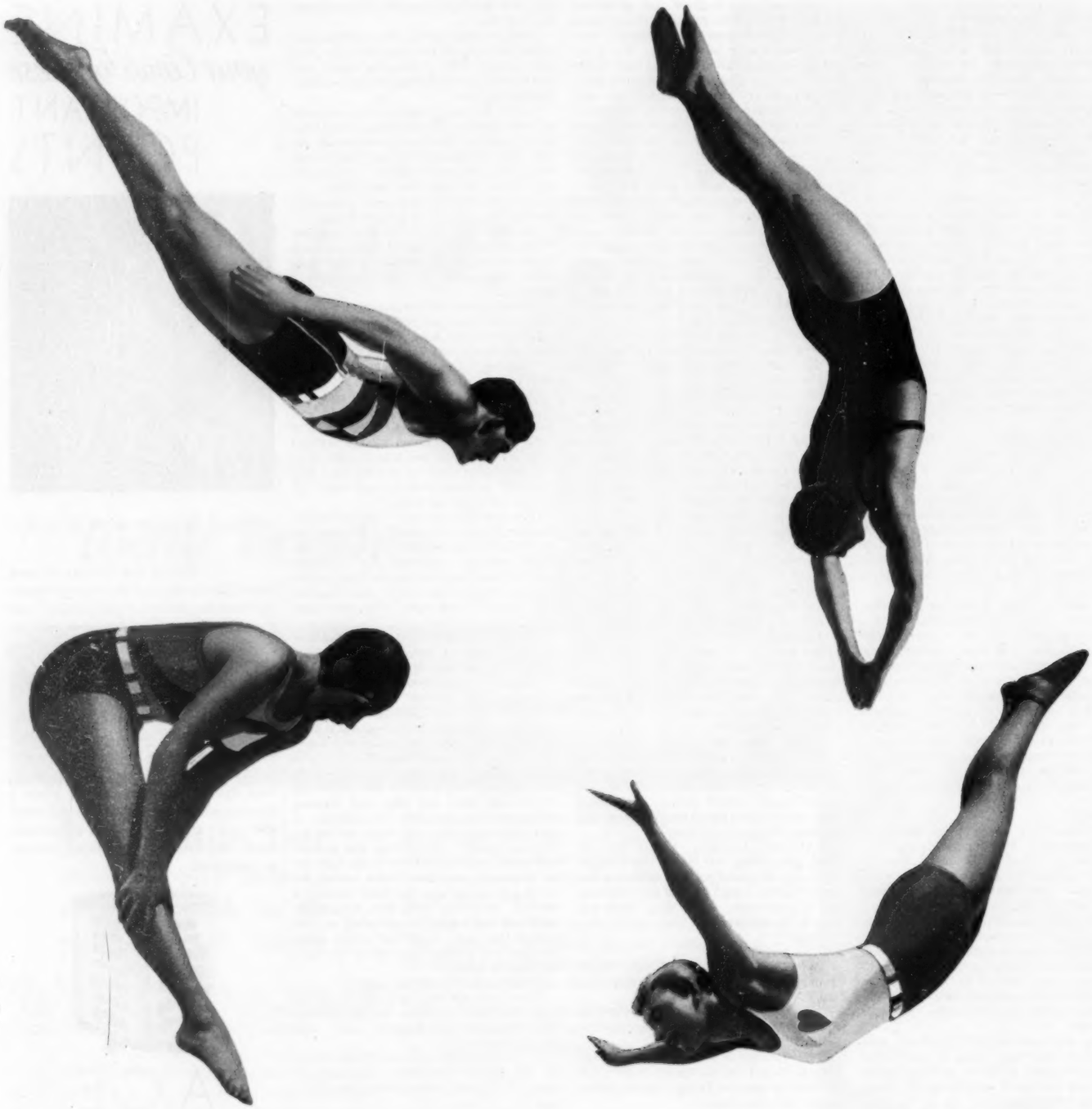

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(Continued from Page 99)

and his blows were not at all fast. But they were blows! There was something pretty awful about him, with blood on his mouth and his eyes empty. He came back and he came back for more of it. Lupus shook free from two clinches and brought his left hand against the slippery jaw. And now the light was behind him, and the woman's pink robe was behind her son.

Lupus ducked something ferocious and his shoulder touched the newel of the big handrail. And then he was around the newel and up five steps.

"That's right!" said the boy Jim. "That's fine! Now you could kick him if he comes up, Mr. Van Eck! That's what Gus did once!"

"'At's what I'll do! . . . Listen, you big fool! 'S the good of this? Come up here," Lupus gulped, "an' I'll kick you outdoors!"

Stepney swayed on the lowest tread of the stairs. The boy Jim dodged in the doorway, trying to see. Then he stood still. His great brother slumped down on both knees and panted, kneeling. He lay back against the walnut panels, plastering silk over his shoulder. After a long time he said, "Awright! Had 'nough—sir."

"I'd like to have an 'xplanation of this, Mr. Van Eck. For a fam'ly that's so proud it don't call on people an' says it's the oldest in this part of New York State! . . . Have you sprained your shoulder, Steppy? . . . Well, for a fam'ly ——"

"Minnie," said Mankeltow, "leave Injun alone! Go in the parlor! Get down off your high horse! Do as I tell you!"

"Gussie!"

"That'll do!"

Lupus opened his mouth and looked over the handrail. The boy Jim whistled and sat down on the doorstep. There was a silence. Then Mrs. Mankeltow receded toward the gilded couch in the sunlight and plumped on it, with a noise from the springs and a visible puff of dust from the pillows.

"I can't apologize to you enough, Injun."

"'At's all right, August," said Lupus.

He came down the treads and lifted a boot over one of Stepney's legs. There was now nothing to talk about. He needed a drink of water, but it would sound silly to ask for it. Lupus fingered his jaw and studied the marble tiles.

"It'll be all right, August. Gus is a good kid."

"I know he is. Ask the boy to phone me."

"Sure."

A tired, low voice said behind Lupus, "Weren't they lookin' for some men out at the brick works, Mr. Van Eck?" and Lupus didn't know who had spoken for a breath. He saw the boy Jim's interest turn to the foot of the stairs.

"They were. They don't pay such bad money neither. You try that."

"All right. I'll try that," said Stepney, and went stumbling up the treads.

Bohunkus was glad to get away from there. His gait suggested that he was shocked by proceedings inside that house. He loped down the tunnel of trees and decided to canter in the sunny road. The morning was surely hotter. Lupus felt a bruise on his neck begin to tingle, and his skin burned on his shoulders. But it was fine to be out of the glum house and the quarrel.

And he was sorry for all those people, cooped up in their discord. They had no horses to ride to the devil on; the check in his pocket ended the spree. No more pink silk and blue silk.

He cheered up. Bohunkus came abreast of the last rolling gun and a mounted sergeant stopped licking a cigarette shut to stare at Lupus, who grinned and rode on. Now if Step had stayed in the service long enough, he might be sitting a horse, like that sergeant, and amounting to something. The artillerymen were pleasant to look at, and they seemed pleased to see Lupus, as if they knew he appreciated them. Even the horses blinked at him. It was a red-headed corporal who spoke to him:

"Where's the war, guy?"

"Aw, I left it in France when you was a baby," said Lupus.

"Wearin' out your old shirt, mister?"

It seemed to be true that he had a shirt on his right shoulder, but none on the left. A long streamer dangled from his waist. The sun was drying four scratches on his brown chest. Lupus blushed when the dusty men began to roar. And here came a motor edging past the head battery. Girl in it too. Lupus slammed his heels hard into Bohunkus and they went over the eastern ditch and a fence. There was a loud yell as he landed in Jack Galloway's north pasture. This cheered him up some more. He sat knotting the rest of his shirt around his shoulder, and a burly officer rode up to the wire fence.

"Do this often?"

"Do which, major?"

"Take this fence."

"Naw! Never took it before. Bohunkus ain't much of a jumper. I was in a hurry."

"You need a medal," said the major, touching the wire with his whip.

Lupus was pleased. He trotted Bohunkus along the fence and conversed with the officer about horses and what not. His left eye began to feel peculiar and something hurt a little in his right shoulder, but he was otherwise comfortable, and the officer had a brother-in-law who, it turned out, owned a Van Eck colt. Life became pleasant and normal, although Lupus had to squint, riding deviously among the trees of the northern Van Eck orchard. He waved good-by to the major when the apple and plum trees thickened, and let Bohunkus pick his way toward the rear of the red brick house. The baby's nurse might be airing Pieter Lupus on the limestone porch. And there was Gus Mankeltow, sitting on the step of the little building where the electricity was mysteriously born in blue jars to light the house and pump water. The boy stopped fooling with two bits of wire and got up, his mouth open.

"Now, son, your dad had this all written out when I got there. He feels like a snake's belly, he's so low in his mind. He's all right, Gus. If I was you, I'd lend him enough to get 'at house cleaned up—an' Jim's teeth oughta be straightened, in front. He's a good kid. . . . Here you are, fella," said Lupus, dismounting. "G'on, Bohunk! . . . You be as nice to Mankeltow as you can be, kid. He's awful fond of you."

"But what happened, sir?"

"Huh?"

"What happened?"

"Nothin'. I had a fight with Step. He can't box for beans an' his wind's short. He needs some hard work. You phone August, Gus, and go up and be nice. He's awful ashamed of himself. An' remember those electric bulbs when you go downtown."

"You thrashed Step?"

"Kinda. It's time somebody did, Gus. An' ask the cook what she wanted about that washing machine. I got to get cleaned up. There's a fella from Boston comin' to look at a horse about 'leven."

Lupus walked back to the north door, which wasn't often used, and climbed the stairs past nineteen paintings of Van Eck horses.

His left eye was closed almost entirely, and the side of his neck felt stiff. He walked whistling into his bedroom, and did not stop whistling when his wife turned from the dresser. But he heard the whistle die down slowly.

"I see," Mary said. "Your father and Caro assured me you'd just gone for a ride, my darling. Some angel told me to take the night train to Albany last evening. . . . Yes, yes. Yes, it's just as well I came home. . . . That's your father, Henricus."

"Hoss," Henricus said, waving his hundred-dollar bill. "Hoss!"

"Yes, Henricus. You'll have a horse by and by and be a regular Van Eck," said the slim woman, undoing her red hair. "And now, Lupus, tell me what happened on the warpath."

"Aw, Red, nothin' happened. I just had a scrap, honey. But nothin' happened."

"That's unusually beautiful. It has simplicity and dignity. Just nothing?"

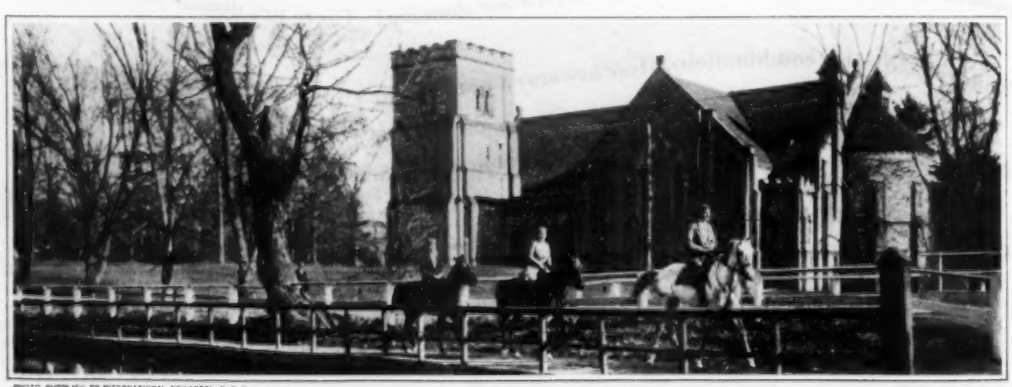
"Well, nothin' much. 'Cause he'll be fat if he don't watch out an' get some exercise. An' anyway, it was about this check, an' that was all wrote out when I got there. . . . Gimme a kiss! . . . An' it'll be all right, 'cause Gus can kinda dole out some petty cash to keep his dad an' the kid comfortable. So it's all right. The beggars ain't got any horses left. . . . And gimme a kiss. . . . I don't just understand what it was about myself. Only I had to help the kid get his rights, 'cause he sorta looks up to me. . . . Gimme a kiss. . . . Did you have a good time in Boston?"

"No. I missed you. . . . Oh, what have you been doing, Lupus? Your eye ——"

"That'll be all right, an' don't make a fuss, Red. . . . Don't your hair smell nice? And pop ordered chicken for dinner, but there's time to change if you want somethin' else. And I dunno how Mankeltow can stand a woman as fat as that around. . . . Gimme 'nother—under my ear."

"You appalling child!"

"Aw, nothin' happened, honey. . . . Gimme another. . . . This wasn't nothin'. I'm so glad you're back, Red," said Lupus. "Kiss me some more."



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Vassar Students Off for a Ride. The College Chapel in the Background

ALL NON-FERROUS PISTONS HAVE ALUMINUM AS A BASE

All cars are not created equal . . . Some are destined to go through life with dead-weight dragging at the pistons and connecting rods. No wonder they growl while other cars purr by.

To be sure, you seldom see the pistons . . . you do not want to know much about them. But one thing you should know is that cars which set the pace in modern design are those equipped with Lynite Pistons made of Alcoa Aluminum Alloys, saving ½ to ⅔ of the weight of iron or steel and carrying away heat five times as fast.

The vast majority of engine manufacturers use aluminum alloy pistons for these very good reasons: reduced vibration; less carbon; greater fuel economy; quicker pick-up; greater speed; more pulling power, and less wear on cylinders and bearings.

The manufacturers of the following list of cars are using aluminum alloy pistons:

*AUBURN · CHRYSLER · DU PONT · DE SOTO · DODGE · DURANT · ESSEX FRANKLIN · FORD · GARDNER · GRAHAM · HUDSON · JORDAN · KISSEL LINCOLN · LOCOMOBILE · MARMON · MOON · NASH · PACKARD · PEERLESS PIERCE-ARROW · PLYMOUTH · REO · ROLLS-ROYCE · ROOSEVELT · STEARNS STUDEBAKER · STUTZ · WHIPPET · WILLYS-KNIGHT. *1930 Statistical Issue Automotive Industries.

It is well to inquire about Lynite and get every advantage you can. There are garages and service stations prepared to replace pistons of older type with Lynite, made of strong Alloys of Alcoa Aluminum.
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LYNITE PISTONS
AND CONNECTING RODS
MADE OF ALCOA ALUMINUM

Faster cooking? Yes...

and far more delicious in flavor

That's the difference between "Quaker" and ordinary rolled oats

No matter how hurried the morning, warn nutritionists, breakfast is the foundation meal of your day. It must supply lasting food energy, to keep you from going on nervous energy instead.

A nourishing dish of hot Quaker Oats is the favorite breakfast among college women, according to Cora Gould, Jane Traylor, Betsey Lindsey, Lora Hays and Elizabeth Bruce.

MAKE sure your breakfast provides the right kind of fuel on which to do your best morning's work, warn nutritionists. For statistics show that in schools, homes and offices, 70% of the entire day's output falls in the morning hours.

Fastest of all quick cooking oats

For an invigorating hot breakfast to keep you alert—energetic—Quaker Oats is rated as unsurpassed. Quaker is made of choicer, finer, richer oats to start with. These selected oats are "heat seasoned" in closed containers for 36 hours. In addition, *and this is important*, Quaker roasts these plump whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat. It is this special process which gives Quaker that luscious nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Why Quaker is more nutritious

Quaker retains, too, every bit of the vital part of the oat where nature stores her rich energy and growth food. Every living cell in the body is continually demanding protein for the repair of worn-out nerve and muscle tissue. Quaker contains 50% more of this great protective food than ordinary milled cereals. 65% is energy food. There are health-protecting vitamins, splendid body-building minerals, plus the natural roughage that makes laxatives unnecessary.

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Don't handicap your mornings with inadequate breakfasts. Tomorrow morning, every morning, serve the breakfast known as "the most nutritious of all hot cereals." Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Both packages contain one-third more oats than most millers pack. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer flavor...richer nutrition...faster cooking.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker is the supreme fast cooking oat

1 ***Fastest*** of all quick cooking oats. 2½ minutes to cook.

2 ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

3 ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** —16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Millions need no other guarantee of a superior product than the Quaker name on the package. For a delicious lunch—try *Quaker Milk Macaroni*. Serve *Quaker Puffed Grains* to children who won't eat cereals. And remember—if you don't agree that any Quaker product you buy is superior to others of its kind—we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package.

QUAKER OATS . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

CUBA'S BITTER SWEET

(Continued from Page 5)

comes from Cuba. Therefore three cents a pound is all that is paid for a tropical agricultural product that must go through two elaborate manufacturing processes, one of which is in Cuba and the other in the United States. It is transported three times before it leaves the American refinery. If the sugar comes from Hawaii, the Philippines or Porto Rico, the Treasury collects no toll. Almost all of the Treasury portion of two cents goes to those producers. Hence their fields are prosperous while Cuba is now in actual distress.

The third consequence of the Cuban impasse which directly affects us in big terms is in the shrinkage of our exports to the island. For years Cuba has been one of the bulwarks of our Latin-American trade. In per capita of American exports she has led all her sister republics to the south. In 1920 we shipped her $515,208,731 worth of goods. This, of course, was an abnormal year, when all the world was merchandise starved. The past six years offer an impressive exhibit. In 1924 our exports reached $199,777,856. Decrease has been the continuous order until last year, when they were just $128,900,000. Though this decline was partly attributable to the Cuban tariff imposed in 1928,—tariff is a game in which both sides can play—the larger cause is a constantly impaired purchasing power due to increasing sugar distress. Our new tariff advance can only aggravate it.

I refer to all this political juggling with sugar because the overproduction, with its inevitable price paralysis, which grips the whole world is largely attributable to it. In the contemporary period of low prices, more than 100 countries have set up systems of taxes, duties, excises and bounties, all calculated to aid producers within and penalize producers without their national boundaries. Summed up, it has meant a stimulus for production behind protected walls, with no adequate regard for the economic consequences for producer or consumer. As one European observer put it: "No policy intended to stimulate production can contribute to alleviate a situation the weakness of which lies in an existing surplus of supplies."

The Decline in Beet Sugar

Since the insistence of the beet-sugar interests in the United States largely forced the tariff increase, another preliminary is necessary before we can get a close-up of Cuba in her darkest economic hour. The fact to be considered is that beet sugar has lost its one-time preëminence in world output. Although the extraction of sugar crystals from the beet did not begin until 1747, when Marggraf, a Prussian chemist, completed the first successful experiment, it made rapid strides on the Continent, once it was commercialized. The great Napoleon not only subsidized the industry but established technical schools to develop it.

At the close of the nineteenth century beet sugar accounted for 65 per cent of the world production. In 1902 it had gone down to 60.7 per cent. This lead was maintained until 1910, when cane came first with 51.7 per cent of the world output. The war, of course, reduced European beet production. Despite the steady comeback since 1920, it has never again assumed premier place. Of the entire 1928–29 sugar production of 27,246,372 tons, cane sugar accounted for 17,849,323 tons. The estimated 1929–30 world production of 26,702,632 tons gives beet sugar 9,256,762 tons, as compared with 17,445,870 tons for cane.

The world slump in beet has a definite application to the American end of the industry. Analyze European beet growing and you find that, as one of the greatest of all foreign sugar experts stated: "The reason why all governments cling so stubbornly to beet culture is not to be found mainly in consideration of financial policy but in agricultural and social considerations."

Raw Sugar Awaiting Sale. One Result of the Slump

From the strictly agricultural point of view, beet growing insures excellent crop rotation. Nowhere can beets only be grown. They must, therefore, figure in crop diversification.

Though beet growing is a desirable factor in rotative agriculture, it requires an immense amount of cheap labor. The work is slow, tedious, and must be done by back-breaking, hand methods. In Europe this is no handicap, because farm labor is cheap and the peasant has no such work scruples. It is part of the soil burden. In the United States the average Anglo-Saxon farm worker does not lend himself readily to the operation. In consequence, the bulk of beet growing within our confines is carried on by Mexicans, Slavs and Japanese; thus encouraging a low form of undesirable alien labor. This labor phase constitutes one of the strongest of the indictments against the subsidized expansion of the American sugar-beet industry.

Furthermore, though seventeen of the states of our Union produce beet sugar, 70 per cent of the crop comes from Utah, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska and Wyoming. Beets, therefore, cannot become a universal American crop. The objections to a top-heavy tariff subsidy of beet sugar were expressed in the following comment on the proposed tariff made by one of the foremost New York banking institutions. It reads:

> We are not predicting that Cuba will be rapidly forced out of the United States market, for there remains the possibility that the beet-sugar industry will prove to be so far unsuited to the agriculture of this country that it will not develop even under the enormous bounty proposed. In the first place, the situation will be so artificial and dependent upon the will of Congress that it may be doubted that much capital can be found for investment under the conditions. In the second place, all experience with the industry has shown that American labor cannot be found to do beet farming. The Bureau of Labor at Washington reported in 1927 the results of a survey of the industry, showing that in the sugar-beet fields of Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota and North Dakota, 75 to 90 per cent of the workers were Mexicans, usually imported for the purpose. The other 10 to 25 per cent were largely Europeans. Testimony before the House committee has been practically unanimous to the effect that beet cultivation is not the American kind of farming, and since there is a question whether Mexican labor will be continually excepted from the immigration laws, the expansion of the industry is by no means a certainty.

As a measure for farm relief, the proposed tariff falls short of the mark. Only 2.3 per cent of our farmers grow sugar beets, while all are consumers of sugar. Hence the whole agricultural community would be taxed for the increased overhead on the commodity. Furthermore, the area devoted to sugar beets is under 1,000,000 acres and is a little more than one-quarter of one per cent of our entire farming area. For the United States to develop the sugar-beet industry and supply all its own needs would require an enormous subsidy to induce the farmers to displace their natural crops. Besides, the beet industry must expect an increasing competition from our insular possessions, which enjoy the greatest advantages of soil, climate and cheap labor.

More Blame for the War

The American sugar-beet interests cannot be blamed for their high-tariff activities. For them, increased duty means self-preservation. Eighteen out of the nineteen beet companies operating in this country have earned less than one-half of one per cent on their investment during the past ten years. It is only fair to present the beet argument in relation to the proposed increased duty on the Cuban product as it was given to me by Stephen H. Love, president of the United States Beet Sugar Association. He said:

"As the duty is increased, it becomes more and more difficult for other nations to compete against the Cubans in our markets. It is this preference, too, that inspires the delusion that Cuba must market all her sugar in the United States. Last year, for instance, she dumped 77 per cent of her total sugar production in this country. The remaining 23 per cent represents her own consumption and the quantity shipped to the rest of the world. Why is so little of the Cuban production shipped to countries other than the United States? Simply because the sugar tariff of other nations is much higher than our own. What really worries Cuba is not the tariff rate but the fact that a higher duty might increase the production of sugar in continental United States, in our island possessions and, most of all, in the Philippines; thus compelling her to find markets in other countries, where it costs her more money to enter her products than it does to reach our markets."

With all these facts contributory to the existing crisis out of the way, we can now see just what has happened to Cuba. Few economic narratives are so kaleidoscopic. Sugar has been her doing—and her undoing as well.

Fully to comprehend the Cuban plight we must go back briefly to the root of the

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trouble. Like many economic ills of these past few years, it sprang from the World War. In 1867 the Cuban sugar crop was 400,000 tons. By 1913–14 it had grown to 2,598,000 tons. More than half of it, as you have seen, was consumed in the American market.

When the war crashed in 1914, Europe was producing, roughly, 8,000,000 tons of beet sugar; the bulk of which came from Russia, Germany, the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, Belgium and France. All these countries except France were exporters. The French were able to supply their own needs.

Before long, sugar not only became a luxury, but the areas in which the beet had grown were teeming battlefields. The game of life and death warranted no dissipation of unscarred soil for sugar. Wheat and potatoes were more essential. The ships that might have brought raw sugar from Java and elsewhere to England were commandeered for foodstuffs such as wheat, and for war supplies. But the world, and Europe in particular, had to have sugar. Cuba was the one important source of supply. When the Allied cry, "Give us sugar," went forth, she heeded it. Then was planted the source of the trouble which finds its high spot in the crisis of today.

Cuba Pays the Piper

The moment we entered the war we established a sugar control which put the kibosh on the profiteer. We bought the entire 1918–19 Cuban crop of 3,972,000 tons and fixed the price at 5.50 cents a pound, f. o. b. Cuba. Meanwhile we encouraged Cuba in every possible way to keep the sugar pot boiling.

The sky-rocket era began with the dawn of peace. The international sugar bowl was empty. People had gone on sugar rations so long that a mania for sweets developed. Since we were the largest of all consumers, the United States became the magnet for world sugar. At one time the product of fifty countries reached our shores and the price reached the unprecedented height of 23.57 cents a pound. With decontrol, speculation became frenzied. Cuba's sugar crop brought fabulous prices, and the result was that dance of the millions to which I have already referred. The upper-class Cuban now had full play for extravagances. The easy money was easy spent.

When deflation took all the wind out of the gilded sails, sugar suffered in the general commodity crash. It quickly slumped to 9 cents a pound, and at one time it reached 1.84 cents a pound. The minimum price at which Cuban raw sugar, without duty, can be set down in New York at a profit is 3.50 cents a pound. During this period the American banks, having advanced huge sums to the Cuban planters, obtained their control of the island industry.

It was a case of actual acquisition, or writing off what would have been a loss of more than three-quarters of a billion dollars. We assumed a 65 per cent ownership of Cuban cane growing and have maintained it ever since.

In 1921, following the world economic debacle, Cuba bestirred herself for the first time in the always precarious matter of government control, which was eventually to lead her into the deep waters. The Cuban Sugar Finance Commission was set up to control the sale and shipment of the sugar crop. By 1923 the price of duty-paid sugar in New York had risen to eight cents a pound. Until well into 1924, Cuban sugar was produced at a profit, but mainly because European beet sugar, which recorded only 3,186,000 tons by 1918–19, had not begun to recover from the war leanness. The moment European beet showed appreciable gain, prices declined again, and what may be regarded as the period of world overproduction got under way. Excess, on the refining side in the United States and at the Cuban-output end, has been the middle name of the industry ever since. It is interesting to remark in passing that the sugar-refining capacity in the United States is exactly 50 per cent over existing needs. Here you have another war heritage.

The year 1926 set up a milepost in the story of Cuban sugar. By that time the European production had got back to 7,453,000 tons a year and was practically normal again. Meanwhile, Cuba's output increased by leaps and bounds, 1924–25 registering a yield of 5,125,000 tons, the highest up to that time. The mills were oozing sugar. Although consumption had steadily expanded, it had not yet caught up with output. This situation still obtains, and it will continue to harass the grower until a common policy for the establishment of a balance is devised. The average price during 1926 was 2.56 cents.

To the president's chair at Havana now came Gerardo Machado, a practical man of affairs who had grown both sugar and tobacco, and who had conducted large industrial enterprises. He saw that unless some drastic step was taken, the Cuban sugar industry was doomed. By decree he established what is technically known as the defense of sugar. The prelude to restriction came with the 1925–26 crop, in the form of a decree reducing the grinding of cane so as to cut production 10 per cent. Some diminution was brought about, because the year's output totaled 4,885,000 tons as against the preceding year's production of 5,125,000 tons. Real restriction was enforced on the 1926–27 crop, which yielded 4,505,000 tons, and also on the 1927–28 crop, which aggregated 4,012,000 tons.

In the face of these results, Cuba might have profited by governmental regulation. She paid the usual penalty, however, which has invariably accompanied every other kindred intrusion into business, whether with rubber or coffee. Restriction is always a boomerang unless linked with a monopoly.

Though Cuba held her crop down, the rest of the world was under no similar obligation, and sugar production therefore expanded. Cuba joined the hard-luck club of which Britain and Brazil were charter members. Each tried to control an essential commodity, and failed for the simple reason that contraction in the controlled area meant a stimulus to output in unrestricted fields. It is the prize promoter of foreign competition.

Selling Sugar for Less Than Cost

Between 1926 and 1928 the Hawaiian production increased from 705,350 tons to 825,893 tons; the Philippines went from 436,705 tons to 740,987 tons; Poland from 575,673 tons to 756,839 tons; Italy from 160,926 tons to 367,334 tons; Great Britain and Ireland from 51,784 tons to 207,026 tons; Jugo-Slavia from 61,424 tons to 127,000 tons. Continental American beet showed an advance from 804,439 tons to 938,640 tons. World production of 24,614,152 tons in 1925–26 had grown to 27,246,000 tons in 1928–29. Even with Cuba at a record crop figure, the world output, behind tariff walls, had so expanded that in 1928–29 Cuba produced less than 19 per cent of the entire supply as compared with 22 per cent in 1924–25.

Control was lifted for the 1928–29 crop. With the lid off, the biggest of all Cuban outputs—namely, 5,156,000 tons—went through the mills to jam the already heavy world congestion. You need no diagram to point the consequences. The average New York price of raw sugar—cost and freight, but not duty-paid—in 1929 was 1.99 cents a pound as compared with an average price of 2.43 cents in 1928 and 2.96 cents in 1927. The highest price for raw sugar registered in 1929 was 2.36 cents, cost and freight, while the lowest was 1.11 cents.

There was still another source of distress. Despite the fact that the United States imported more Cuban sugar in 1929 than any previous year—it amounted to 3,014,594 tons—there was a hang-over of 417,000 tons

(Continued on Page 109)

A CHANCE CONVERSATION ENABLED LUPTON TO HELP A GREAT INDUSTRY

In the Lupton Laboratory, exacting experiments are being constantly made with every Lupton Product. Here is illustrated a machine which tests the wearing qualities of Lupton Operating Devices, used to open and shut long banks of Lupton Continuous Windows.

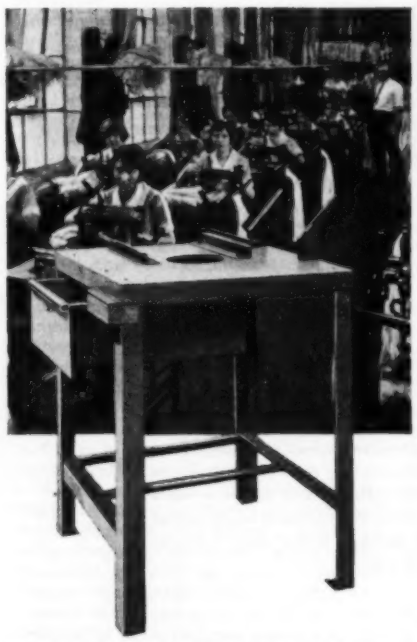
Two men on a country-club veranda were talking textiles. One, a mill-owner, was worried about production. The other, a Lupton engineer, proposed a visit to the textile mill.

There he discovered workers using a dozen time-wasting motions for one operation. For six months, conditions were studied intensively. Textile furniture which saved time and energy for each worker was designed by Lupton and installed. Production doubled. Soon Lupton was supplying the entire industry.

In developing this equipment, much credit must go to the Experimental and Research Division. Here Lupton maintains a complete mechanical laboratory. Here Lupton Products are examined from every engineering angle. Improvements perfected. New products created. It is the proving-ground for the great 12-acre Lupton plant.

In the Lupton plant, sheet steel—from the lightest to the heaviest—can be formed, welded, or assembled into any size and shape desired. All welding processes—spot, butt, arc, acetylene—are available.

The experience of Lupton engineers, and the facilities of this great plant are at your disposal. It may be that Lupton can perform a production task for *you* cheaper and better. Or that our laboratory can bring a product, now in blue-print form, to a practical reality. Tell us your problems—in strictest confidence. We may be able to help you materially. At least, it costs you nothing to *find out!* Write to David Lupton's Sons Company, Philadelphia, Pa.



Lupton Steel Textile Equipment includes specially designed tables, boxes, cabinets, benches and trucks. Each piece is built to withstand the most severe factory vibration. The illustration above shows some of the Lupton Textile Equipment used in the Hudson Silk Hosiery Company, Charlotte, N. C.

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Lupton Airplane Hangar Equipment, including hangar steel doors, motor parts systems, shelving, skylights, windows and window operators.

Lupton Steel Equipment for Printers, including cut storage cabinets, sorting tables, paper racks, job jacket files, etc.

Lupton Steel Equipment for Moving Picture Industry, including disc racks, poster racks, record cabinets, film cabinets, examining desks, etc.

Lupton Steel Windows include many types: *Lupton Combination Casements* bring balanced ventilation without draft to modern office buildings, hotels, hospitals, etc. *Lupton Monumental Casements* add impressiveness to banks and similar buildings. *Lupton Residence Casements* bring beauty and comfort to the home. *Lupton Projected Windows* provide light and air for schools, etc., at moderate cost. *Lupton Pivoted Windows* are used for side-walls of industrial buildings. Screens are available for all styles of Lupton Steel Windows.

Lupton Continuous Windows, V-type Roof Design, A-Frames and Operating Devices provide remarkable efficiency in the natural lighting and ventilation of industrial buildings.

Other Lupton Products include small and large steel doors, partitions for offices and factories, skylights and rain spouts.

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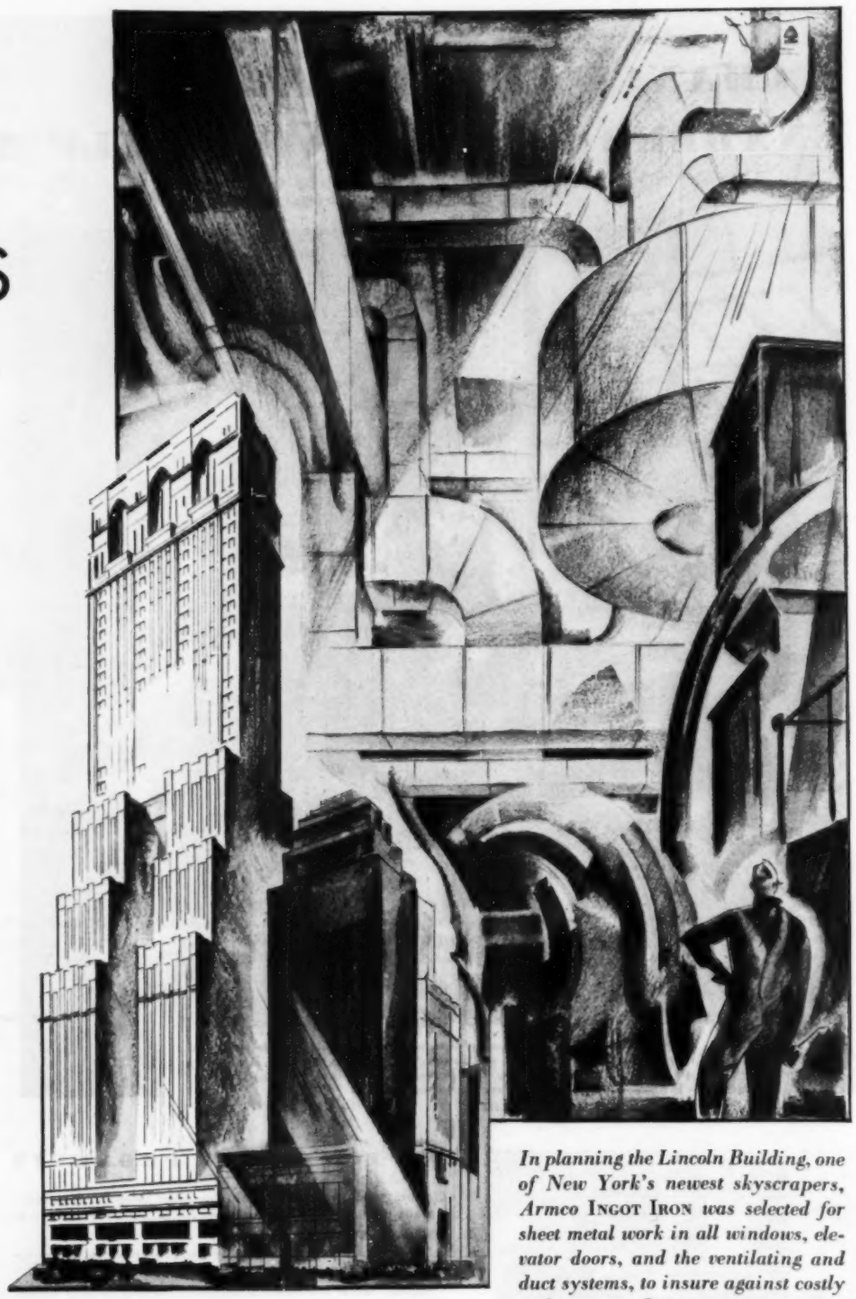

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"BE SURE IT'S MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON"

(Continued from Page 106)

from the 1928–29 crop, as compared with 156,000 tons from 1927–28; 291,000 tons from 1926–27; and 69,000 tons from 1925–26. Here was an undigested mass that menaced the free movement of the new harvest. In addition, the threat of an increase in American tariff brooded like a dark cloud over the troubled situation.

Obviously, something had to be done to stimulate the sale of that 1928–29 surplus. With New York prices still on the toboggan, the outlook was not particularly cheering. Then it was that Cuba decided to risk government intrusion again with the setting up of a controlled-export agency. The organic law of 1927, which established the National Sugar Defense Commission, was its mandate for existence. First constituted as the Sugar Export Company of Cuba, its sole function at the start was to handle the export of the 1929–30 crop. Subsequently, the purpose was enlarged so as to include the marketing of the surplus as well. Hence the name was changed to The Coöperative Sugar Export Agency, Incorporated. This is the institution, more commonly known as the Single Seller, around which a new storm soon gathered.

A Selling Group, But No Sales

The Single Seller did precisely what its title indicates. It is a corporation charged with the task of selling, on a pro-rata basis for the account of all producers of sugar in Cuba, the entire product manufactured on the island except the comparatively small amount absorbed in domestic consumption. The capitalization is $250,000, represented by 25,000 shares of ten dollars par value each, all of the same class. Share issue was based on production; the largest mills, therefore, being the biggest stockholders.

Stated in the simplest and briefest terms, the agency worked like this: Every Cuban sugar producer delivered the warehouse receipt or other evidence of his ownership of the product to the central body, which issued a so-called certificate of identity in its stead. This document certified that the sugar had been deposited in the common pool. From that moment control of the product passed out of the hands of the owners and rested solely with the agency. When sales were made abroad, the quantity was prorated among the stockholders who received the proceeds of the sales. Sales allocation, like shareholding, was based on production. In this way a concentrated control was created for all export marketing.

The initial task of the Single Seller was to dispose of the surplus stock. This was accomplished before the cutting of this year's crop began. Though it almost wiped out the hang-over, it further burdened the situation. At the end of 1929 more than 600,000 tons of Cuban sugar glutted the New York market.

As 1930 got under way, the troubles of the Single Seller began. It did anything but sell. Though its operations were hampered by the existing world congestion of product, there was an undoubted failure to move the new harvest as it streamed from the mills. Ordinarily, Cuban grinding has commenced with from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 tons sold ahead by such interests as have the ability or foresight to do so. By the middle of February, Cuban sales were a bare 10 per cent of those for the preceding year. It meant that a vast quantity of sugar had to go into storage on the island, and it represented an added burden.

When I arrived in Cuba in mid-March, the battle lines were sharply drawn around the Single Seller. The principal contention of its opponents was summed up in a formal statement made by the Santa Clara Mill Owners' Association. After declaring that instead of increasing prices it had contributed to the lowest rate since 1902, and that it took custody of sugar from the planter, thereby preventing him from financing it himself, it said:

If the Single Seller continues, the entire world carry-over, plus the overproduction, will be concentrated in this island by the end of the year. With all the pressure exerted at the weakest spot, which, unfortunately, is Cuba, the result can be easily foreseen. Cuba will become the sugar warehouse of the world, with all the enormous expense and disastrous results in price which such a phenomenon necessarily entails.

The protagonists of the Single Seller bore down hard on the argument that concentrated marketing prevents indiscriminate loosing of the new crop at ruinous prices and brings about some degree of market stabilization. They maintained that the Single Seller had taken all the punishment and was, therefore, entitled to continue at least for a year in order to obtain some of the possible benefits accruing from a check on the flow of distress sugar—which means sugar unloaded at any price.

Upon one point both factions agreed from the start. It was the failure of the Single Seller to provide for a financing of the crop. Herein lay the fundamental weakness of the scheme. In normal times the grower takes his warehouse receipt to the bank and borrows on it. The document is negotiable and takes its place in the field of commercial paper because the equity behind it is liquid. It requires five dollars of somebody's cash to finance every bag of sugar; a transaction that usually calls for about $157,000,000. With this money the *colonos*—the tenant farmers—are paid and other business as well as living expenses met.

The certificate of identity issued by the Single Seller was not negotiable because the product it represented was rigid. Through it the planter not only lost his freedom of sale but his ability to borrow on his product. His sugar was tied up in storage until the government agency had disposed of it. Meanwhile he could borrow only on his good name. This imposed no hardship on the big fellows who have regular banking affiliations, but it wrought havoc with the smaller fry.

I found an acute shortage of money throughout Cuba. In some sections there was resort to primitive payment in kind. Every sugar grower with whom I talked stressed the financial flaw to which I have just referred. The suggestion was invariably made that the government, since it controlled all sugar for export, should have guaranteed or advanced money to the mill owners and planters. Instead, it stood from under while unremunerative and expensive storage piled up apace.

A Single-Crop Country

So intense was the feeling engendered by the Single Seller that a series of meetings of shareholders was held at Havana to decide its fate. On April fourteenth, the members voted by acclamation for dissolution. They also passed a motion requesting President Machado to release the industry from all control legislation. He had previously stated that he would withhold intervention until the shareholders had declared themselves. Because of many sales commitments, the agency must continue for several months before complete liquidation is effected.

The end of the Single Seller means freedom of market movement for Cuban sugar. Henceforth the product will be able to take its place again in the competitive field. Though a considerable amount of raw will be dumped with momentary price contraction, the general impression is that it is a step toward some degree of stabilization. The producer is now master in his own house with elasticity of financing guaranteed. If the Single Seller had continued, it would have become the Single Holder, with Cuba literally holding the sugar bag. More important is the eventual elimination of the government from the industry.

While dissension raged around the Single Seller, the market grew steadily weaker. The average New York price, cost and freight, in January of this year was 1.96 cents a pound; for February, 1.82 cents; and for March, 1.81 cents. With no prospect of getting a price anywhere near the cost of production and the American tariff increase apparently inevitable, the question naturally arises: What is Cuba's economic future?

The base of the trouble reposes in Cuba's overwhelming dependence upon sugar. No other country leans so much upon a single product. This dependence is bad enough, but accelerating it is an obvious uneconomic operation. There are 170 mills with a grinding capacity of 7,000,000 tons, nearly double what would be regarded as a normal crop. The industry is overcapitalized while the organization of transport exacts an unnecessary toll. In order to divert traffic to the railroads, various ports, some of them adjacent to the mills, were closed some years ago. This imposes long and expensive hauls. The dance of the millions keyed the island to expensive organization and there has been no readjustment.

An Antidote for Cuba's Troubles

At this point you naturally ask, why not minimize the dependence upon sugar? Instinctively the average man would say that tobacco—the name of Havana is synonymous with that of the premier quality—would be the heaven-born equalizer. But tobacco, like sugar, is in travail. Contrary to popular belief, it provides only 14 per cent of the island's revenue, and sales seem incapable of expansion abroad. For the past three years exports have remained at practically the same figure because of the ever-tightening world protective-tariff system.

Cuba's third principal crop—tourists—also received a setback this year because of the Wall Street crash and the consequent widespread American business reaction. Thus the three major sources of income all suffered at the same time on top of five consecutive lean years. It put the capstone on the distress pyramid.

There must be a way out, of course, if Cuba is to survive. Though we largely hold the key in our sugar purchases, Cuba can also contribute her share. President Machado has all along advocated crop diversification as the antidote for sugar dependence. In the years before our Civil War, coffee vied with sugar as an outstanding Cuban product. When a high tariff relegated it to the rear, sugar came into its own. Cuba has shown in the past three years that she can grow considerable quantities of vegetables both for home and for foreign consumption. A milk-products industry of broadening proportions is also being developed. With further application varied agriculture can help to redress the sugar balance. Thanks to Machado's stimulation, native industry is being fostered. I paid a visit to the industrial community called President Machado Town, located just outside of Havana, where a technical high school for boys is being maintained and where the factory output of shoes, paints and varnish, combined with the rest of the island production, is sufficient to affect our exports.

In the last analysis there can be no major substitute for sugar, because the island productive scheme is geared to it. Hence, in the opinion of many operators, the only recourse is crop reduction. Nearly all observers agree that, with an economically moved crop held to 3,500,000 tons, with a wider commercialization of *bagasse*—the principal mill by-product—it is the final cane-fiber residue used for making boards—and with an organized drive in world markets, Cuba can survive despite the tariff obstacles everywhere. The ultimate remedy, however, may be summed up in a single sentence, which applies to the rest of the world no less than to Cuba. It is, as a veteran of the Cuban sugar wars expressed it to me: "Somebody must produce less sugar or somebody must consume more."

To be effective, Cuban reduction must be part of a larger movement for world stabilization. This lies—I quote the League of Nations Economic Organization—in "an international agreement between all important producers, or alternatively between producers in exporting countries, to stabilize production for a few years; in an

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international agreement between all exporting countries, and those likely to have an export surplus, to bring about a concerted and rationalized policy of sale in a joint endeavor to augment the sale and use of sugar by means of active propaganda, more especially in Eastern and tropical countries; and in the consideration of the possibility of increasing consumption by lowering excise duties without reducing receipts from this source of taxation."

We will leave the closing word to President Machado. I asked him to indicate the effect of the American tariff increase on the Cuban economic situation in general and on sugar in particular. His answer was:

"During the 1921–22 season, which followed a tariff increase to $1.60 a hundred pounds on Cuban raw, the United States mills manufactured 2,408,655 tons; 1,200,859 of which represented the production of continental cane and beet, and 1,207,796 grown in other territories under her flag. The results of the further tariff increase in 1922 to the present rate of $1.76 per hundred pounds, bear directly on the present situation. They show that in the 1928–29 harvest—the largest yet made by American sugar producers—the total production reached 3,157,337 tons, an increase of 31 per cent on the 1921–22 figures. The fact to be noted is that only 1,056,545 tons represented continental cane and beet production, a decrease of 144,314 tons, or 12 per cent under the 1921–22 figures. On the other hand, the production of American territories amounted to 2,100,792 tons, an increase of 892,996 tons, or almost 74 per cent.

"Though American sugar producers in the United States could not equal their previous production figures, despite the tariff increase, the insular possessions landed almost 900,000 duty-free tons in excess of their 1921–22 record during 1928–29. Cuba would have sold these 900,000 tons if the insular increase had not occurred."

Aims of the Single Seller

"I can add nothing to these figures. Superproduction is flooding all sugar markets, so that prices are under production costs. In consequence, Cuba is suffering from extreme economic depression. She cannot dispose of all her sugar. What she does sell is at a loss. If the new tariff increase should have consequences similar to those that I have described and reduce our present share in United States consumption by another 900,000 tons, further encouraging American colonial output, I can safely foretell that it will be a blow to the welfare and level of civilization of the Cuban people."

My second question was: "What was your justification for the Single Seller?"

The President replied: "Frequently United States sugar producers have charged Cuba with lack of selling organization, thus nullifying the economic advantages of the reciprocity treaty. This argument has been brought forward so often in support of a tariff increase that it seems reasonable to consider it because, when the people of the United States granted us a preferential rate on sugar, their undoubted aim was to help us keep their market and to stimulate our producers so they could capitalize the rate difference. This followed during the first years after the treaty. It continued until overproduction and the internal struggle to corner the easiest markets brought about sales disorganization and the complete loss of the value of the treaty margin which is ours. When I resorted to the principle of the Single Seller I had in mind the possibility of showing the American producers that Cuba never contemplated an uneconomic competition. I felt that consolidated selling would relieve this situation."

On the subject of Cuba's economic future, Machado made this statement:

"I have a deep-rooted faith in the destiny of my nation, because I believe in its patriotism, its capacity for self-denial, and its love of work. A country which has known how to fight almost to the point of exhaustion for fifty years in order to win the right to freedom, may well spend a century, if need be, to make its gain secure. However, among the peoples of this world, all things, whether favorable or adverse, are subject to change, and Cuba is an example of this law. The same elements which, answering the needs and practicability of the moment, give rise to measures harmful to our interests, may later produce others which shall be in our favor. My faith in the friendship of the United States and its people is as strong as in the virtues of the Cubans. If, in the past, these forces, when united, made us prosperous and happy, why could not this miracle happen anew?"

Cuba's Attitude Toward America

"I do not believe that we can avoid diversifying our activities, to satisfy, so far as we are able, the demands of our consumption. This diversification of our activities shall be in strictly direct ratio to our needs. This solution is Utopian if we consider it as the sole solution of our problem. Cuba enjoys extraordinary natural advantages for the production of sugar, and it is only reasonable that this commodity should be the basis of its economic policy. So far as I can foresee, I cannot conceive of any other commodity replacing sugar in our balance of trade. We would have to meet the competition of countries better prepared than ourselves were we to attempt to create artificially other lines of export on a large scale. As to the restriction of the sugar crop, I believe that it shall be brought about by the force of circumstances, without any need for government intervention. I cannot prophesy up to what point the government will permit the free operation of the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest."

"What will be the effect of the tariff increase on American-Cuban relations?" was my final query.

Here is the response: "Naturally, I regret that the determining causes of our misfortune are coupled with the decisions of those who before contributed so much to our happiness. We Cubans are by nature grateful, faithful to the cult of our history, and zealous of our ideals. To our progress we always attach a complexity of sentiment, patriotism, gratitude, self-respect, and respect for friendship. Thus have we learned to look upon every step forward, not only as another landmark in our progress but as a further proof to the American people that their efforts to help us were not in vain.

"I confess that it is discouraging, in looking back, to view the probability that the marvelous work done by Cuba in less than thirty years, despite her small size and the many difficulties she has had to face, should be suddenly checked by a great crisis, and may not only be suspended but even, to a large extent, destroyed. I feel certain that the American people themselves, and their governing classes, regret these misfortunes just as we do, and wish us the will and insight necessary to lessen the injury, now that it seems inevitable. After all, it is logical that it should be thus. Men always have the greatest sympathy for the good works that they have done, and the independence and prosperity of Cuba represent one of the most noble achievements of the United States.

"Hence my message to the people of the United States is a message of good will. It could not be otherwise. I consider it the highest virtue to be able to silence all selfishness and suffering when it is a question of justice to others. I am certain that my people, in whose name I speak, have that virtue. Because of this the United States will remain to Cubans what it was up to yesterday—the people who, through Washington, showed us the path to liberty; who extended a helping hand to us in the day of McKinley and Roosevelt; who years later, with Wilson, gave us the opportunity to stand side by side with them as loyal friends in the greatest alliance of free peoples ever witnessed."

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IN FACT every famous driver in these races used Firestone Tires. Every one of them for years has refused to use any other and the reasons behind their choice tell a story of Firestone Leadership.

THE Indianapolis Race requires the most expert driving in the world. It is won or lost on the turns. The man who can make the turns at the highest speed is the man who wins. The track is of rough brick and bumpy. As the race progresses, it becomes soaked with oil and very slippery.

DOWN the straightaways the cars pound at sometimes 150 miles an hour, but as the turn comes the driver must judge how much speed he can preserve and how much skid he can take and still stay in the land of the living. This judgment must stay with him through 500 miles—with changing track conditions, with nerves gone, with hands and body numb and with eyes blinded.

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MANY years ago, Firestone did pay drivers to race. The most famous of these drivers was Barney Oldfield and he painted on his car: "Firestone Tires Are My Only Life Insurance".

IN THE course of time Firestone withdrew from racing and the making of racing tires. Then the trouble began. The leading drivers of the country said that it was Mr. Firestone's business whether or not he paid them to use his tires, but it was their business to judge the risks they would take. They would race on Firestone Tires, no matter what they cost, or they would not race at all. And so Firestone had again to make racing tires.

THE difference between a Firestone racing tire and the Firestone Tire you can buy from your dealer lies only in the tread. The heat generated in a tire during a race is terrific. It is heat that causes most tires to fail. The ordinary road tread will burn up on a track, and so for it Firestone substitutes a harder, lighter tread which would be exceedingly uncomfortable on the road but which perfectly answers the track requirements.

THAT, however, is only a detail. The reason why Firestone Tires stand up in any race is to be found in their construction—the same construction that you get in any Firestone Tire.

IN ALL tires other than Firestone, the cotton cords which go to make up the carcass of the tire are merely imbedded in rubber. In the complex twisting and pulling of these cords in a tire in action, the fibers in the cords rub against one another. The friction generates heat and when the heat reaches a certain point the tire collapses.

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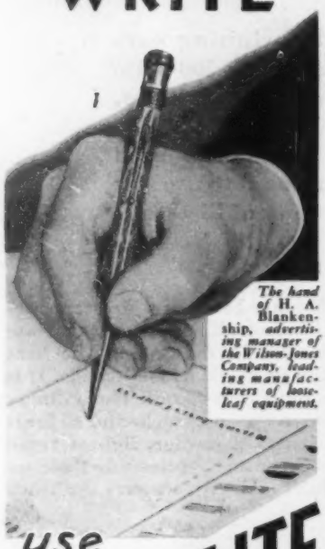

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$1.00 Amber Jack

THE HERMIT OF THREE BUTTES

(Continued from Page 34)

Norris and the other men would take turns guarding that man, Ranse explained, to make sure that Lutz did not escape.

"Then how about me?" Moray insisted. "I suppose they're as likely to take a shot at me. But I want to do my share."

"I'll tell you," Ranse replied. "You go to bed, and we'll call on you if we need an extra man in the night any time. You and Doctor Bland had about as well get you some sleep."

Moray grumbled, but in the end their forces were thus disposed. Vic and Dave Blinn and Ranse took the first guard around the Bayless cabin. The fire yonder by the dining fly flared up when Lin threw on it a last chunk of wood; then he and the others who were not on duty rolled in their blankets to sleep while they might. Enid, from where she lay in the cabin, could see Ranse in silhouette against the firelit night as he sat in the open door, and she smiled happily and fell presently asleep, free from every fear.

And the night became quiet, and the fire began to die. The flames flickered and expired; the coals threw for a while a glowing radiance. But by and by ashes incrusted them, their light faded and there remained at last only the pale gleam of the stars.

The moon rose behind a cloud, and the clouds began to spread across the sky. Ranse thought his prediction of rain was likely to be justified. Thunder did drum for a while in the mountains to the north, and the flashes of the lightning illumined now and then the black hulk of Bodega, high above the valley there. But the storm passed on, its reverberations died in the distance. Then another thundershower approached from the west and clamored directly overhead in a tremendous barrage of fire and a deafening fury of sound. The sleepers woke, there were low voices in the night here and there, but the clouds spilled only a spatter of rain and then passed by.

Enid called softly from her sleeping bag, "There, Ranse?"

"Here, ma'am," he assured her, and he heard her chuckle before she slept again.

The night grew black and blacker. Objects ten feet away became shadowy and indistinct; the solid form and substance of a great pine not ten paces off seemed to Ranse to move furtively, to assume new shapes of menace in the darkness. It was easy to imagine that a head protruded on this side of it and on that, as though someone peered at him. He grinned at his own imaginings, but he found his ears straining for any sound in the blackness, and he realized that his mouth was open, so intently was he listening. A dead, smothering silence lay like a pall across the hillside; there was no sound except once the cracking of a twig as old Vic moved to look past the end of the cabin where the chimney was.

And Ranse felt his nerves draw tight till his whole body was at tension, taut and attuned, and he began to doubt the wisdom of this which he had planned. It had seemed in prospect safe enough; it had seemed to him no one could approach the cabin without detection. Yet he remembered that someone had been sufficiently stealthy to steal old Vic Buker's gun from under the lion hunter's very knee. Such craft as that might nullify his alert precautions now. And he stirred restlessly, and he peered into the darkness till his eyes ached and burned. This waiting became torment unspeakable; it was a long agony of apprehension. An agony which he must in a supine inaction endure.

It was almost relief when the tension was shattered at last; when the still and peaceful night was abruptly filled with the harsh clang of shots, and with clamorous and babbling cries.

XXI

THE cabin in which Norris Lee stood guard over Lutz was some seventy-five yards from that in which Mr. Bayless lay, and up the slope, nearer the woods. Ranse had paid no particular attention to events in that quarter. That which he expected would come, if it came at all, here where he himself did sentry go.

This was his anticipation. So he forgot Lutz and Norris, and when the dark night was split by an orange lance of flame from that direction, Ranse's first reaction was a stark surprise.

The crack of the first shot, and the sudden clamor of shouts and harsh outcries which followed on its heels, brought the whole camp instantly awake. Ranse, who had been sitting on the doorsill of the cabin which he guarded, sprang to his feet with the gun he had taken from Splann ready in his hand; he heard Lin Bunt and the others yonder by the dining fly roll out of their blankets and in the darkness go stumbling up the slope toward the farther cabin. Behind him, Enid woke, and her mother; and Enid called softly:

"Ranse?"

"Right here, ma'am," Ranse assured her.

Then old Vic and the marshal came racing past the corners of the cabin on either side; and Vic exclaimed:

"Ranse, come on!"

"Steady," Ranse commanded them. "Stay where you are. We don't know what this is yet!"

And the two checked, and obeyed him, while up at the other cabin the scuffle and gasp of struggling men continued; and Lin Bunt shouted something; and young Moray, in his pajamas, hurried up the hill from his tent, babbling his eternal questions.

"What's happened? What's going on? Where is everybody?"

Ranse, without looking at him, said dryly: "Go see for yourself, Mr. Moray."

"Not by a long shot," Moray retorted. "My place is with the folks here. You ought to be up there, though!"

But the tumult yonder was by this time diminishing. There was still a clamor of voices, but there were no more shots, and someone shouted for a rope, and they heard Lin call:

"Wait, I'll get a rope and a lantern. Hold on to him, boys."

And he came at a stumbling run down toward the dining fly. He called as he went by:

"Ranse. We've got somebody!"

"Watch yourselves," Ranse warned him. "We're staying here!"

"Right," Lin agreed. They heard him scratch a match, and it broke and fell flaming on the ground and died; they heard him scratch another, and its bright flame pierced the darkness. Then there was a scrape of glass, and a steadier flame, and Lin, with the lantern bobbing in his hand, ran up the hill again.

Ranse said softly to the men beside him: "Take a look around here, boys." And Vic and the marshal obeyed him, circling the cabin, returning to report that all was well. Then Enid came close behind Ranse in the darkness, and she touched his shoulder; and he told her gently, without turning his head:

"I think it's all right, ma'am. But stay out of sight, under cover till we know."

"Who is it, Ranse?" she whispered.

"It ought to be old Juan," he replied, half to himself.

"Juan?" she echoed, in amazement. "Juan? That gentle old man!"

And as though to answer her, Lin shouted from the cabin up the hill, "Hi, Ranse. It's old Juan!"

So Ranse at last bestirred himself; he rose, and he hesitated for a moment. Then he called:

"All right, Lin. You boys build some bonfires, so we can see if there's anyone else around."

Dave Blinn came down the hill to build up the cooking fire. Norris Lee started another blaze beyond the cabin where Mr. Bayless lay, and Art Shill did a similar service down the slope below. In a short time the whole scene was illumined so completely that nothing larger than a cat could have moved without discovery. Then, and not till then, did Ranse leave his post by the cabin door; and before he did so he said quietly to those inside:

"You people stay in here, out of the light, please. I think we're all right now, but we'll play safe till morning."

Mrs. Bayless exclaimed with some return of her old querulous tone: "Well, I hope this is the end of it. I'm mighty tired of all these goings on, if you ask me."

And Ranse grinned to himself; he understood that she was reassured, that since the emergency had passed, she returned to her old complaints again.

He left them and went up the hill to the other cabin. Moray, he noticed as he departed, stayed behind with some reassuring word for those inside.

Ranse approached the other cabin. The cabin itself was dark, but there was a group in the lantern light a little beyond and behind it, and Ranse went to join them there. Lin was here and Dave Blinn and Norris Lee; and Vic and the marshal came on Ranse's heels. Art Shill joined them, with a red stain where his nose had bled; he rubbed at it, but when Ranse asked if he were hurt, the boy grinned, shook his head.

"His heel got me in the nose during the tussle, that's all," he explained.

Then the others drew apart to let Ranse through; and in the middle of the group, lying on the ground, and rolled in ropes till he looked like a cocoon, Ranse saw old Juan. The ropes were tight, the man was gasping and straining at his bonds, and he babbled meaninglessly, but Ranse knelt beside him and spoke to him in reassuring tones, again and again, till Juan was somewhat quieted. And then Ranse relaxed his bonds without impairing their security; and Juan's flickering and frenzied eyes became composed and calm again, and he watched Ranse intently.

So Ranse spoke to him, in the liquid syllables the old man knew; and at Ranse's word old Juan smiled suddenly that benign and kindly smile which they were accustomed to see. But the others understood Ranse's word as well as Juan; and there were startled exclamations from them, and they pressed closer, bending above the bound man, crouching about him the better to hear.

It was with this intent audience that Ranse and Juan had a slow colloquy together. Ranse had no need to interpret for their benefit, but once or twice, at something Juan said, Ranse looked up at them, and he saw them nod with astonished understanding. And once Lin Bunt scratched his head and muttered in amazement:

"Don't that beat the Dutch, Ranse? Don't it? I'm asking you."

Ranse nodded. "Where's the gun he had?" he asked. "Did you get that?"

Young Norris Lee said eagerly, "Yes, here it is. I got it out of his hand in the tussle." And he extended the weapon. Ranse looked toward old Vic.

"Yours, I guess, Vic," he explained. So Vic took the revolver, and he held it in the lantern light while Ranse turned back to Juan.

But Vic, behind him, cried: "No, it ain't, Ranse! This ain't my gun!" And as Ranse turned swiftly: "Why, it's Peak's! I've seen him have it, many's the time. It's old Dusty's, Ranse."

"Peak's?" Ranse echoed. His eyes were thoughtful. "That's right, his was gone," he agreed.

"Two shells fired," said Vic.

"One for Splann, and one for Lutz," Lin reminded them, but Ranse was puzzled still.

"I figured sure he'd stolen your gun, Vic," he protested. He spoke to Juan, shook his head. "No," he told them, his tone alert now. "But someone did!" He looked down the slope toward the other cabin, in a renewed concern.

(Continued on Page 115)

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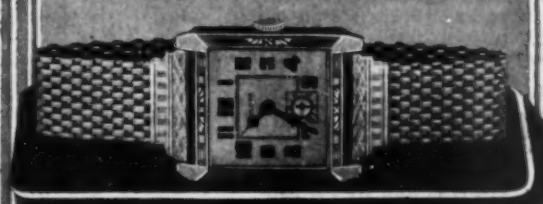

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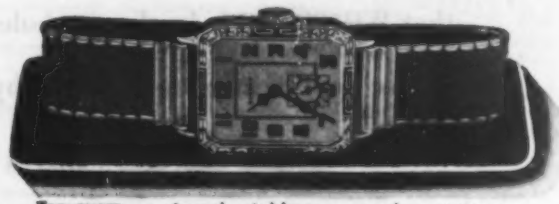

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(Continued from Page 112)

"Splann and Lutz," Lin repeated, half aloud. "And with Peak's gun. That worked out all right, didn't it?"

"How about Lutz?" Ranse asked.

"Got him clean," Lin reported.

Ranse was silent for a moment, digesting this intelligence regretfully. "I didn't figure he'd go for Lutz," he confessed; and he turned his attention to Juan again and resumed his persuasive questioning. Till at last the tale was told, and he stood up wearily and looked about him at the other men.

"Well, outside of who stole old Vic's gun, I guess that cleans it all up," he remarked.

Lin Bunt slapped his knee. "By gorry!" he cried. "That tops everything I ever did hear!"

Ranse looked at the marshal. "Guess you'll want to take charge of Juan, Lucas," he said. "But I don't think he'll give you any trouble now. Go as easy with him as you can. He did the best he knew."

"And when you come to that," Lin pointed out, "I figure we owe him something, Ranse. If it hadn't been for him, we'd have had a sight more trouble on our hands. And the ones he's killed needed killing bad."

"We've come out of it lucky," Ranse agreed. He turned to Norris Lee. "I didn't look for him to come your way, son," he confessed. "You did well to nail him without getting hurt. How did he get to Lutz? I never thought of his trying that, or I'd have told you to watch out."

"It wouldn't have done any good if you had," Norris said earnestly. "I couldn't have done any more than I did." And he explained: "You see, this is what happened. Lutz was sleeping on the floor, right near the door. I decided to sit inside the cabin. It was dark as a pit in there, but I could see the door, see the square of it against the night. So I figured no one could come or go without my knowing. And I was on the job, too," he assured them stoutly. "But he must have crawled up from one side. I didn't hear a thing, or see a thing, till all of a sudden come this shot. I see the flash of it, low down, right on the door sill, and I jumped for the door, and I guess I let off my gun at the same time. Then I tripped over him, on the ground outside, and the next thing we was at it. I lost my gun when I fell over him, and then I grabbed for his and got hold of it. I bit his hand to make him let go, but he held on; and we was still at it, rolling over and over and clawing and biting like a lion and a bear, when Lin and the rest of them come along."

He mopped his brow at the memory. "Say, I was glad to turn the job over to them, too, I'm telling you," he confessed. "That old boy's as tough as whalebone."

Ranse nodded. "We'll have a look at Lutz," he suggested at last. "There might be ——"

"I looked," Lin repeated grimly. "There might be, but there ain't."

"All right," Ranse agreed. He glanced toward the marshal. "You'll take care of Juan?"

Lucas assented with a word, and Ranse slowly lighted a cigarette. He was, abruptly, very tired. The long strain of facing a danger against which he had neither defense nor counter weapon was ended, but its very ending brought an end to his strength and his resistance too. He wanted suddenly to go to sleep, to rest.

But those others in the cabin down the hill would be waiting to hear what it was that had happened here; so his task was not yet done. He turned that way.

XXII

WHEN Ranse approached the other cabin, Moray was standing just outside the door. He had gone back to his tent for warmer clothing than pajamas; and as Ranse drew near now he said derisively:

"Well, Sherlock! How's the strong silent man?"

Ranse only grinned.

"Well, I'm tired," he admitted. "Tired and sleepy too."

Mr. Bayless, inside, asked cheerfully: "Is it safe for me to recover my health, Ranse?"

And Ranse chuckled. "Safe enough, I guess," he agreed. "Yes, sir, the sooner the better. You've helped a lot, playing the game the way you did."

Mrs. Bayless remarked, in a tone of humorous exasperation: "Well, it's high time! I'll be glad to know where Mr. Bayless stands. First he was shot, and then he was dead, and then he was dying. I never have been able to count on that man!"

"Sorry, ma'am," Ranse grinned. "But I didn't shoot him. And if he hadn't been dead last night, he might have been dead this morning. And if he hadn't been dying tonight, we might not have landed old Juan."

Enid cried: "That poor old man! I can't believe it, Ranse, even now. What happened? Why did he do it? I don't understand."

Ranse hesitated. He and Moray stood outside the cabin, the others in the dark inside, but he knew by the sound of her voice that Enid had risen and come near the door. He hesitated; and he said slowly:

"No, ma'am, you wouldn't understand. There's no reason why you should. But it's simple enough, in a way. I ought to have figured it out before now."

And he went on, explaining to them as best he could.

"I ought to have guessed," he repeated. "Because I know the way sheep herders are apt to go, sometimes, if they stick at it too long. And Juan had been at it all his life, till his head was kind of scrambled inside."

"And he went into a murderous frenzy?" Mr. Bayless asked.

Ranse shook his head. "Why, not exactly that, sir," he corrected. "Not quite that bad!"

He tried to make them understand.

"You see," he urged, "a man that takes care of animals all his life, he gets mighty fond of them. You even get to like sheep, I guess, and the dogs that help take care of the sheep, and your burros, and so on. But sheep are always getting into trouble, hurting themselves, and dogs get old and sick, and a horse or a burro may break its leg. And then there's nothing to do but put 'em out of the way, easy as you can." He hesitated for a moment, then continued: "You remember the day we came in here. The sick porcupine. And old Juan killing it."

They remembered; they said so.

"Anybody might do the same as he did," Ranse confessed. "I've had to do it for a pony I liked mighty well, and once for an old dog. Name was Gip. A good lion hound, but a lion mauled him. Well, I figure that a man like old Juan, taking care of dumb things all his life, and loving them, and then having to kill them in the end—he might get to brooding over it. Might get to thinking that it was his duty to put a thing out of its misery if it was suffering."

He had a silent, utterly attentive audience now as he went on.

"Anyway, that's what happened," he told them. "That's the twist old Juan got into his head." And he continued: "He quieted down after a while, tonight. I told him he wouldn't have to kill things any more—not the things he loved—and that made him feel better. And he told me all about it—the whole show."

Mrs. Bayless and Enid were in the doorway now, wrapped in their blankets against the chill of the night, yet forgetting to be cold in the intentness of their listening. Up by the other cabin there was darkness, silence. Marshal Lucas had brought old Juan down to the fire, and the others were gathered there; and Ranse, looking that way, saw that they were giving the old man coffee and food, and tending him with a strange gentleness.

Moray followed Ranse's glance and saw this, too, and made some protest, but Ranse shook his head.

"He's all right," he insisted. "I told him Mr. Bayless would get well. If you did let him go, now, he wouldn't do any harm. The only thing worrying him is his sheep, and I promised I'd see to it that they were all right."

And he returned to the beginning again. "You see," he explained, "this thing had probably been growing in Juan for quite a while. But what touched it off was Peak. He and old Peak were friends. When Juan felt like company, he'd drift up to Dusty's cabin, any time of the day or night; and he and Peak would play cribbage together. Peak used to cheat him blind, they say, just for the fun of it. Peak had a mean, sneaking streak in him, all right. But if Juan knew, he never did mind.

"So here the other night—or the other morning, toward daylight—Juan was up that way, moving the sheep; and he stopped at the cabin. He must have got there while Splann and Lutz were digging that hole over by the shaft, where Peak had told them the gold was hid. So Juan got to the cabin, and he saw old Peak, who had been his friend, tied in the chair, and fixed the way he was. And that was the fuse that touched Juan off. He had liked Peak, and Peak was suffering; and Juan took the knife off the table and—what he did was just what he'd have done for a sheep, or a dog, or any other hurt thing. There wasn't anything wrong about it, to him."

He considered, thinking back, shaping events in their sequence. "Then he heard the others coming back," he explained. "And he had sense enough to know they wouldn't be any easier on him than they had been on Peak. So he grabbed Peak's gun, and he slipped away. Lucky for him that he did, because Lutz told me yesterday that when they got back and found Peak dead, they were crazy. It was after that, when they were leaving, that they saw us, and Splann took that shot at you, Mr. Bayless."

Bayless said, from the darkness of the cabin: "Killing was an instinct with the man. I had thought he must be dead, years ago."

Enid cried, "But, Ranse, why didn't Juan tell us all about it at the time?"

"His head didn't work that way, ma'am," Ranse reminded her. "Sometimes it worked straight, and sometimes it didn't. Just about the time when he might have told us, he heard about Mr. Bayless being hurt, and that unsettled him. He thought he might have to—do the same for Mr. Bayless as he had for Peak."

He heard their gasps of dismay, and Mrs. Bayless cried: "Why, Ranse, we might all have been murdered in our beds!"

Ranse nodded, with a wry smile. "We're lucky," he assented, "to come out of it all right. Yes, ma'am."

Then Enid asked, "Was it Juan who stole Vic's gun?"

"No, ma'am," Ranse confessed. He hesitated, and he lighted a fresh cigarette, pondering that matter of Vic's gun again. But somewhere in the woods above them an owl hooted; and Mrs. Bayless cried:

"What's that? I declare, my nerves are all on edge."

"Just an owl, ma'am," Ranse explained; and he went on without any further answer to Enid's question: "You see, Juan was mightily disturbed in his mind. He wanted to help us, and he found the trail of these two men, and he brought me that piece of bridle rein, but he didn't dare tell me anything for fear they'd get after him. Then he went trailing them again, and he located Splann, after Art had left him there in the canyon alone. So Juan saw there was another job for him. Finding Splann that way was just like finding a pack horse with a broken leg, to the old man, you see."

There was a moment's silence, broken by their shuddering ejaculations.

"And that's the whole of it," Ranse confessed. "Except tonight, what you saw."

Mrs. Bayless cried in a sudden comprehension: "Tonight? Ranse, you used Mr. Bayless for bait! I understand now!"

"Yes, ma'am," Ranse admitted. "But I made sure he wouldn't get hurt. You notice I had his bed where Juan couldn't even see it from outside." And he added slowly, justifying himself: "You see, a lot

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of folks come up through here in the course of a year. And if I was right, and we didn't get Juan now and prove it on him, there might have been some more killings, by and by. I used Mr. Bayless, yes. But I played it safe. And maybe by doing so we've saved some other lives."

Mrs. Bayless started to protest, but Bayless said gently: "It's all right, Ranse."

"All right?" Mrs. Bayless exclaimed. "He might have killed you!"

And Moray agreed. "A blasted outrage, it seems to me!" he urged.

Bayless chuckled. "If anyone is aggrieved, I am the one, Emerson," he pointed out. "And if I had known in advance, I should still have approved what Ranse has done."

Then Enid cried, "But, Ranse, I don't see how you guessed the truth; guessed the answer to it all. It was marvelous."

Ranse shook his head. "I was dumb, or I'd have guessed it before," he admitted. His tone was curiously gentle when he spoke to Enid now. "What first gave me the idea was when you fell off your horse this afternoon, ma'am, and he came down toward us. I happened to see the look in his eyes, and it scared me. And then when I told him you were all right, not hurt at all, he began to smile again. I noticed it at the time, but I didn't think much about it, because we had Lutz on our hands. But after Lutz told us all he knew, I saw there was still this killer loose around here; and I was trying to figure out who he was. And when old Juan came down to the beaver house to watch you, this evening, I remembered some, and guessed the rest of it."

"And baited your trap!" Mr. Bayless chuckled. "Ranse, I give you credit not only for imagination but for courage. It needs courage to take such a responsibility."

But Moray laughed in a sudden scornful triumph. "You were too smart, Ranse," he pointed out derisively. "If you hadn't been quite so smart, Lutz would be alive!"

There was a moment's silence; then Mr. Bayless said: "If he is dead, there's no great harm done, it seems to me."

But Ranse objected honestly: "Mr. Moray's right. I slipped up on that. That was too bad. It didn't occur to me that Juan would try for Lutz. I don't see now why he did it. Lutz was all right; he wasn't hurt at all. I don't know why it was, unless Juan aimed to even up for old Peak, and what those two did to him. But I don't believe that was it, at all."

Moray said, still in that amused and scornful tone: "Well, Ranse, you've solved so many mysteries, how about this gold old Peak had accumulated? Have you located that?"

Ranse shook his head; and Mrs. Bayless cried: "I don't believe there ever was any gold. I think this was all a wild-goose chase, from the beginning. I told Mr. Bayless so."

"No," Ranse assured her. "I guess there's no question Peak had washed out a lot more dust than he ever spent. Judging by the length of that drift under his cabin, and the dirt he'd moved out of there and all. Peak didn't like work any too well. You can bet he found enough to pay him for his trouble there."

"Fool's gold!" Mrs. Bayless insisted. But Ranse said slowly:

"Any gold is fool's gold, if you want to look at it so. But the fever of it gets hold of a man. And this was real enough to bring Splann and his pardner here, and Mr. Bayless."

"And to turn old Juan into a killer," Enid pointed out.

Moray laughed. "Well, I hope there aren't any more like him around," he confessed. "I've had enough thrills for a while."

Ranse turned aside. "I guess you're safe enough," he replied. "We'll keep the fires going till daylight. But with Juan here in our hands, the rest is all straight, it seems to me."

"Except why Juan killed Lutz," Moray prompted derisively.

"Yes, there is that," Ranse agreed. "But maybe he'll tell me." He looked toward the fire, where the other men were gathered. "You all go to sleep," he suggested. "I'll go talk to Juan some more."

And he turned away, leaving them to compose themselves for so much of the night as still remained.

Moray followed Ranse toward the fire, where the others were already gathered; but when they came there, Juan was peacefully asleep in his blankets a little to one side, while the marshal sat watchfully near by. So Ranse did not disturb the old man.

Lin looked up at Ranse's approach and grinned. He was brewing coffee.

"Didn't figure we'd sleep much tonight," he explained. "I'll get some breakfast under way."

Before Ranse could answer, Moray said cheerfully: "Good idea!" He sat down on Lin's bedding roll. "Coffee will taste mighty fine," he declared. He was vastly good-humored, and he looked toward Ranse and said in sly derision: "Ranse here needs a cup of coffee! He's been thinking too hard. He had it all figured that Juan would take a crack at Mr. Bayless, and Juan killed poor Lutz instead."

There was a moment's silence; then Ranse confessed honestly: "I'm sorry about that. I don't see why he went for Lutz, unless he thought Mr. Bayless was in that cabin."

But Dave Blinn said shortly, "There's nothing queer in that, Ranse. As long as he had this hunch to put someone out of their suffering, Lutz would do as well as anyone."

Ranse looked at him in surprise. "But Lutz wasn't hurt to amount to anything," he argued.

Blinn glanced at young Moray. "Juan thought he was," he amended grimly. "Mr. Moray here was shooting off a lot of Spanish to Juan last night, telling him that Lutz was all busted up inside and due to die."

There was a moment's silence, and Moray uttered an angry ejaculation; he met their steadily accusing eyes. "I say," he protested; "you can't blame that on me."

But no one answered him. Only Ranse nodded to Dave. "That was it, then," he agreed.

"You mean to blame me?" Moray challenged. "Blast it, Ranse, I won't stand for that!"

Lin poured coffee, he added cream, he passed the cup to Ranse. Ranse, squatting on his heels, stirred the liquid slowly. And he said at last, in a dry tone:

"There ain't a thing wrong with you, young fellow, only that you talk when you'd ought to keep still."

Moray hesitated, then he laughed harshly. "Well, at least," he declared, "Lutz had it coming to him. He needed killing."

"I guess you'd find folks to think that about anyone, if you went to the right quarter," Ranse observed. And Moray flung to his feet.

"You're trying to make a goat out of me!" he cried.

Ranse only said indifferently, "This is good coffee, Lin."

But Lin answered Moray.

"That's already been attended to, mister," he remarked.

Moray, with a muttered, angry word, stalked away, and Lin chuckled. But Ranse looked after Moray so long and thoughtfully that Lin asked at last, in a low tone: "Ranse, what's on your mind?"

Ranse grinned, shook his head. "Just an idea," he confessed. "I was thinking he's been a kind of nuisance of a man."

XXIII

SHORTLY before noon next day a little cavalcade started down the canyon, following the old road, bound out to Shepherd's and to town. Four riders and a wagon. When Norris Lee went to fetch a doctor for Mr. Bayless, he had arranged that the wagon should follow him in to Three Buttes, in case it seemed desirable to move the hurt man. But though the vehicle arrived in the early morning after Juan's capture, Mr. Bayless decided to stay at Three Buttes until his strength returned. He told Ranse his decision.

"I know no better place to convalesce," he explained. "I'm in no hurry to get home. I can stay a month if I want. Enid and Mrs. Bayless will enjoy riding the trails, climbing some of these mountains. I want them to see the country. And also," he added, smiling stubbornly, "I came in here for a purpose, and I'm just obstinate enough to want to finish what I came to do."

Ranse nodded thoughtfully. "I guess I know what you mean, sir," he remarked.

Mr. Bayless assented. "If old Peak did accumulate a hidden treasure here, I mean to find it," he agreed.

So Ranse went to explain his decision to the marshal and the others.

"You won't need the wagon, then?" Lucas asked. And as Ranse assented: "Well, we can use it, I guess," he pointed out, and Ranse agreed.

Thus, after breakfast, the marshal and Dave Blinn and the wagon disappeared. Juan was left under old Vic Buker's watchful guard. Mrs. Bayless was with her husband, and Moray and Enid had strolled down toward the dam and the beaver house, which had for the girl a continual fascination.

Ranse and Lin stayed by the fire together, where Lin scraped away at his pots and kettles, and Ranse, smoking idly, squatted on his heels beside the other man. Doctor Bland sat with them for a while, then went to talk with Mr. Bayless. He would remain for a day or so, to make sure that his patient was safely on the road to health again; but Mr. Bayless, though he had at Ranse's suggestion played hitherto a helpless part, was able even now to sit up, and might have managed more than this if there had been need.

Ranse watched the marshal and Dave follow the wagon as it disappeared in the direction of old Peak's cabin, but thereafter his eyes turned toward the dam below the lake, where Enid and Moray sat together, isolated, yet in plain view. He watched them, and it was clear to him even from this distance that Moray found the conversation ran not to his desires. His gestures were angry and protesting ones. But Ranse was thinking not so much of Moray as of the girl; and he said once, casually:

"Mrs. Bayless and Miss Bayless—they've got insides, Lin. It isn't every woman would be willing to stay on up here after all that's happened."

Lin nodded, scraping cheerfully at the bottom of a frying pan. "Yes, sir," he said emphatically; and then he grinned. "But if it was me," he declared, "and I had to choose between staying here to be shot at, and going back to be talked at by Moray, I'd stay."

Ranse looked at him in surprise. "Moray?" he echoed. "Why, Moray's staying here too."

Lin chuckled. "I'm laying two to one on that proposition," he retorted.

"Where you get that hunch?" Ranse protested; and Lin said cheerfully:

"Oh, I've been stacking him up alongside of you!"

And he laughed aloud at the slow flood of color that surged across Ranse's cheek, but Ranse only said gruffly: "You always were a plain durned fool!"

Then he looked toward the creek trail and added in a lower tone: "Here comes Dave and the marshal now."

The two riders did in fact approach, at a foot pace. The wagon was not in sight, but later Ranse caught a glimpse of it as it skirted the fringe of the woods above camp. He looked around to be sure Mrs. Bayless was indoors, Enid at a distance. Then Lucas stopped where Ranse stood, but Dave Blinn rode on up toward the cabin where Lutz last night had come to his end, and the wagon was visible for a while, among the aspens behind the cabin there. Then it disappeared down the hill toward the old road, and Ranse saw it go with a deep breath of relief. The sun seemed to shine more brightly, and a shadow lifted from the scene when it was gone.

(Continued on Page 118)

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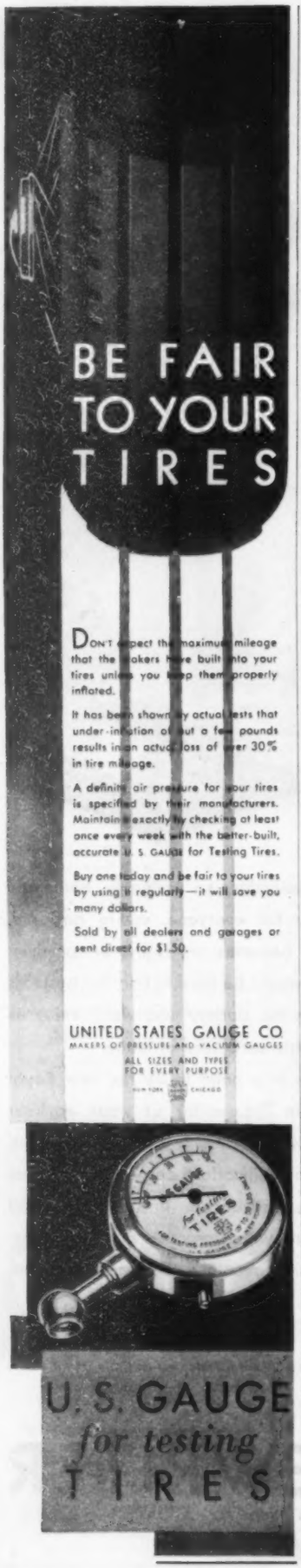
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(Continued from Page 116)

He looked toward Enid yonder at the dam again, and he saw that the girl and Moray had risen and were coming this way. Moray walked stiffly, with his head in the air.

Norris Lee brought a horse for old Juan to ride, and the sheep herder mounted under the marshal's vigilant eye.

Then Lucas said, "Well, Ranse, we're moving. Anything I can send in to you?"

Ranse shook his head. "We'll be fine," he assured the other, and he lifted his hand. "So long. Good luck," he said.

But Lin interposed, in a lower tone: "Hold on a minute. Looks like you might have company, marshal."

And Ranse and the others turned, to find Moray approaching. Enid had swung toward the cabin where her mother and her father were. Ranse felt his pulse quicken faintly, but his face remained expressionless while Moray announced his intention to depart with the marshal and Blinn.

"Got to go, have you?" Ranse asked politely. "That's too bad. I figure we could show you some pretty country around here if you'd stay."

"Business," Moray explained importantly. "I could stay a day or two, but Mr. Bayless will be here longer than that. So I'll go along, if you can let me have a horse for the trip out."

"Sure," Ranse drawled. "You can have a horse, yes. Have two horses, if you want." He heard Lin cough, suddenly, behind him; and he explained: "I mean, there are plenty of horses now, what with ours and Vic's extra ones. I guess Vic would give you pretty near anything of his you wanted real bad."

Moray stared at him, flushing slowly. Then, without comment, he turned away toward his tent down the slope, stiff anger in the very set of his shoulders. He began to pack his belongings there; and Ranse saddled a horse for him, and the marshal waited till Moray should be ready.

Ranse, leading the horse, came back to the fire, and Lin whistled a triumphant little tune, looking at Ranse with a derisive eye.

Ranse said cheerfully, "I guess Moray would go over big in town, at that."

"Maybe," Lin assented. "I wouldn't be surprised. I never did have any use for a town anyway. But he didn't pan out so good up here. A man ought to stay in his own territory."

Ranse grinned and looked around. Juan sat his horse, a little to one side, where the marshal kept upon the old man a watchful eye, but Juan was smiling in a gentle peace and kindliness. Ranse approached him, spoke to him reassuringly. Young José could handle the sheep alone, he pointed out, till a helper came; and if there was need, he would himself lend José a hand. Juan murmured his courtly thanks, and his eyes were content and utterly serene.

While Ranse spoke to the old man, he was watching Moray yonder at his tent, packing his belongings.

Moray called now, "Here's my stuff, Ranse!"

And he went to make his explanations to Mr. Bayless, while Ranse moved down the hill to fetch the other's duffel bag. He carried it up to where Moray's horse was waiting, but he held the bag in a curious fashion in his hands, shifting his grip this way and that, so that Lin's attention was attracted. And Lin was watching Ranse when Moray returned, ready to mount.

Ranse had laid the bag on the ground, and Moray saw it there and ordered angrily: "Tie it on my saddle, Ranse."

But Ranse met his eyes steadily, and he said in a low tone, "I guess you better leave old Vic his gun."

Moray's cheek burned red. "Vic? His gun? You're crazy!"

"He'd give you anything but that," Ranse explained. Lin came to his side, and Vic himself drew near, suddenly exclamatory.

"Did this so-and-so sneak my gun?" he demanded.

Ranse kicked the duffel bag, and Vic picked it up and tore loose the knot that fastened it. He thrust his hand deep within, drew out the gun which Ranse had felt through the clothes Moray had packed around it. And Vic stared at the weapon, and he swung ominously toward Moray. But Ranse came between.

"Let him go!" he said gently.

Moray laughed in a sudden defiance. "I didn't intend to be shot at without shooting back!" he cried. "Even if the rest of you were a pack of ——"

"Good-by, Moray," Ranse interrupted. "And travel fast!"

Moray hesitated, looking from one to the other. Then, with a sudden motion he mounted, and with no further word the little train of riders moved away. Mr. and Mrs. Bayless and Enid were inside the cabin yonder; they had not seen. They came to the door to call farewells, and the cavalcade turned down the old road and so presently the riders disappeared.

And a little later old Vic and Art, Vic still lamenting his wrongs, departed toward the Puerco, where their outfit lay unguarded. They would start outside in the morning.

"It knocks my plans sky-high," Vic confessed. "I haven't got another party coming along for over two weeks, Ranse."

"I wish I could use you myself," Ranse admitted. He remembered that Vic had said he needed the money Splann and Lutz would pay. "Come back through here on your way out tomorrow," he suggested. "Maybe something will turn up between now and then." And Vic promised to do so. Then he and Art loped up the trail.

They had lunch presently; and afterward the sunny afternoon droned by. Enid and her mother and Mr. Bayless slept after the weariness of the night before. Norris Lee and Lin cleaned camp and put all in order here, and Ranse and Doctor Bland sat under the shade of one of the great pines down the slope and watched the ruffling waters of the lake and the cloud shadows that drifted across the hillsides, and talked indolently of many idle things. But after supper Ranse had a word with Mr. Bayless about old Vic; and Mr. Bayless agreed to what the younger man suggested, so that when Vic and Art came back that way next day, and Doctor Bland departed with them toward town, the physician had a message for Vic which he would deliver when they were safe away and Vic was beyond protesting at Mr. Bayless' generosity.

When they were gone Enid said gayly to Ranse, "Now, we're back to first principles again. Just the ones who started out together."

"Except Mr. Moray," Ranse reminded her, and the girl colored and laughed softly.

"Honestly," she confessed, "I had forgotten him." And she waited to hear what he would say.

But Ranse said nothing. He was, it seemed to Enid, curiously thoughtful all that day; and in mid-afternoon, with no word to anyone, he rode away alone. She looked after him almost wistfully. He took the trail toward Peak's cabin; and Enid was curious and uneasy, so that some time after Ranse had gone, she asked Norris to saddle her horse, and herself rode after Ranse.

Lin and Norris watched her go, and Norris wondered in a puzzled way: "You reckon she's all right? I offered to go with her, but she was bound she'd go alone."

Lin assured him soberly, "Sure, she's all right." His tone was utterly grave. "Yes, she'll be all right. But I'm a little bit worried about Ranse, though."

"Ranse?" Norris echoed. "Why, whatever could happen to him?"

And Lin retorted, "Pretty near anything, it seems to me." And he grinned at the other man's bewilderment.

Enid had set out to overtake Ranse. There was no other intent in her mind than this; she wished to be with him. But it was not till she drew in sight of the cabin where old Peak had lived so long alone that she saw his horse cropping the grass in the meadow. Ranse himself was not to be seen; and Enid thought he must be in the cabin, and she dismounted and with some remembered misgivings from her last visit here, she approached the door.

When she looked in, Ranse was not in sight, but she saw the floor boards lifted to reveal a gaping hole; and she remembered then old Vic's report of a tunnel that began under the cabin, and so she understood. Ranse must be down in the drift, investigating there.

And he had come alone! The girl had, with this understanding, a sudden misgiving, a torturing doubt. She had almost forgotten the legend of Peak's hidden gold, but she remembered it now and understood what Ranse must be about. He sought to find the treasure, and he had come alone, shunning any company.

It did not fit into her estimate of Ranse that he should seek to solve that secret on his own account; yet there seemed to her no other interpretation of his furtive mission here. She crept back to where her horse was cropping at the grass, and mounted and rode quietly away; and there was a sick sorrow in the girl.

He might, she thought, report the result of his search when he returned to camp again, but Ranse that night was even more silent than his habit was. She waited for him to speak, hoping fearfully, but he said nothing at all, and it seemed to her that he avoided her, avoided any company.

Next day he was his normal self again, but the girl put a bridle on her inclinations. She avoided him, staying much with her mother and her father in the cabin, or in the sun near its door. And that afternoon Ranse rode away again, up the cabin trail. She did not follow him, but she marked when he came back that there was fresh dirt upon his shoes and on his clothes, as though he had been digging. And she remembered that those others had dug a great hole by the abandoned mine. Ranse was, she told herself miserably, as bad as they.

The moon, during their days here, had been waxing; tonight at dusk it was high in the sky, and more than half full. And after supper Ranse, wondering a little at the silence which the girl of late preserved, came to her side.

He said to her slowly, "There's a good moon, ma'am."

She nodded indifferently. "Yes," she agreed.

He pointed toward the lake. "I was thinking," he explained. "You remember I told you the beavers go up on the farther slope at night to work. We might go down and cross the dam and watch for them, maybe get a sight of one."

Her heart ached suddenly. She wanted so desperately to go with him. But she shook her head.

"No," she decided. "I'm tired tonight, Ranse. I'm going early to bed."

He looked at her curiously, puzzled by her tone. "You all right, are you?" he asked gently. "Anything wrong?"

And she laughed in quick, dry mirth. "Wrong? Of course not," she assured him. "What could there be wrong? I simply don't feel like it tonight, you see."

"Well, the moon will be better tomorrow, at that," he suggested.

But Enid said: "I'm not so interested in the beavers as I was. Perhaps I'm getting used to them. Things sometimes do pall on closer acquaintance, you know."

He looked at her with puzzled eyes. "Getting tired of it up here?" he asked slowly.

"Oh, no," she retorted. "But the novelty is wearing off, of course. I was thinking of what you said about selling a ranch, or buying one, the other day. It's a good thing to wait and look at every aspect of the thing, isn't it? You may discover some defect you did not suspect before."

Ranse stared at her, and she tried to meet his glance, but after a moment her eyes began to burn, and she knew she was going to cry. So she turned with what dignity she could muster and strolled casually away

(Continued on Page 121)

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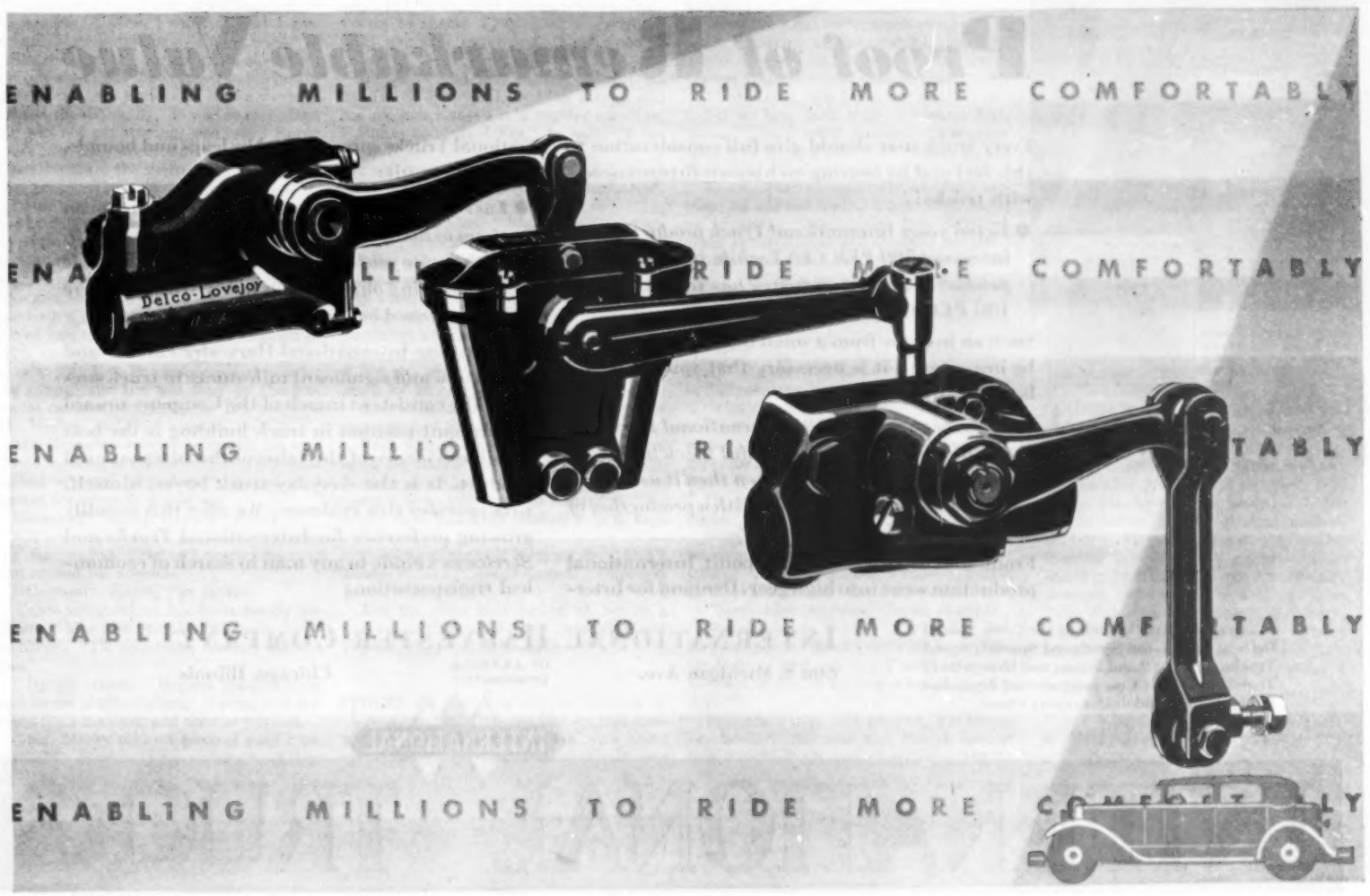

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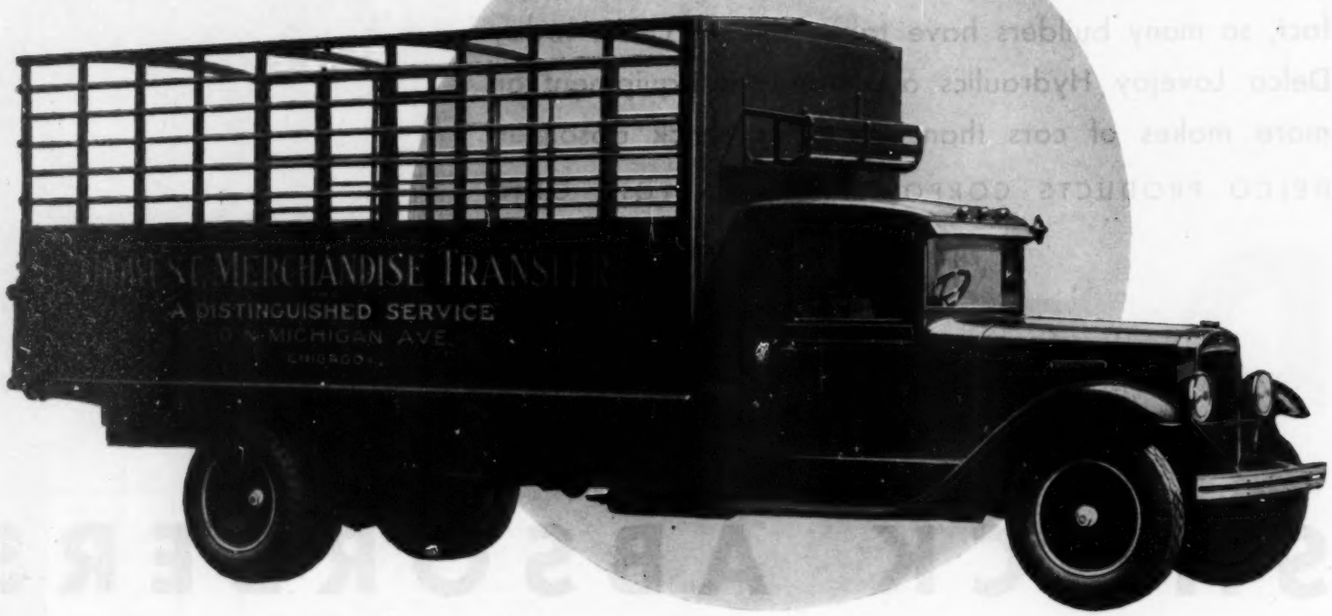

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(Continued from Page 118)

toward her tent, humming under her breath to show him how little she was disturbed. But her dignity fled when she was hidden and alone.

Ranse did not again suggest to her that they seek to waylay the beaver on the farther slope. During the succeeding days he treated her with his habitual courtesy, but his eyes were quite expressionless. Enid managed to be as matter-of-fact as he, but sometimes, waking early in her tent, when she heard his low tones as he and Lin talked together about the morning fire, she pressed her hand against her lips desperately. And sometimes when he did not know that she was near, she watched him with hurt, bewildered eyes.

She was thus awake one morning when she heard, down by the lake, a splashing in the water as though the beaver were playing there, and she sat up in her sleeping bag to look out. Through the morning mists she saw a dark spot on the water, and thought it was a beaver; it disappeared as though the creature had dived. But when it reappeared she realized that it was black, not brown; and then a white arm showed, and she knew that was a swimmer yonder. Knew it must be Ranse.

And this seemed to her astonishing. It was not yet sunrise; and at this season frost fell every night, lay thick now on the ground. The water must be cold as ice; certainly it did not invite a swim for pleasure's sake. She was so puzzled that she could not sleep, and she drew the curtains of her tent together and began to dress. When she emerged, it was to meet Ranse as he came up the hill. His hair was wet, and his lips were blue with cold, but there was a cheerful triumph in his eyes.

She asked him: "Ranse, was that you swimming?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," Ranse assented. "Yes, it was."

"I can't imagine anyone wanting a swim on a morning as cold as this," she protested.

Ranse chuckled in a mystifying way; she thought there was a sort of intoxication in his bearing. "Well, I wanted what I got, ma'am," he assured her. "I'm satisfied."

She resented this mystery, but she would not question him. She turned indifferently back to her tent again and Ranse went on toward the dining fly. It was so early that Lin was not yet stirring; she heard Ranse rouse him with a cheerfully abusive word. Then she heard the sharp crack of the ax as they prepared to start the fire.

Later they met at breakfast. Her father was by this time able to move without help; he could walk as far as the dining fly and back to the cabin again. After breakfast he decided to walk down to the bank above the lake and sit there in the sun; and Norris Lee took a blanket down for him, and Enid joined him there. Then Norris went off to bring the horses in case any of them wished to ride; and Mrs. Bayless departed to order the cabin; and Lin was busy by the fire. Ranse came slowly down the hill to where Mr. Bayless and Enid were.

Mr. Bayless was lying at length, his eyes closed, basking in the morning sun, but Enid looked up and met Ranse's glance, and waited for what he would say.

He asked, "Is Mr. Bayless awake?"

His tone was low, his lips barely moving. Bu Bayless heard him and opened his eyes and replied for himself.

"Certainly, Ranse," he agreed.

Ranse squatted on his heels beside the other. "You feel up to a little talk, sir?" he asked. "I'll undertake it won't distress you."

"By all means," Bayless assured him; and Ranse plucked a spear of grass and was silent for a moment, and then he grinned.

"Mr. Moray told me some of your business, Mr. Bayless," he confessed. "How you happened to come out here, and how you'd bought all this land around here, on the chance that Peak had something, and all that."

Bayless smiled. "Moray does talk," he agreed. "I use him sometimes for advertising purposes."

"True, was it?" Ranse asked. "About your owning this land?"

And Mr. Bayless said, "Quite true."

Ranse grinned, and he removed his hat and laid it on the ground beside him. "Well, sir," he said, "I guess you ought to know the situation then." And while Bayless and Enid watched him and waited attentively, he explained.

"I've heard stories about old Peak, about him bringing a poke of dust to town every so often," he reminded them. "And I've known Peak for a good many years. You'd come up here and see him fishing, out there above the dam, always in about the same place. He'd fish first at the mouth of the creek, where you'd expect to catch trout, and he'd get a few, and then he'd pole down to the dam and fish some more. He never seemed to get any fish down here, though. But by and by he'd throw his can of bait in the water and go on home."

"I saw him there," Bayless agreed, "the day we came."

"I've seen him there many a time," Ranse affirmed. He hesitated, and then went on.

"Well, when I went up to his place the other day, I saw a soldering iron in his cabin," he reminded them. "And there weren't any empty tin cans around. Most folks, living the way he did, they'll throw their empty cans out of the door or anywhere. And I got to thinking and figuring." He looked up at them suddenly and smiled.

"So I went for a swim this morning," he concluded.

Enid watched him with wide eyes, and Mr. Bayless prompted:

"A swim?"

Ranse fumbled in the front of his shirt; he drew out a rusty sardine can, and he turned it over and over, hefting it in his hand. It was, they saw, soldered tight, but in an awkward and amateurish way.

"I dove down to the bottom, about where Peak used to throw his bait cans overboard," he explained. "Sure enough, the bottom is littered with cans there. I could feel them. But there never were any worms in them. They're all soldered up tight, far as I could find. Here's one of them."

He held it out and Bayless took it; his hand sagged under the sudden weight, and his eye met Ranse's in a startled question.

Ranse nodded. "Yes," he said, "I figure so."

Enid caught the can from her father's hand. "But it's heavy!" she exclaimed. "It's as heavy as lead!"

Ranse chuckled. "Well," he said, "it's got a right to be."

"It's as heavy as gold!" Enid cried, in a hushed voice, and Ranse grinned, and he rose abruptly.

"So, Mr. Bayless," he said, "any time you want to blow the dam and drain this lake you've bought, I wouldn't be surprised if it'd pay you for the trouble, sir. There are a lot of cans on the bottom there."

And with no further word, he walked away toward the others by the fire.

Enid looked after him with swimming eyes, her doubts forgotten now. Then Mr. Bayless chuckled. "You know, Enid, he needn't have told me," he remarked. "He might have had it all himself if he'd kept still."

Enid tossed her head indignantly. "Don't be absurd, dad!" she protested. "Of course Ranse would tell!"

And the older man looked at her in a quick attention, and then he smiled and nodded, approval in his eyes.

XXIV

THEY all rode one day to the top of Bodega. Mr. Bayless was by this time himself again; he had begun with short rides, progressed to longer ones. It was near a month since their coming, and tomorrow they would start for the railroad; so this was the end of their sojourn here, and this their last ride.

Ranse and Enid were ahead of the others, and there was a shadow of unhappy bewilderment in Enid's eyes. It was she who set their pace, while Ranse followed on her heels. They came to the high level on the top of the mountain and loped along the plateau toward the southern rim, where there was a tremendous and tormented panorama spread below them. At their feet the butte broke steeply downward in a palisade that ended in a slope of rubble, which descended to the skirting trees; beyond there were other ridges and other canyons, each one a pool of shadow, and beyond again, remoter vistas. Distant peaks scarce to be distinguished from the clouds among which they lifted their proud heads, deep clefts brimming with purple light, and to the east the reaches of a desert valley like the sea, that extended to the far horizon in a swimming mist of changing color.

They came to the brink there side by side, and checked their horses, and Enid looked out across the land and Ranse looked at the girl.

She said at last, whispering: "It's wonderful, Ranse!"

"Yes, ma'am," he agreed, and her eyes clouded suddenly. She sat quiet for a moment, then turned her horse to face him.

"Ranse," she accused, "you still call me 'ma'am.'"

"Yes, ma'am," Ranse assented gravely, but there was a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Why?" she insisted.

And Ranse smiled outright then. "Well," he drawled, "it's a kind of a principle with me, you see. I guide a lot of dudes in these mountains in the course of a year; and I get along better if I'm polite to them."

She listened almost resentfully; then, her eyes dancing, she asked:

"I suppose you have to be careful the female dudes don't fall in love with you."

He hesitated; and she added mischievously:

"You are a romantic figure, you know!"

At the crest of the distant trail the others emerged on the plateau and came toward them at a trot. Ranse said:

"Here come your folks, ma'am!"

"How long does this—politeness last, Ranse?" Enid asked quickly. "I suppose when you've seen your dudes safely on the train, you call them anything you choose."

Ranse looked at her slowly, and for a moment he did not reply. Then he chuckled to himself. "Why, after I've delivered them at the station and finished my job I usually figure things are different," he told her. "I don't have to wait till they're actually on the train."

She was silent for a moment, frowning faintly.

"How long will it take us to get outside?" she asked at last.

"Three days, going easy."

"Could we do it in two?" she urged.

Ranse looked away, across the great sweep of mountains that lay before them here, and then he looked back at the girl again.

Her eyes were glowing warmly, like deep pools.

"Or can't you pretend your job is finished now?" she pleaded. And then she colored, and she laughed softly. "I hate railroad platforms!" she confessed.

"Here come the folks," Ranse evaded.

She shook her head. "For you're just tormenting me, Ranse," she told him swiftly, tenderly. "And you don't need to speak. I—have seen—for so long what is in your eyes."

The others were close at hand; she swung her horse to his side and leaned toward him, touching his arm, compelling him to look at her.

"Haven't I, Ranse?" she demanded; and there was gay and gallant laughter in her tones. "Haven't I, my dear?"

And Ranse said, "Yes, ma'am!"

(THE END)

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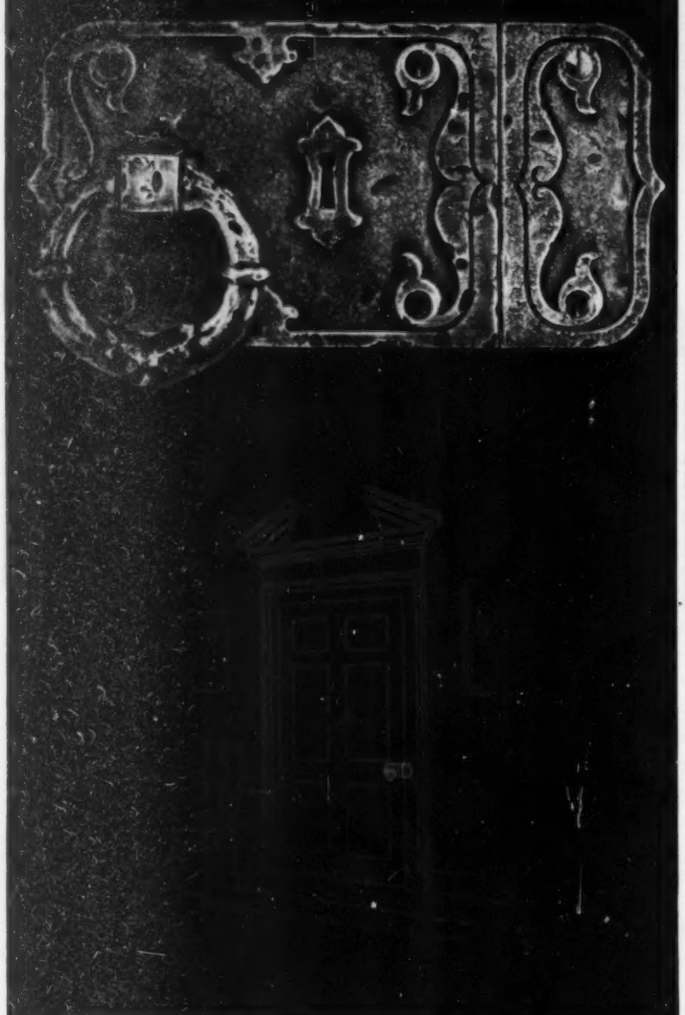

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HONEYMOON

(Continued from Page 23)

"But the moral aspects," said Randy, "to say nothing of the handwriting and other little gadgets like that."

"Morals," said Mr. Wagg, "are but the hypocritical name for expediency. An act may be inexpedient or against the interests of society, but it cannot be morally wrong."

"A comfortable philosophy," said Randy.

Such was Randy's curiosity that he went again that evening to the same place of amusement on Long Island, where, to his gratification, he saw appear his bride and groom in time for dinner. They entered with what seemed, to Randy, to be dragging feet. The young man's dull eyes did not lift from the floor to interest themselves in the room, and his fragile little wife gazed straight ahead of her with wide, wistful eyes. They seated themselves. There was no conversation over the ordering of the meal, and then the lumpish young man kept his eyes upon his plate while his wife neglected her food to gaze off into space. Randy shook his head in disagreement with the whole proceeding.

Finally, unable to endure the itch of curiosity any longer, he got up and walked across the floor and, with a somewhat naïve effrontery, assumed acquaintance with the couple.

"Why," he exclaimed, extending his hand, "good evening. Seems good to see you." He grinned amiably. "Marriage seems to have improved both of you."

The heavy-shouldered young man looked at him with dull eyes. "I don't know you," he said.

"Yes, you do. Yes, you do," said Randy. "Can't pass up old friends like that, just because you've got a wife much too good for you. . . . Don't let your husband deny me. You know me, don't you?" he asked of the bride.

"You're Randy Hyde. I recognized you," she said in a lovely, modulated voice. "But I don't know you."

"What memories! And I thought my personality was one to stamp itself indelibly on the most casual beholder. Anyhow, you know I'm respectable and come of nice parents; so won't you dance with me?"

She hesitated, glanced dubiously at her young husband, whose eyes had returned to his plate as if in total indifference to the whole wagging world. "Why, yes," she said.

For a few moments they danced silently; she was, he found, exquisitely graceful. "And now," he said, "tell your Dutch uncle what it's all about. You know I've nothing but your best interests at heart—now as since your babyhood. What's wrong? Bridegrooms don't stare in the soup and brides don't estimate infinity as you do unless some little thing has gone cockeyed."

She shivered in his arms and bit her lips. "Oh," she whispered, "I don't know you. I don't know anybody, it seems. I—I—I'm afraid."

"Oho!" said Randy with quickening interest. "Afraid. Not of young Lochinvar?"

"No. No." And then, as if a barrier had been carried away: "I've nobody to talk to; nobody to go to. And I'm afraid—so afraid."

"Who's a more suitable confidant than your childhood pal?" suggested Randy.

"There's something terrible," she said. "He won't talk. He hardly speaks, but I know there's something dreadful hanging over him. He walks the floor all night. He—he acts as if he were waiting for a sentence to be executed."

"He never was an imaginative person," said Randy.

"Oh, he was. He was a dear. I saw you watching us last night and wondering, and I saw him then as other people must see him. But it's not my Bill you're seeing. It's a stranger. Oh, you'd never believe how dear he can be, and how witty, and how—how romantic."

"Eh?" Randy shook his head to clear it from this shock, and looked afresh at Bill. Romantic! The love affairs of the hippopotamuses!

"I know you won't believe me—just because he is big and heavy and his face is plain. But—but I worshiped him. I did. I do. And I can't bear it. I—I'm terrified."

"Has he any other symptoms?"

"He told me I'd better go home, or to Europe or somewhere, and forget I ever saw him."

"What a swell symptom that is!" exclaimed Randy.

"And he said he loved me and had destroyed my life."

"Using those words? Bill is romantic. Did he hint at the method of destruction?"

"He just shut up like a clam."

"Not a clam, my dear. Never like a clam. Possibly like a disappointed elephant or a forlorn manatee."

"He's always looking out of windows and turning around quickly to see who is behind him."

"Very significant," said Randy. "And who was out of the window or sneaking up on the rear guard?"

"Nobody."

"Romance," exclaimed Randy, "and mystery! What a night! Does he mutter in his sleep?"

"He just groans."

"Almost," said Randy, "as bad as snoring. He looks the snoring type. Not that I've anything against good, comfortable, home-keeping snores. Is that all you have to tell good old Doctor Doodlebury? Well, well! Will liquor open his sealed lips?"

"Nothing will open them. Oh, if only he would tell me. I might help him. At any rate, I could help him to bear it, whatever it is."

"Are there mysterious trysts in damp cellars?"

"Sometimes he goes out—it may be in the morning or at night—and stays for hours. Night before last he came in dripping with the rain, and just sat with his head bowed in his hands."

"Obviously," said Randy, "to meet the other Nihilists. Probably they've dealt him the ace of spades and he's got to assassinate the Emperor of Abyssinia."

"I think," said she, "he meets someone."

"By the way," Randy asked, "what is Bill's name, anyhow?"

"I thought you knew him."

"Only as Bill," Randy said convincingly. "I'm no dab at all with last names. I can always think of George, but Washington just gets away from me. That's why I got such rotten marks in history."

"His name is Plant."

"To be sure, good old Bill Plant. And your first name is Honey."

"Not really; that's just what Bill used always to call me."

Randy choked again. "And I thought it was your name all the while."

"No, it's Eleanor."

"Well, Eleanor, we'd better go back to Bill, or he'll be thinking about corespondents and divorces. Hasty old rascal. Mad with jealousy."

"He's really very, very jealous," said Eleanor.

"Then," said Randy, "we'll assuage him."

As they walked back to the table a waiter handed Bill a note, which he read with dumb expressionlessness and tore to bits. Randy saw him drop the fragments on the table beside his plate.

"Bill," said Randy, "she dances more wonderfully than ever."

Nonchalantly he moved over another chair and sat down.

"We had a dandy time," he said, "talking about my pal, the Emperor of Abyssinia, and his approaching assassination. Happen to know him?"

"No," said Bill. Randy might have been asking if he were acquainted with John Smith. (Continued on Page 125)

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(Continued from Page 122)

"Listen," he said, leaning forward confidentially and patting the cloth with eloquent fingers. "I want to tell you about the emperor. There's a lad for you! Can you imagine it? Day after day it goes on, and even his mother has no influence over him. Not since he got his pet gorilla by the name of Charles. They lay it all to the gorilla, but I'm not so sure." Randy's patting fingers touched the fragments of paper and he toyed with them casually. "They've put things in his coffee and used the Montessori system, but all to what good? I pause to ask." Absent-mindedly his fingers closed over the scraps of paper. "Yes, sir, a grown man and an emperor acts like that—even in the throne room. Bill, it's incredible. You ought to take Eleanor to see it. But I insist it's not the gorilla, for a gentler, more cultured gorilla you never saw."

Bill stared at him a moment uncomprehendingly and Eleanor wore an expression of such blank bewilderment that Randy was close to chuckles.

"Well," he said, "I've got to get along and cable him. If he doesn't get a cable from me every night he won't go to bed. Soporific cables for synthetic insomnia. And so, good night and God bless you. See you in a day or so." He patted Eleanor's shoulder in a fatherly way. "Watch for the golden sunrise over the frowning mountains," he said. "Even the most threatening mountain may be green and lovely and harmless by daylight."

Randy, after a discreet delay, walked into an adjoining room, where a certain amount of privacy was available, and pieced together Bill Plant's torn note. This, according to various strictly interpreted codes of ethics, was a thing not done, but Randy looked to the surrounding circumstances and felt no compunction. If the note were merely a private matter, he would forget it; if it bore upon the happiness of the slender, lovely girl whose honeymoon had become a moon of bitter aloes, then his justification was ample.

The fragments fitted together in a minute and Randy read in typewriting: CABANA 15 AT TWELVE.

He glanced at his watch and found the hour to be 11:10. In fifty minutes then, Bill Plant was directed to go to the beach and to meet some person or persons in *Cabaña* Number 15. Also, it was evident that some of these persons who were ordering the young man about were already present, for the note had been delivered at the club.

Randy considered. He considered the fact that he had been in conversation with the bride and groom, that he had danced with Eleanor, that watching eyes might have seen him abstract the fragments of the note, and might, at this instant, be watching him as he pieced it together and read it. On the other hand, they might not.

"It's fifty-fifty," he said to himself, "and no sportsman asks better than an even break."

Upon which reflection he walked into the lobby and approached that one of his bodyguard who lounged there inconspicuously.

"Lester," he said, "you and I have been as twins for three years now, and I've asked you a lot of questions, but I've never asked you if you are a second Monsieur Lecoq. Or even a Sherlock Holmes."

"Don't know them gents," said Lester.

"They're detectives."

"I jest work for an agency. I hain't no detective; I'm just a strong arm."

"I had hoped better things of a man named Lester," said Randy. "Well, in that case, collect your coadjutor and rally around the porte-cochère. I am about to take a discreet turn upon the beach. I may be absent for an hour. . . . Do you know what a *cabaña* is?"

"Fruit, hain't it?"

"A *cabaña*," said Randy, "is a bathhouse that has sold its birthright for a pot of rouge."

"I never seen one."

"Well, if you hear screams of agony emerging from their general direction, approach on the gallop, two abreast, champing like war horses."

"We dassn't let you out of our sight. It's as much as our job's worth."

"In this instance," said Randy significantly, "it's as much as your job's worth not to. And so au revoir. Keep the eye peeled and the ear distended."

He walked to the desk, and, bending across, asked the clerk in a low tone if either *Cabaña* 14 or 16 were unoccupied.

"Fourteen," said the clerk.

"The key, please," said Randy.

He strolled toward the Sound in aimless manner, made a circuit of the *cabañas*, sat down on the sand for a moment, and then, by degrees and almost imperceptibly, drew near the door of Number 14. Under the awnings there it was a pit of darkness, and Randy sighed with relief as he inserted his key softly and opened the door. Within he moved cautiously in the velvet blackness to avoid possible furniture, and presently found a seat which he placed against the wall separating him from Number 15.

"This," he said to himself, "is life! This is romance and adventure. This is stratagem frosted with glamour. In short, it is fun. I must have a mystery delivered fresh on the doorstep each morning."

The illuminated dial of his watch showed the hour to be thirty minutes short of midnight, which meant a half hour of waiting in silence without even the solace of a cigarette. Never before had Randy appreciated the expanse of time. At the end of a tremendous ten minutes he sighed and did arithmetic. "So that," he said to himself, "is ten minutes. The sixth part of an hour! My, my, how long we live! Methuselah must have got fed up with it, especially if he had to do much waiting in the dark."

In another twelve minutes a stealthy sound reached his ears and the door of the adjoining *cabaña* was opened softly.

"Enter villain," thought Randy.

Silence dropped again and remained until a heavy foot crunched the sand without and stepped upon the platform under the awning.

A knuckle rapped on the door of Number 15 and a voice replied, "Come in and stop the pounding."

"I left my wife alone," said Bill Plant's voice. "If I'm not back quickly she'll wonder."

"She'll wonder more when you don't come back permanently," said the strange voice.

"What is it you want of me?" Bill asked dully. "You threaten and threaten, but you don't ask anything. For God's sake, come to the point. Is it blackmail?"

"Well," said the voice—and its tone was calloused—"indirectly it might be called that."

"Then name it. Don't keep this hanging over my head."

"No hurry. A little suspense brings you to a more pliable state of mind. And a little reflection upon that chair up the river in which one sits but once. Have you thought about that?"

Randy pursed his lips as one who whistles. So electric chairs were involved! No wonder the young man's honeymoon was slightly in eclipse.

"I'm not afraid of the chair," said Plant. "It's other things."

"To be sure. A sensitive nature such as yours would think of those other things. Your bride, for instance. The knowledge that her husband, the night before their marriage, was in the apartment of a lady of the chorus. That the lady of the chorus was found very dead in the morning. The obvious conclusions to be drawn. And the concrete evidence to be offered if the offering should become desirable."

"You know why I was there. You know I had no acquaintance with that girl and that I did not see her that night. I went in answer to an urgent note to take a sum of money to my cousin."

"To be sure, and did you give the money to your cousin?"

"You know what happened. You know two thugs kept me there for hours and took the money."

"But you didn't see the lady?"

"Not alive."

"No, you wouldn't have," said the other voice musingly. "Her demise had taken place before your arrival."

"Yes, yes, I know. They showed her to me. They held me by the arms and made me look. They wiped clean the handle of the knife and made me take it in my hand."

"Fingerprints," explained the voice.

"But why—why has the body never been found? Why has there been nothing in the papers about it? No hue and cry?"

"Friends working in your interests have seen to that. But, as you may imagine, the evidence is available."

"I know! I know! But what do you want? What is back of all this?"

"You are a rich young man," said the voice.

"I'll pay anything—anything—to get this horror off my back," said young Plant desperately.

"We're not interested in your money. It's small change. Your brother is richer than you."

"And he's done everything for me. I owe everything to him."

"Good. He'll appreciate your gratitude. He even let you have ten thousand shares in his Intercontinental Petroleum Gorporation, we understand."

"Yes, but I mustn't sell it or pledge it as security. I'm honor bound to hold it until he gives me permission to do otherwise."

"Now we come to the point," said the voice dryly—"the point of honor. It occurred to us that you might prefer to strain that point a trifle in the circumstances. You see, the interests I am representing in my feeble way require that stock. It is strategic. We have acquired by hard and virtuous labor holdings almost equal to your brother's. This block of yours will give us, as you will readily understand, a majority and control, and consequent profits which are worth considering."

"You are asking me to save my hide by betraying Henry's trust!" exclaimed Plant with a certain firmness in his voice.

"I'm not sure he wouldn't be glad to have you avail yourself of the opportunity. Why not?"

There was a pause, and Randy wished he could have seen the young man's face. Presently came the answer, and Randy nodded his head with satisfaction. After all, it is more pleasant to come upon a man in one's travels than a mere animate object in trousers.

"Turn loose your dog," said young Mr. Plant.

"You refuse?" asked the voice easily, and Randy imagined a shrug. "You understand, of course, that this is a business matter involving a great many millions. No decision is to be given lightly."

"I have not made this one lightly," said Plant.

"Have you, perhaps, thought as solicitously of your wife as you might?"

"I have thought of her."

"So have we."

"My wife! What about her? What do you mean?"

"Ponder upon it," said the voice. "It will give you mental exercise."

"There is one sure way out," said Plant, and his voice was strained and desperate.

"Even if you had the courage required by suicide," said the voice, "there still would remain your widow."

"No."

"You refuse?"

"I'll have to see it through."

"Not after a night's consideration. We need that stock the day after tomorrow. Tomorrow you will get it from your deposit box and will bring it with you to an address which will be furnished you at ten o'clock tomorrow night. Or at 10:30 a body will be discovered and the police will make awkward inquiries."

"I'm quite strong," said Plant, "and we are alone."

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"Not exactly," the voice said. "That line is no good. Shall I call and convince you? No? In that case, good evening. We shall expect you at ten tomorrow night."

The door opened and closed. Brief silence followed. Then Randy heard young Plant leave the *cabaña* and the sound of his heavy feet crunching the sand of the beach. He himself waited a reasonable time and followed, coming upon Lester under the porte-cochère in an attitude of grievous uneasiness.

"Buck up," Randy said. "Not only the golden egg is safe but also the goose. Did a heavy-set young gentleman just pass?"

"Yes, sir."

"Anybody else?"

"No, sir."

Randy walked in to the desk and put a question to the clerk. "Who holds *Cabaña* Number 15?" he asked.

"It is unrented, Mr. Hyde."

"It would be," Randy said. "Is there a very private telephone booth about the premises?"

"There, sir. Soundproof."

"Excellent."

Randy entered the booth and called the home of a broker who enjoyed the patronage of the Hyde billion. The voice which replied was testy until Randy disclosed his identity, when it became suave in the extreme.

"Williams," Randy said incisively, "I must know before noon tomorrow who has been acquiring stock in the Intercontinental Petroleum Company. Without fail. With all available particulars."

"Yes, Mr. Hyde. Yes, indeed."

"Good night," said Randy, and returned to the dining room, where young Plant sat with bowed head and heavy features, expressionless and dull, while his bride gazed wistfully at indefinite space.

It was somewhat late when Randy arrived at his home, but the circumstances seemed to justify him in awakening Harold Siggins, his social secretary, and the best-informed man in New York upon the shortcomings and peccadillos of the socially elect.

"Harold," Randy asked the sleepy one, "do you know a young man named Bill Plant?"

"Yes, sir. Brother of Henry T. Plant. Recently married a girl named Eleanor Blythe."

"He has a cousin. What's his name?"

"Charlie Plant."

"What young woman did this Charlie recently play about with?"

"Her stage name is Jolan de Page, but her real name Nellie Zurowski. In the Follies. Dropped out of sight suddenly a little while ago, and there's been talk."

"What's her record?"

"Double-barreled gold digger," said Harold. "No good."

"Good night, Harold. Sorry to have disturbed you, but it was necessary."

"Good night, sir," said Harold.

Shortly after nine next morning, Williams, the broker, called to inform Randy that Intercontinental Petroleum had been bought in enormous blocks by Lucius Brandon, once president of the Hawkins Steel Corporation. Him Randy knew well, for the Hawkins was a Hyde company and Randy had found it necessary to oust Brandon for conduct unbecoming a trusted executive.

Having these facts in his possession, Randy sat down comfortably to consider them. There were those in the metropolis who would have declined to admit that Randy was equipped to consider facts or to draw conclusions from them—an opinion which Randy rather encouraged—but it was, in the language of the grammars, supposition contrary to fact. Brandon, he reasoned, was capable of any chicanery, but was incapable of any act requiring even criminal courage or the assumption of risk to himself. He would plot, he would double-cross, but always there would be a safe avenue of retreat, and there would be no act from whose consequences there could be no adroit escape. That was something. It gave Randy a basis upon which to erect conclusions, and he erected them.

If Brandon were behind the unsightly plotting which had marred the honeymoon of Bill and Eleanor Plant—and the thing was marked with the man's fingerprints—the next step was clear to logic. Indeed, the whole procedure laid itself bare. It was not simple, but it was achievable. At least it was worth trying—and Randy had rather more than ordinary faith in his conclusions.

He sent for Smithfield Wagg.

"The day you may have to yourself," he said, "unless there is an engagement this afternoon."

"A tea at Mrs. Savard's," said Wagg, "at which I desire to be present."

"Ah, the lovely Miss Spack, eh? Does the course of true love run smooth?"

"Miss Spack and myself," Smithfield said severely, "are proceeding upon a non-sentimental basis."

"Indeed. Well, that's something gained at least. Another platonic friendship! People embarked in that craft often arrive at unexpected ports. But go to your tea, Waggy. Be at home, arrayed in evening clothes and an air of financial capability, to receive visitors at ten o'clock. Male visitors, Waggy. The names will be announced to you and you will give the impression of acquaintance when they appear. You will greet them, not effusively, but with decent reserve, and you will hold them in delightful conversation until I arrive in proper person. You will be Randy Hyde from ten o'clock until my appearance. Then heaven only knows who you will be."

"If," said Smithfield, "I possessed your wealth and your power I should not fritter them away aimlessly."

"No. No, indeed. You are no fritterer. But to fritter is such sweet sorrow! You rather look down upon me, don't you, Waggy?"

"I," said Mr. Wagg, "cannot but be aware of a certain mental superiority."

"Bask in it, friend. Bask while the basking is good. My regards to Miss Spack."

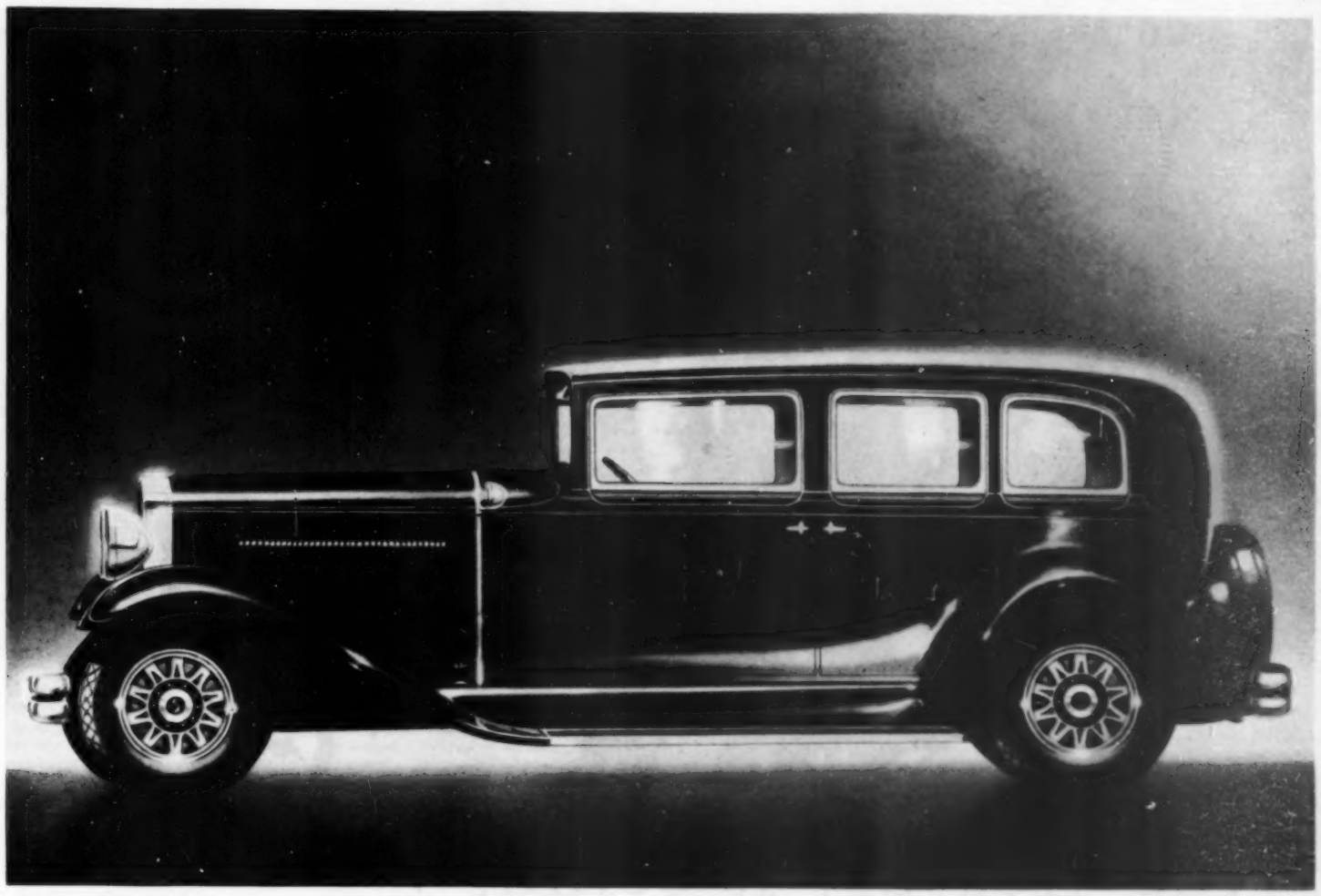
That day was a busy and pleasant one for Randy. He visited worlds new to his experience, and found that his name was an open sesame to doors behind which lay unsuspected attractions. Among other things he became acquainted with that portion of the universe which lies behind the proscenium arch; he encountered the stage hand in his lair, and listened to the engaging conversation of chorus ladies in their moments of leisure. He observed this and that. He noted the conduct of the great theatrical magnate toward the star, the underling, the applicant, and his wisdom increased by leaps and bounds. In short, he all but determined to taste the delights of being an angel. But to be an angel correctly there must be some lovely young woman whose fortunes he sought to advance behind the footlights, and there was none. He wondered if Miss Smith, perhaps, did not harbor an ambition that way. But he judged not.

He also visited places in the Bronx and participated in the odors of boiled cabbage and garlic and of humanity which sometimes omits the Saturday-night call upon the city's water facilities. It was vastly enlightening and, to his taste, piquant, delightful, and savoring of the more exotic sort of foreign travel.

"See America first," he said to himself, "is a grand slogan!"

Shortly after six, and to forestall similar action on the part of the adversary, he caused to be delivered to young Bill Plant an unsigned, typewritten note directing him to appear at a certain address on Fifth Avenue at a definite hour. The Fifth Avenue address was none other than that of Randy Hyde himself. The hours between six and ten Randy whiled away by dining very expensively a beautiful young woman with blond hair and marvelous legs whom he had met in the fastnesses of the Bronx, and who fixed him with calculating eye, wondering just how much she could get out

(Continued on Page 129)



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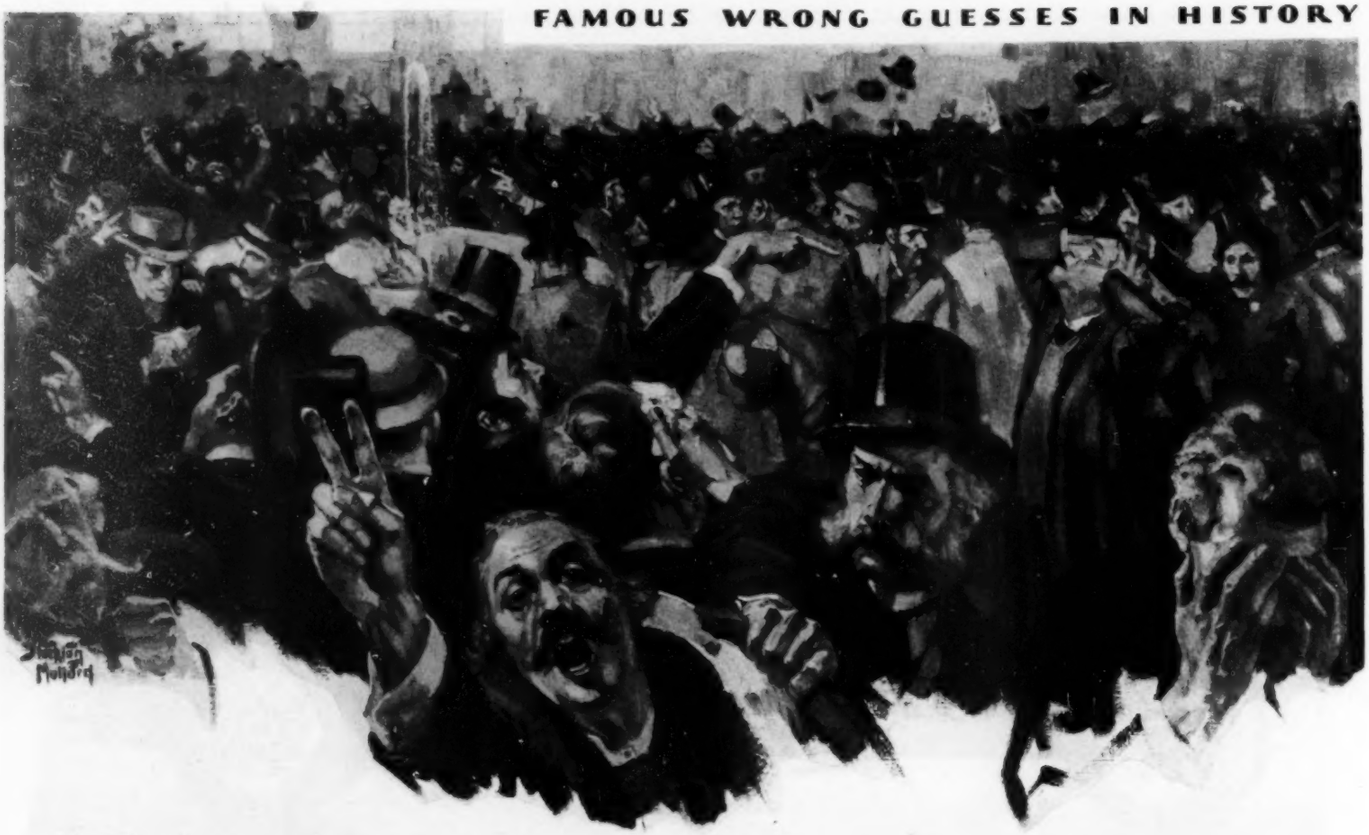
NASH "400"

(2015)

FAMOUS WRONG GUESSES IN HISTORY



"The Treasury is selling!"

and the market went WILD

BLACK FRIDAY—September 24, 1869. The Gold Exchange seethed with excitement. The supply of gold had been cornered! For months powerful interests had been quietly buying—buying—buying. Now they were in complete control, forcing the price up—up—up relentlessly.

140 . . . 150 . . . 160 . . . The shorts were in panic. Angry crowds clamored in the street below. Then—just before noon—a telegram from Washington. Swiftly the news spread. *The Treasury is selling*—selling gold from its reserves.

Bedlam broke loose. The Gold Conspiracy collapsed like a pricked bubble. Prices crashed 30 points in fifteen minutes. Business was paralyzed from Boston to San Francisco. Hundreds of firms—thousands of individuals—ruined.

The lesson is plain

Inside tips, half truths, conflicting rumors—trap the unwary today just as fatally as in 1869. Whether you are directing a business or selecting a security, the only sound policy—the only way to achieve the maximum of profit with the minimum of risk—is to get *all the facts.*

More and more are doing it

This plan is being consistently followed by many of the shrewdest, "luckiest" business leaders and investors of the day. It was to aid just such men that the Standard Statistics Company was founded nearly a quarter of a century ago. And because more and more are coming to recognize the bed-rock soundness of such a policy, "Standard" has grown phenomenally until it is now the largest statistical and analytical organization in the world with a staff of over 1,000 people.

Through its thirty and more separate and distinct Services, "Standard" supplies you with accurate, unbiased, last minute *facts*—gathered at first hand by its far-flung field organization—then analyzed and interpreted by some of the keenest and best trained financial analysts in the country.

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THE LARGEST STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 126)

of about the richest young man in the world, and how most efficiently to go about it.

"If," said Randy very gravely, "you could sing, I don't know but I'd be willing to put you in a dancing show, if you could dance."

"Listen, honey," she said, "set me up there and I'll get by. The spotlight makes a heap of difference. Advertise a girl as a star and a wow, and the saps'll believe she is and like it. You give me the set-up, darling, and I'll romp home with the clover. Gawd knows, I ain't hard to look at."

"You are," said Randy, "much easier on the eyes than on the ears. You ought to cultivate the rôle of the strong, silent woman."

"It's a line," she said, considering that angle. "My voice is pretty Bronx." Again she lost herself in what she considered to be thought. "Life is pretty hard for us girls," she said woefully.

"Try again," said Randy. "I've read that one in a book."

"All right, boy; I'll be on the up-and-up with you."

"*Et comment!*" exclaimed Randy. "And now we'll be on our way."

"To where?"

"Well, chiefly, to my house."

"You're a swift worker," she said admiringly.

It was ten o'clock when they arrived at Randy's home. The servitor who opened the door informed Randy that Mr. Brandon, in the library, was being entertained by Mr. Wagg.

"Has Mr. Plant arrived?" Randy asked.

"Not yet, sir," said the man.

"Inform me when he arrives, but show him directly to the library."

Randy pointed out a comfortable seat to his lady friend and enjoyed her artless prattle until a footman gave him the information that Bill Plant was in the house.

"I hope you will excuse me for a moment," he said. "And will you come when I send a servant for you? I'm sure you will enjoy the rest of the evening."

"Listen," she said. "I've gone this far blind, but if you try to pull anything ——"

"Naughty, naughty!" said Randy, with a boyish grin.

Presently he was standing just outside the library door, observing the hard face and suddenly watchful eyes of Lucius Brandon, and the dull, hopeless, hunted face of young Bill Plant. They occupied the same room without amenities, each staring at the other with suspicion, and neither listening to Smithfield Wagg, who had entered upon a light discourse whose subject was the basic soundness of the institution of polyandry among the remoter hill peoples of the Deccan Peninsula.

"Mr. Hyde," interrupted Brandon harshly, "I am here because I was informed of an important conference at which my presence was necessary."

"Right," said Randy, stepping into the room. "And thank you for coming. Also Mr. Plant."

Young Bill stared from Wagg to Randy unbelievingly. He opened and closed his mouth, but no word came. Randy walked to his side and laid a hand on the young man's heavy shoulder.

"Chirk up," he said.

"I won't do it," Bill said grimly. "I don't care who's back of this thing. Send me to the chair if you get any good out of it, but I'm keeping my word to my brother."

"Good egg," said Randy. "I think Mr. Brandon will join me in complimenting you. Eh, Brandon?"

"Eh, what?" demanded Brandon belligerently.

"The soft voice wards off the angry blow," said Randy. "And I don't like men who ruin honeymoons. Of course, Bill is more or less of a noodle to let it worry him so. But a frightened boy doesn't reason, does he? You can't expect it."

"What's going on here?" Brandon demanded. "You meddled in my affairs once before ——"

"Right," said Randy, "but never again. It's not to be necessary. This time is final." He paused and grinned at Bill. "Of course, you didn't know Brandon was in this thing, so you couldn't reason from that basis. But I know Brandon. A *corpus delicti* would scare him into a complete set of cold shivers. The truth is that Brandon is adroit in a nasty sort of way, but never bold. Know what a *corpus delicti* is, Bill?"

"Yes."

"And you claim to have seen one—a young lady of whose unlawful dispatching you were to be accused?"

"I saw her."

"And she was convincing in the part?"

"She was dead," said Bill dully.

"I shall have to back her in a show," said Randy. "She's an actress. If she could keep those lovely lips shut long enough to play dead, then the spark of art is kindled in her bosom. Eh, Brandon? It's too bad Bill didn't ratiocinate a little. He would have wondered about the hue and cry. Even chorus girls have parents; though they usually hide the fact from human ken. And parents kick up rumpuses—or rumpi—which is the plural of rumpus?—when their daughters disappear. Don't they, Brandon?"

"I'm getting out of here," Brandon said.

"Presently! Presently! So, Bill, I searched for the parents of the *corpus delicti*, who were singularly placid and free from anxiety. And where more natural for a chorus girl to hide than in the bosom of her family? Who in the world, save myself, would look for her there? So I looked and found—James!"—he lifted his voice—"will you show in Miss de Page?"

Bill Plant sat motionless, his eyes on the door. Miss de Page entered effectively, and Bill leaned forward, tense, astounded, unbelieving.

"Here's your *corpus*, Bill," said Randy. "Lifelike, what?"

"You—you're alive," Bill said slowly, almost in a whisper.

"And how, sap!" said Miss de Page.

Brandon's eyes glittered. "Young woman," he said, "you get yours."

"Not especially," Randy said. He turned to Bill. "Never mind the finale or the thanks. Rush home and show Eleanor what a swell bridegroom acts like. Scoot."

"I—it's so! I'm free of—all this!"

"Scoot," repeated Randy.

Bill paused only an instant to wring Randy's hand, and then he ran—actually and literally ran. "A telephone, quick!" they could hear him demand.

Randy grinned amiably. "Warms your heart, doesn't it?" he asked. Then to Brandon—and now his chin was set and his face grave—"There's a story that a certain tricky financier was ordered out of New York some years ago by a very great man. He went. Nor did he dare to return. I am taking a leaf out of that book, Brandon. Within thirty days you will have left this city for good. You will have made your final purchase or sale on the Exchange. You will have ceased to exist as a figure in Wall Street. Am I clear?"

"Bosh!" Brandon blustered.

"Good night," said Randy.

Brandon reached the door, hesitated, turned. "Listen," he commenced.

Randy silenced him. "Thirty days," he said. The Hyde billion had spoken, and Brandon knew the power of that word. In thirty days he would be gone, and gone forever.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Miss de Page, somewhat frightened—which was no mean accomplishment.

"You get your show," Randy said gravely. "But my eye is on you. Shoot straight. One more mess like this and ——"

"Mr. Hyde"—her voice was respectful—"I didn't get you at first. Gosh! Me, I'm on the up-and-up from now until."

"Good night," Randy said courteously.

Randy was just falling asleep when his telephone rang. It was the voice of a girl who spoke—a happy voice. "It's Eleanor Blythe," she said. "I—thanks." Then the line was dead. Randy grinned.

TRADE YALE MARK

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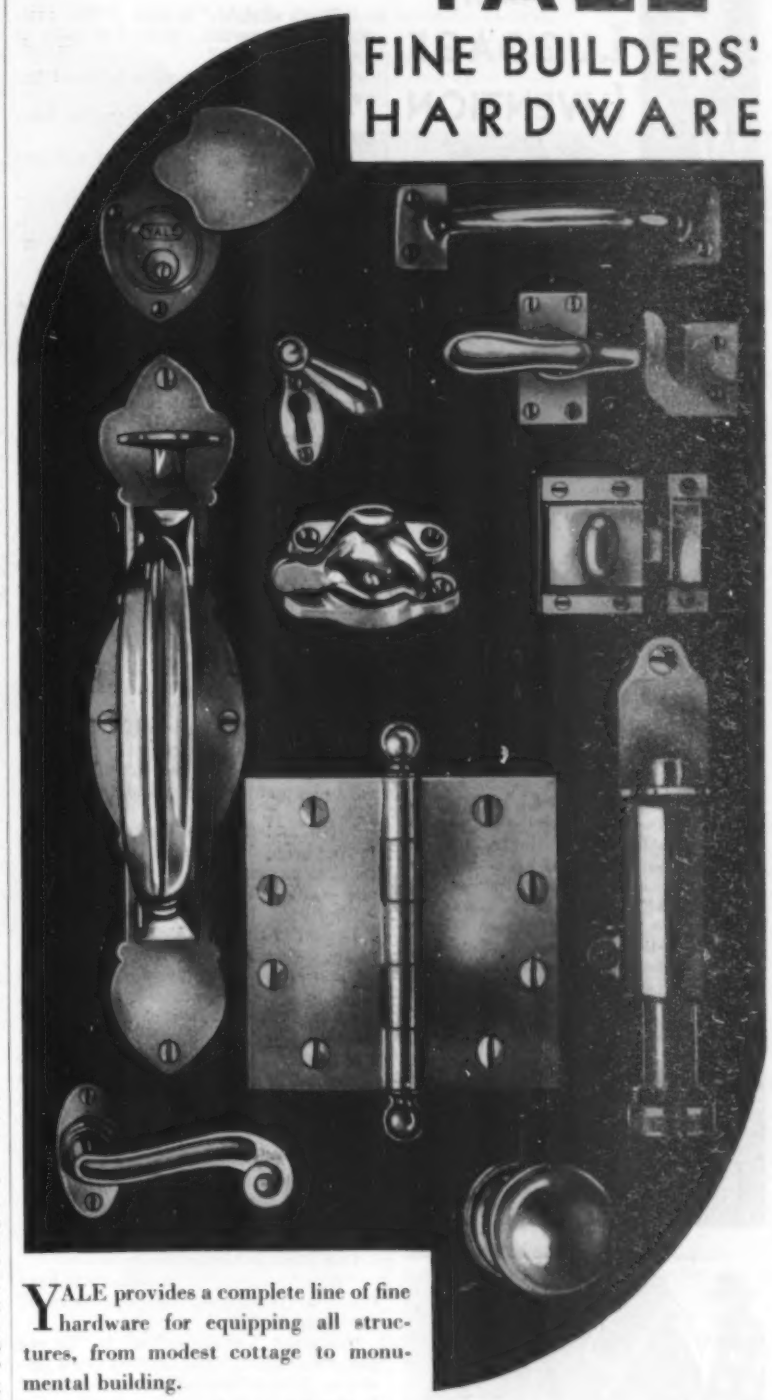

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Send 10¢ for sample cake
and book "The Care of the Hair". Address Packer's, Dept. 22-F, 101 W. 31st St., New York.

PACKER'S Tar Soap

LADIES CHANGE

(Continued from Page 7)

"That's all right," he said. "Time's important with me too. Make it as quick as you can, will you?"

"I don't suppose you've followed my work at all?"

"Don't even know what you've been doing."

It had been an asinine question, and Lew got red.

"I've been in charge of the Javolin publicity in England. I did a good job of it, and they wanted to keep me on, but I decided to come back."

"Why?"

"Not so much future there as here, and I heard of a job ——"

"The Javolin people ought to be able to transfer you."

As Milton Godfrey said that sentence, it became a valuable and constructive suggestion.

"I don't want that," Lew said. "The job of which I speak is with the Henry Wilbur Advertising Company, which is the biggest thing of its kind in the world. If I can get in on the terms I've discussed with them, there's no reason that some day I shouldn't get the presidency of it. They've promised to take me if I can bring in an account immediately, and I thought that with all your interests ——"

Suddenly Lew felt as though he were a small boy soliciting subscriptions.

"Haven't anything of that kind," Milton Godfrey said. "Sorry."

Ann should have known better than to subject him to such a request.

Lew knew that you mustn't allow yourself to become discouraged at the first rebuff.

"Here's a letter from the Javolin people. It comments on my taste and ability at gauging markets and all that junk, if it makes any difference."

"Sorry."

Lew was reduced to something that just escaped wheedling:

"Some company you own must turn out something that isn't generally appreciated, Milton. I don't ask this as a favor to me entirely. I'm good. I can sell anything."

"Make a point never to own anything that doesn't sell itself." And again Milton Godfrey added "Sorry" and glanced at his papers.

Lew knew when he was licked.

"That's that," he said, picking up his hat. "How's Ann?"

"Fine."

"Pretty as ever?"

"In very good form."

Lew held out his hand.

"Well," he said, "it's a pleasure to have talked with a man whose enterprises are all hitting on high."

The word "enterprise" did it. In one panoramic flash Milton Godfrey saw a possibility. In an additional instant he weighed Lew's advantages as a person to whom too much didn't have to be explained.

"Wait a minute, Carmichael," he stopped him just as he reached the door.

"Yes?"

"Would you be interested in undertaking a little personal publicity?"

"You bet I would. For you?"

"I don't need it. I was thinking about Ann."

"Ann!" Lew echoed.

"Take a cigarette."

Milton Godfrey took one himself too.

"To tell you the truth," he went on after he'd lighted it, "New York hasn't taken to Ann very well. I wonder if all that's needed isn't for the right section of New York to be told."

"Of course it is. Why, back home ——"

"New York is a different proposition. I might as well be frank with you, Lew. You understand that I regard this as just as confidential as a talk with a doctor."

"So do I."

"Well, Ann simply hasn't been up to meeting the test of a big city. As my wife she ought to have a top-notch social position here. We meet a good many people in an official sort of way and she should have been able to make the right sort of friends here."

"Hasn't she?"

"She hasn't made any at all. Although I'm fairly intimate with a lot of people I regard as the cream of the town, they're not interested in Ann. I'm asked places alone. That looks awfully queer to a person that reads the papers."

"I can take care of that, blindfolded and with one hand tied behind me," Lew boasted, "but it seems to me that would be only the beginning."

"Don't be too enthusiastic," Milton Godfrey warned him.

"I tell you Ann ought to be among the headliners."

The words seemed to have a chilling effect on Milton. "I don't want anything undignified," he said.

"Look over my references," Lew laughed. "How much are you willing to spend?"

"I shouldn't set any limit if you can get exactly the result I want. What you must do now is draw up a plan of procedure. Do so as cold-bloodedly as though Ann were a new cereal. In the first place, we've got to decide what public we want to reach. I've wondered if charitable circles might not be the thing, or possibly the society of one of the suburban places around here."

A feeling of distaste had risen in Lew.

"Would Ann like that?" he asked.

"It's hard to say what Ann would like these days. You ought to study her a bit, I suppose. And yet I'll have to O. K. or veto your plan tomorrow morning, because I'm going to Colorado for a couple of weeks and would like to have the thing started while I'm gone. How about coming to dinner with us tonight?"

"Fine, if you haven't an engagement."

"I have one I can break. I know Ann hasn't. She hasn't been out in the evening this month except to a big dinner that Reitmann, the art dealer, gave for Sir Aymar Bliss, and I had to drag her there."

"Sir Aymar Bliss?"

"The portrait painter. . . . Come to the apartment about eight, will you? Incidentally, Ann mustn't know that anything like this is in the wind. Might make her nervous."

Lew went away puzzled. Why a man as big in his own plans as Milton Godfrey usually was shouldn't see the ultimate potentialities of this undertaking was not only mysterious but irritating.

En route to his hotel he tried to think of some cautious, limited program, but his mind wouldn't work that way. Maude Stevens, who was writing her copy in his room in order to be on hand to hear news when there was any, was disappointed by the fact that he'd come away without an actual contract.

"Of course, you've really got nothing whatever," she said. "By tomorrow he's as apt as not to have changed his mind."

"I wonder if the thing to do isn't to give him a little sample of what can be accomplished," Lew told her. "You're pretty popular with the boys on all the papers, aren't you, Maude?"

"Well, they never kick me or knock me down."

"I've got an idea that may work out. Run along to your office, and I'll telephone you there for help if it does."

"Be sure it's dignified enough for His Eminence," Miss Stevens said. "When I think of the nerve of that strutting upstart!"

Except for the term "nerve," the speech might have been made in those identical tones by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

When she had gone, Lew called up Mr. McDermott, the vice president of the Henry Wilbur Advertising Company, with whom he had talked.

"I'm on the scent of something," he reported, "but I need a little information. Can you tell me who's handling his publicity for Sir Aymar Bliss?"

"Nobody. He's too tight and too dumb."

"That's what I thought."

"If he's all you've got in mind," Mr. McDermott said, "don't bother about it so far as we're concerned."

"You go teach your grandmother," Lew bade him. "Where is Sir Aymar stopping? Do you know?"

"At the Park Plaza, if he hasn't started for Chicago."

"There hasn't been much about him in the papers, has there?"

"Why should there be?" Mr. McDermott asked, with fine disdain of the fact that the gentleman in question possessed, if not actual genius, at least one of the first talents of his generation.

The vague word "press" was a pass-key to the presence of Sir Aymar Bliss. Sir Aymar was a small, elderly network of nerves. When he wasn't pulling at his weedy, gray mustache he was wrenching at his fingers or maltreating his clothing.

"You are a journalist," he said to Lew. "I haven't seen any journalists since the boat. I wondered."

"You should have," Lew told him, fixing him with an accusatory eye.

"It does seem odd. One thinks of America as swarming with journalists."

"Worse than odd; it's criminal negligence on the part of your press agent. By this time you ought to be smeared all over the front pages. What's he doing—holding you back for some big story?"

"I haven't one," Sir Aymar confessed. "It seemed to me not quite consonant ——"

"You haven't one! Don't you know that if they dug up Michelangelo and got him in working order and sent him over here, he couldn't make good in a big way without a press agent?"

"Do you think so really?" Sir Aymar wrung the whole front of his waistcoat in guilty agony. "But you're a journalist," he pointed out. "You've come without any—er—inducement."

"No," Lew told him, "I'm a press agent, but don't think I'm looking for a job. I imagine I'd come too high for as conscientious an artist as you."

"Then why are you here?"

"I'm here to offer you part of my services free if you want to coöperate in a certain matter."

"What?"

"Strangely enough, it's one that doesn't violate your integrity. Agree to my proposition and it means a commission for an important portrait, it means a flock of reporters here to listen to your views on the sky and hem line, and when you get to Chicago, it means publicity you couldn't buy for ten thousand dollars."

"But what is this amazing thing? Is it something I must recommend?"

"You haven't got into the recommending class here yet, Sir Aymar."

"I dare say," Sir Aymar admitted, laying hold of one ear and yanking hard.

Having humbled the spirit of his prey and dazzled him with promises, Lew seemed to forget about them.

"Do you remember Mrs. Milton Godfrey at Reitmann's dinner for you?" he asked.

"There were so many ladies there," Sir Aymar apologized. "But what is this thing?"

"Still I wonder that you don't remember Mrs. Godfrey."

"American women are so very striking that it is like being pounded by a trip hammer to see a gathering of them."

That was a sentence Sir Aymar had polished off for the press. He was awfully glad to get it in. He cracked a forefinger in celebration.

"Not much to choose between them, as a matter of fact?"

"Quite. Quite."

(Continued on Page 133)

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WATCHES

(Continued from Page 130)

Fifteen minutes later, Lew Carmichael called up Maude Stevens from downstairs in the Park Plaza.

"Sir Aymar Bliss leaves for Chicago tomorrow on the midnight," he said; "before then will you lead a bunch of assorted newspapermen over to ask him whom he considers the most beautiful woman he's seen in America?"

"Lew Carmichael, I honestly think you have some brains," Maude Stevens gasped.

At eight o'clock he was shot up through twenty stories of a building, which stood on land which would have been less valuable had it harbored a copper mine, to be deposited in the dim, tapestry-hung hall of an Italian fortress castle of the fourteenth century.

A butler took his hat and name, and led him across the tessellated floor to a library which loomed far beyond the penetration of the great thick-shaded lamps which stood on vast carved tables. So much gloomy grandeur was hard to realize as a setting for the Ann that Lew remembered.

In the dimness, a lady he had never seen before sat on a deep couch.

"Who are you?" she asked in a hoarse whisper as soon as the butler had withdrawn, "and would you mind sitting next to me, so that if a ghost appears I'll have someone to clutch?"

"I'm Lew Carmichael," Lew whispered back.

"I'm Mary Chadsey, and I think they've shown us into the family vault by mistake. You're the man from Thompsonville?"

"Yes."

"I was called in at the last moment to square the table. I'm always glad to do that for a square meal. I'm poor."

"How poor?" Lew questioned, for her white dinner dress gave every indication of opulence.

"Terribly. Back rent."

Milton Godfrey's entrance interrupted Lew's laugh.

"Hello, guests," he greeted them. "You've introduced yourselves, I see. Pardon me for being late. Been playing squash. Like the place, Mary Chadsey?"

"I've never been more impressed," Miss Chadsey replied.

"Good man did it," her host said. "Have to go to professionals for these things."

"Where's Ann?" Lew asked.

"I hope she'll be down. She said something about a headache when I came in, but I asked her to make a special effort if she could."

"Headaches are wretched things," Miss Chadsey remarked.

"So I find. Well, here's how."

There was a slight stir at the end of the room. Stir is perhaps too strong a word. It was rather as though a little smoke had drifted through the door.

"Here's the lady now," Milton Godfrey said.

There moved toward them an almost gaunt, dreary-faced woman with lusterless hair. Her gown was gray, and her big eyes had a somnambulistic, introspective look.

"I suppose it's Ann," Lew caught himself saying to himself. "It must be Ann."

Then, so little was she his Ann that he thought of Sir Aymar Bliss. Sir Aymar had had a narrow squeak. He must telephone Maude the first instant he could be excused.

"Good evening, Miss Chadsey," Ann Godfrey was saying, and she seemed to extend her hand with effort. "How are you, Lew Carmichael?"

Lew had sometimes thought that if he could touch Ann Godfrey's fingers again the whole perfumed springtime of his life would come back. It was about as thrilling as picking up a cake of soap.

"Ann!" he said with a bad simulation of what he'd thought he was going to feel.

"I'm so sorry that you aren't feeling very fit." Miss Chadsey made a blessed distraction.

"It's nothing. Just neuralgia, I suppose. I'm glad Milton brought you, Lew."

"I'd have climbed up the rain pipe if he hadn't."

"Your cousin was so cross to me on the telephone." The introspective eyes grew a little sadder.

"Maude's a complete crab," Lew explained, "and she thought you'd gone proud and rich on me."

"Oh, I hadn't."

Evidently jokes, if his remark had merited that name, were not the thing.

"What a bully dress," Milton Godfrey was saying to Miss Chadsey.

"Do you like it? It was run up for me by an enormous German dressmaker on a main thoroughfare. I think the name was Leo Goldstein."

It made Lew eye Ann's gown more carefully. He would have liked to say something about it, but there was nothing to be said. Possibly it had been chosen with an eye to avoiding the stigma of being newly rich. He was sure she wouldn't have looked at it in the old days.

"Madame is served," the butler announced solemnly.

"Drink your drinks," Milton Godfrey commanded. "Ann doesn't take a cocktail."

"Milton doesn't like me to."

"You know your doctor said they were bad for you, Ann."

As though the faint hint of protest implied in his tone were the indication of some intolerable rebuke, she said, "Of course. Of course."

Lew Carmichael had been impressed by Milton Godfrey that afternoon, but he had felt no real lessening of the dislike he had felt for him ever since learning that he was going to marry Ann Fulton. Now, however, a real warmth of pity for the man arose in him. To have had the jolly, pretty girl he had won change into this must have been appalling. To find oneself mated to that Sweet Alice whose sickening obituaries Ben Bolt had to hear! It was indeed a fate.

"Never pay any attention to what your doctor says," Miss Chadsey counseled her hostess. "That's what doctors expect and like."

"I suppose I am silly about obeying." Ann Godfrey gave the remark disproportionate importance.

"Well, shall we be getting in to dinner?" Milton Godfrey asked.

They moved toward the door, but Ann stopped.

"I'm afraid I'd better have my smelling salts," she said.

"Tell Lane to have your maid bring them."

"She's at dinner, Milton."

"I'll get them, then," he said impatiently, and swung down the room.

"But you don't know where they are, Milton. Please."

The small, unearthly figure went after the big, solid one.

"Was I right in expecting a ghost?" Miss Chadsey asked Lew Carmichael.

"She must be very ill," he said. "What is it? Do you know?"

"Nothing, I think. Invalidism is a favorite form of escape for women, you know."

"But of escape from what?"

PHOTO. BY CHRISTINE TRENCH ACKER

Miss Chadsey shrugged her shoulders. "Your guess is as good as mine."

"Just from being rich?"

"I should think that could be managed more simply."

The Godfreys reappeared. Evidently Milton had met Ann on his way back, and there had been a word, or perhaps only a look.

"Well, I didn't mean to leave you alone," he apologized to his guests.

Ann's face was distress incarnate. "I'm so sorry. So sorry."

The dining room was another fabulously splendid apartment. The garlands carved on its walls were darkly gilded, its great stone mantelpiece gleamed here and there with a remembrance of old gold. There was a long dark table with three sculptured silver-gilt urns on it, but the table set for the party of four was in a leaded-glass oriel beneath which the whole glittering city seemed spread, like merchandise at the feet of a princess.

Mary Chadsey drew in her breath expressively.

"Whew! How slick!" Lew Carmichael exclaimed.

"It is sweet, isn't it?" Ann Godfrey agreed wanly.

"I'd hardly say 'sweet' was the exact word," Milton Godfrey commented.

"I suppose not. I'm sorry."

"I think it's very sweet," Mary Chadsey contradicted him. "This intimate table up here, and all that night and glamour down below."

"It was a silly word," Ann murmured.

"I do like this view of New York, though," Milton Godfrey took charge of the conversation, which, on that absurd point, seemed to have become precarious. "See that corner where the buildings go up in a peak? It's supposed to be the most sensational architectural group in the world."

"Do you own it?" Mary Chadsey teased him.

"Only a small slice. I won't be satisfied, though, until I have a Godfrey Tower that's all my own."

"Higher than all the rest?"

"As high at least. I'll get it too. So far I've been otherwise engaged."

"I dare say you left your mark on the Cleveland sky line."

"Not interested in Cleveland any more. This is the only place that counts. I wish I could turn back in every day I ever lived away from it."

"The only reason one can forgive your outrageous success," Miss Chadsey told him, "is that you get such fun out of it. Don't you agree, Mr. Carmichael?"

"Absolutely."

"Carmichael has been having a good bit of success himself, I understand." Milton Godfrey turned the subject with a courtesy Lew didn't expect of him. "In London."

Ann spoke, "Yes, I want to hear, Lew."

Lew had had a rather specialized experience there, and was charged with anecdotes.

"It's been interesting ——" he began.

"Ever run across the Fourth Earl of Chatridge there?" Milton Godfrey interrupted to ask. "He's quite a pal of mine."

"No, I wasn't seeing many earls, but ——"

"He isn't in London much. Got a big place in Leicestershire. Nice chap, isn't he, Ann?"

"I couldn't tell much in that one meeting."

"I forgot you hadn't seen more of him. I've thought of taking a house in London for some season. I have enough of an acquaintance to assure us a worthwhile time, and I like the place. The Godfreys were English originally. I suppose it appeals to some atavism in me."

"Moving an establishment like this would be a tremendous undertaking, I should think," Lew said.

"Housekeepers and secretaries would attend to that," Milton Godfrey replied. "Just a question of giving one general order. Coming from Cleveland, all Ann had to do was get on and off the train. This was waiting, complete, just as you see it."

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"London would be very much the same," Ann made ghostly comment.

"Of course, getting hold of exactly the right British social secretary would be something of a problem. Somebody absolutely in the know would be essential. You have to look out for that abroad if you don't want to make yourself conspicuous by breaches of the custom of the country."

"You being almost as inconspicuous as the Graf Zeppelin," Mary Chadsey told him.

"Not about social matters, I hope," he took her up quickly. "To be correct—that's the full social duty of man, it seems to me—to blend with the scene unnoticeably."

"It sounds a little colorless," Miss Chadsey ventured to suggest.

"Oh, of course there are always personalities that stand out. Complete correctness enhances them, though."

"The neutral-background idea?"

"Exactly."

Perhaps it was because of the stifling of his own London anecdotes, but the momentary sympathy Lew Carmichael had felt for his host was almost all gone. You couldn't picture that dynamo as suffering very acutely for any domestic reason. Certainly his life wasn't seriously crippled by the nebulous creature toward whom Lew turned to rest himself from the pounding insistence of a vitality that seemed limitless.

"Tell me about yourself, Ann."

"There's nothing to tell." She was silent for a few seconds, then said: "I had the oddest feeling when your cousin told me you were in town."

"Did you? What sort of odd?"

"Isn't there some fairy tale in which a sister who's watching says, 'I see a little cloud of dust on the highroad,' and as a child it made one awfully happy?"

"Of course. What is it? Bluebeard, isn't it?"

"Is it? I didn't realize."

She said it without embarrassment. He studied her face. It was certainly not the frightened face of Fatima. Lifelessness was its most striking characteristic. And a sudden pride rose in Lew Carmichael that his name had been able to stir this half-dead creature after all the years. If only he could do something!

"Ever miss Thompsonville?" he asked quietly.

"Don't you?" she asked, the question an affirmative.

"Of course."

"And there isn't any Thompsonville any more, did you know? They call a spot on the map that still, but I went back last year, and it's just one filling station after another."

Lew could see the little ghost trying to creep back to the scene of its existence.

"It used to be a pleasant place, didn't it?" he said. "I always think of the way the sunlight fell on the old maple trees in the early morning."

"When we went biking before breakfast." She said it with the shadow of a smile.

"Do you remember ——" Lew began.

"—— when we found the pocketbook?" they finished in unison.

The conversation had deserted the muted tone in which it began, and Milton Godfrey turned his head.

"Stop reminiscing about that hole," he commanded jocularly. "Small towns for mediocre minds. We're in New York."

"I'm sorry," Ann murmured, and this time Lew realized that the remark wasn't really apologetic but contained a kind of discouraged sarcasm.

He shifted his eyes from Ann to Milton Godfrey, on whom any such ephemeral retort was certainly wasted, and it flashed on him that the man's profile, on which the light seemed to break in hard planes, was the complement of Ann Godfrey's face as a seal is the complement of its blurred impression in too soft a material.

"Miss Chadsey has spent the whole afternoon at the dance marathon."

Milton Godfrey seemed to put forth that fact as a demonstration of the folly of their excursion into the past.

"The afternoon!" Miss Chadsey said. "I've spent most of the week there."

"Tell them about it," Milton requested her. "I don't know that Ann knows what a dance marathon is."

"I can still read," Lew heard Ann breathe.

"I don't think it sounds like half as much fun as what you were talking about," Miss Chadsey told Ann, "but if you haven't been, you must go with me. I went first, thinking it was going to be amusing, but it turns out to be one of the great, cruel spectacles of all time. I'm afraid it does something dire to the poor little brains of the contestants, and it certainly wears their bodies to pieces; but if one is interested in the valiancy of the human spirit, it is something not to be missed. There's one pair of contestants that I call my Leibowitzes. If they don't win I think I shall go into mourning."

"Had you known them before?" Milton Godfrey asked.

"No, but I've got acquainted with all the couples during the rest intervals. The Leibowitzes are the nicest. That isn't their name yet. Hers is something one can't pronounce, but they're to be married if they win. There's a twenty-five-hundred-dollar prize, you know. They both gave up good jobs to try for it."

"Sounds a little hot-headed," Milton Godfrey remarked, but Miss Chadsey didn't heed him.

"When the great waves of fatigue almost overcome her," she went on, "he holds her so tight she can't fall, and says: 'Don't give up. If we keep going we can get that furniture and that flat, and be together always and have kids.' When I see that that's happening I clench my hands and do something rather like praying."

"She always goes on?" Lew asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Are they going to win?" Milton Godfrey wanted to know.

"I suppose not. People who risk everything usually lose."

The butler had been waiting for a pause in the conversation. He leaned over Milton Godfrey:

"Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Hubbard is on the telephone."

"Did you tell him I'm at dinner?"

"Yes, sir, but he said it was very important. I believe it has something to do with some newspaper."

"Excuse me," Milton said, pushing back his chair, and he flung over his shoulder a word of explanation: "Secretary."

"Tell us some more about the dance marathon," Lew begged Miss Chadsey; for, annoyed as he had been at the manner in which Milton Godfrey forced the subject upon them, he had succumbed to her way of telling of it.

"Let's all four go and watch tonight," Miss Chadsey suggested.

"Fine."

They turned to Ann, but she had retreated into the melancholy of her self-absorption and seemed not to have heard what they were talking about. When she realized that they were waiting for some reaction from her, she forced her mind back.

"I'm afraid I don't feel quite up to going any place tonight," she said. "Milton will, I'm sure."

Miss Chadsey did not pursue the subject. "You two were speaking of a pocketbook you found," she said. "I wanted to hear. All my childhood I searched for treasure, but with prophetic lack of success."

"There were two whole dollars and ninety cents in this," Lew Carmichael said.

"And we didn't know which had seen it first. We were about eleven, weren't we, Lew?"

"Ann insisted that we advertise for the loser."

"How maddening! And of course he turned up."

"No, just one false claimant."

"Who didn't know that one of the dollars was a silver one. I thought it was very Arabian Nights of Lew to discover his fal ity by that."

(Continued on Page 135)

COME THIS SUMMER TO NEW ENGLAND

Playland of Infinite Beauty . . . Cradle of the Nation

An early nineteenth century aquatint of Boston Harbor, painted and engraved by W. J. Bennett. Courtesy of Kennedy & Company, New York.

The Old Massachusetts Bay Colony is now holding its Tercentenary Celebration

NEW ENGLAND is officially 300 years old this month! June 12, 1630, under the formal charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company, John Winthrop and his band landed on the coast to which the humble Pilgrims at Plymouth had sailed ten years before. The summer through, and into the fall, a host of New England cities and towns will hold festival to show you the history and achievement of this great region. All Massachusetts is now holding open house!

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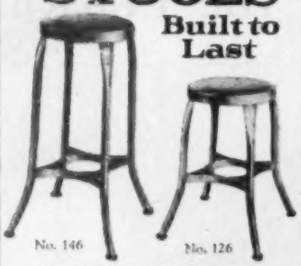

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(Continued from Page 134)

"Then we had to decide how the money should be divided between us. Our relationship was never quite the same afterwards."

For the first time that evening Ann laughed.

Lew wanted to catch Miss Chadsey's elbow and say: "Look—look quickly! You can see just a hint of the girl I was in love with. Wasn't she lovely? Wasn't I right about her?"

"I envy you so," Miss Chadsey informed them both. "I had one of those nasty *pension* and Swiss-hotel childhoods. . . . Don't tell me that butler is going to take another of our men, Mrs. Godfrey. I'm beginning to feel about him as though he were the grim reaper."

Lane gave a stiff smile, in formal recognition of Miss Chadsey's remark, and said to Lew, over whose shoulder he had leaned: "Mr. Godfrey asked me to ask you to join him at the telephone, sir."

Lew followed him across the great room and down part of a corridor, guilt warning him that this all had something to do with his talk with Sir Aymar Bliss.

Six years in England didn't prepare one for coöperation with a person like Maude Stevens. It was less than three hours ago that he telephoned her. Could she possibly have acted?

"Mr. Godfrey is in here, sir."

Lew stepped into a small, businesslike office. Milton C. Godfrey was standing by the desk, his face thunderous.

"You've got me into the hell of a ridiculous mess," he roared, "and I want you to get me out of it!"

A pretty abject apology had been forming in Lew's mind, but at the sight of that face and the sound of that voice, suddenly it was gone.

"What mess?" he asked coolly.

"My secretary tells me that the newspapers have got an interview from Sir Aymar Bliss in which he says that Ann is the most beautiful woman he's seen in America."

"That's nice, isn't it?"

"It makes me look like a blithering fool—at best, a fool who can be flattered by a lick-spittle into giving a commission for a portrait."

"What if that's what Sir Aymar thinks?"

"About Ann? Don't be an ass."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Get hold of him and have him rush in an explanation that he got the wrong name. The person he meant was at least one of the fair-looking women present."

Milton Godfrey's jaw stuck out and his eyes blazed. It was the way he must look when he drove through deals against the opposition of captains of industry. It had a bad effect on a contrary streak Lew had inherited from a Copperhead grandfather.

"That would be pleasant for Ann, wouldn't it?" he asked.

"Never mind about Ann. Kill that story, and kill it right away."

"All right," Lew answered; "only I'll do it in my own way. Have your man tell the boys I'll meet them in half an hour at any place he suggests, and not to release their stuff until they hear from me. I'll give them a better story."

Milton Godfrey scented the danger in his tone.

"What are you going to tell them?" he asked.

"The truth."

"Meaning what?"

"That you hired me to press-agent your wife, but don't like the first stunt I've thought up, and so have fired me. That'll crowd the other out of their minds, I can promise you."

"I didn't hire you."

"Well, it's so near the truth you'd have a hard time convincing anybody."

"What are you trying to do? Pull a little high-toned blackmail?"

"No, just inform you that I won't stand for the attitude you take about Ann. I didn't understand this afternoon that you were acting as though she were a sleazy piece of merchandise, or I'd have walked out of your office. Now that I've undertaken the job, I want to keep it and be given a free hand with the matter."

"I specified the way in which you were to perform your job. Don't you yourself admit that this jump in the dark of yours was a mistake?"

"I might if I were seeing Ann for the first time, but I happen to have a memory."

"She's let herself go."

"Let herself be crowded into a corner, you mean, while you hogged the spotlight."

For a good many years Milton C. Godfrey had been surrounded by a thick cordon of yes-men. To have such an accusation land in his solar plexus took his breath away, particularly as he himself had never dreamed of such a diagnosis of his marital relationship.

"I hog the spotlight!" he gasped. "I suppose you think I wouldn't be glad to have a human being for a wife, instead of a shadow!"

Lew didn't allow himself to be distracted from his theme.

"Not only the spotlight but the sun itself," he went on. "She is like a plant that's been edged almost out of existence by some big weed."

"You're talking nonsense."

"Then why did you yell so at the first chance of a little notice she's had since you married her?"

"Because, as I explained, under the circumstances it makes her look ridiculous."

"Her? That's the first time I've heard you mention her."

"Well, it makes me too."

"How do you get that way? Haven't you ever seen any of these belles that artists pick out as great beauties? They've got squint eyes and lumpy throats and queer-colored hair, and in France most of them have long mustaches. We can fix Ann up so that she'll look better than a dozen of them."

"And how do you expect to do that?"

"If I'm to have the job, leave that to me and stop worrying about it. I won't bleach her hair or smear her with paint, if that's what's bothering you."

"I hope you'd have a little better sense than that."

"It isn't my idea to turn her into a burlesque queen, as you may have gathered from the fact that I went to the most aristocratic British portrait painter as my first step. Well, do I get the job?"

"Let me see first what you're going to tell Hubbard to say to these idiots."

Lew took the phone. "This is Mr. Carmichael speaking," he said. "I specialize in this sort of thing. What do the boys want?"

"They've asked for photographs of Mrs. Godfrey."

"There's not such a thing in existence. Explain that Mrs. Godfrey has a phobia against having any likeness taken. She's very reserved and will make no comment whatever on Sir Aymar's remark."

At the conclusion of his speech Lew looked at Milton Godfrey, who nodded his head that it was satisfactory.

"They also want to know if Mr. Godfrey has anything to say on the subject," Mr. Hubbard stated.

"Tell them," Lew said, "that Mr. Godfrey thinks Sir Aymar's remark the most sensible thing any Englishman has said since Gladstone."

He hung up the receiver.

"That last," he informed Milton Godfrey, "is my present to you. The American people like lover husbands. You may want to run for President some day."

Milton Godfrey grinned.

"Well, having made your bull," he admitted, "I must say that you've got out of it as well as possible. In future, know what you're doing before you do it."

"Is that my only restriction now?" Lew asked. "Or must Ann still be turned into the West McNutport society queen?"

"Learn what you're dealing with," Milton rephrased himself. "And as for your accusation about hogging the spotlight," he went on, "if that were true, why should I have considered hiring you at all?"

It was a poser. Lew was glad that, without waiting for an answer, his host led the way from the study.

The butler stood in the corridor. "The ladies have left the table," he said. "Miss Chadsey is in the library."

"I was never kept waiting such an unconscionable time in my life," that lady informed them as they entered the room. "What were you doing? Calling up some of those swell friends of yours in England? Mrs. Godfrey's headache got too much for her and she went to bed leaving excuses neither of you deserve."

"Some business came up," Milton Godfrey told her. "Do you want to go back for your dessert, Carmichael?"

"No, thanks."

"Then let's start for the dance marathon right away," Miss Chadsey said. "I've wasted too long a time away from it already."

"Right," Milton agreed.

"I can't be with you," Lew informed them. "I have to go and give some important instructions to a man who's leaving for Chicago."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

"She is So Pretty You Would Think She Would be Very Successful With Men, But She Has Had Two of the Most Unfortunate Marriages"

DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

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Modernize with Lig-o-nier Refrigerators

ALLIED STORE ASU UTILITIES CO.

LEMON AID

(Continued from Page 27)

th'oo. So I ast a lot of 'fluential folks out heah last night. Of co'se we don't have no dancin' Sunday night, but I fixed 'em a swell meal. An' right in the middle of it, heah come ol' Disaster hisse'f."

"Mistuh Capers?"

"Him an' none other. Right away ev'ybody got scared, but that didn't do 'em no good. Percy just nachelly mopped up the floor with th'ee of them fellers, an' then went back to the Palace Club an' collected his money. What they is doin' us is dirt, an' plenty of it. An' less'n we take care of this feller, my business is ruint."

"Ain't it the troof?"

"It sholy is. An' tha's how come I to give you a job."

Filbert looked up innocently. "To help clean up all the mess which was made las' night?"

"Nope. You don't have to do no menal work."

"Tha's nice. Not that Ise too good fo' such, though." He borrowed a cigarette and lighted it. "What is my job gwine be?"

"Just easy work. You got to dress up in a Tuxedo suit ——"

"I ain't got one."

"Ise gwine rent it fo' you. An' then you got to come to my place tomorrow night—you see, us ain't open Monday night nohow."

"What I got to do when I git there?"

"Well, fust of all, you got to be straduced to a real pretty gal."

"That ain't gwine make me sad."

"An' then you got to sit down in the middle of the floor at a special table an' all two bofe of you is gwine eat a swell chicken dinner."

"Fried chicken?"

"Uh-huh."

"Sweet papa, some job! An' after that?"

"After that Percy Capers will most likely come in."

Filbert frowned slightly. "An' I is sposed to go out real quiet like a gemmun, eh?"

"Don't talk foolishment. When Percy comes in, tha's where yo' job commences."

"Meanin' which?"

"Meanin' you got to watch him."

"Boy, don't you worry 'bout that. Ise gwine watch that feller close."

"Good. Then a li'l' while later, you sittin' out there in the middle of the floor, he's gwine walk over an' insult the lady you is dinin' with."

Filbert nodded. "An' on account of me not knowin' her so good, I don't have to git mad, an' then he becomes discouraged."

"That ain't the idea at all. The idea is that as soon as he insults her, you rise up an' bust him one right on the nose!"

Filbert felt himself wilting. "Who busts which where?"

"You bust Percy on the nose."

This was not at all to Mr. Mong's liking. He was a large man and powerful, but pugnacity had never been one of his outstanding passions. He temporized.

"Right on the nose?" he inquired pallidly.

"Uh-huh. Or either the jaw. Then you got to bust him th'ee or four mo' times. An' after he goes down, you got to jump on him an' beat him up some mo'. Then you give him a few good kicks in the ribs an' afterwards th'ow him out of the front door."

Filbert shook his head. "Woul'n't that be awful crool?"

"Sho it would. Tha's just what he deserves."

"Sposin' he gits mad?"

"Gittin' mad won't do him no good, on account you is gwine beat him to a jelly."

"I—I don't know much about that jelly part."

Epic whirled accusingly. "You ain't scared, is you?"

Instinct informed Filbert that he had better not advertise his own disinclination to tangle with the ferocious stranger.

"Oh, nossuh. I ain't scared. Not much, anyway."

"What you mean: 'Not much'?"

"I—I mean Ise on'y scared I might hurt him real bad."

"Hot ziggity dam! Tha's the most thing I yearn to see you do."

For several minutes Mr. Mong maintained a thoughtful silence.

"Sposin' I don't feel like fightin' this feller, Mistuh Peters?"

Epic's expression was not pleasant. "Then you is in a mess, Brother Mong. You has tooken adwance payment on a contrack fum me, an' either you go th'oo with it, or else you gimme back the ten dollars I gave you an' also the price of that breakfas' you et."

Filbert discovered himself between the devil and a large, sapphire ocean. Impossible as it was for him to carry out the pugilistic assignment, it was even more impossible for him to return the money which had been advanced on his contract.

He was a stranger in a strange town, and he stood in deadly fear of lawyers and courts. He realized that Epic had him, and that if he refused to carry out his part of the bargain, he would probably be thrown into prison. This was a prospect that he relished even less than that of being highly macerated by the devastating Mr. Capers.

He took stock of the ghastly situation. He was not to be called upon until the following evening. Meanwhile he felt that the best thing he could do would be to play his hero rôle, eat hearty and try to evolve a method of escape. Thereupon he declared enthusiastically that nothing could make him more happy than the opportunity to tangle with Percy Capers.

But even royal treatment from Epic Peters and much luscious food failed to bring the young man any surcease from his agony of apprehension. Monday afternoon he was introduced to several patrons of Epic's road house as the David who was about to exterminate a large, dark Goliath. Mr. Peters requested that word of the impending hostilities be bruited about Darktown. He averred that his road house always had been, and always would be, a safe and respectable gathering place for the colored élite, and he desired many spectators to witness his method of dealing with miscreants who sought to do his business injury.

Darktown became keenly interested, and it was generally understood that Tuesday night would be a large one at Epic's place. In the first place, the Palace Club did not meet with the approval of the best set, and in the second place, Mr. Capers had made himself thoroughly despised by his carelessness in handling Epic's best patrons. Also, a dozen persons rode out to Epic's to view the hero who was to make Mr. Peters' place safe once again. They ringed around him and asked questions.

"Ain't you scared of Percy Capers?"

"Me? Scared of him? Mistuh, what you talks is silliment."

"He's an awful fighter."

"Well, Ise awfuler. When I fight 'em, they stays fit."

"Is you gwine pulverize him?"

"Listen, when I pulverizes 'em, I ain't hardly started. After I completes with Mistuh Capers, he's goin' out to hunt a typhoon 'cause he craves somethin' gentle."

There was a chorus of admiring "Ah's!" Then Filbert excused himself and retired to an obscure corner. Somehow his own brave talk afflicted him with an overpowering sense of his own inferiority. Not that he didn't possess the requisite muscle, but the heart that beat beneath his cotton shirt was not that of a warrior. He was an ardent pacifist who dared not proclaim his beliefs.

Of course it was sweet to be a hero—even though he knew that disaster was coming over that night to slap him in the face. There were to be many visitors, each eager

(Continued on Page 140)

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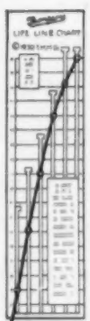

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(Continued from Page 138)

to miss no detail of Percy's annihilation. And finally Mr. Slappey came out to Epic's place in a sport roadster which belonged to Magnolius Ricketts, the eminent actor.

He there found the hero sitting in solitary misery.

"Boy," announced Mr. Slappey with enthusiasm, "I sholy is fo' you."

"Thanks, Brother Slappey."

"Fum the fust minute I set eyes on you, I knowed you was terrible."

"I is, what I mean."

Florian chuckled delightedly. "I sholy love a good fight. An' of co'se, me bein' a stockholder in this road house, Ise gwine 'specially adore this battle tonight."

Filbert shivered. "How come you got such homicidy enjoyments, Mistuh Slappey?"

"Hmph! I don't care how entirely Percy Capers gits kilt."

Filbert was thinking thoughts. "Mistuh Slappey, how much does it cost to join the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety?"

"Don't you worry 'bout that, brother. Percy is a'ready a member. An' listen: I got some good news fo' you."

Filbert's eyes brightened. "What?"

"I just seen Percy."

"Yeh?"

"An' I tol' him what was gwine happen if he come over heah tonight. What you reckon he said?"

"He—he didn't say he was scared, did he?"

"No, suh; thank goodness. He said he was just itchin' to meet up with you, an' he was comin' over loaded fo' battle."

"Oh, my gosh!"

"He said to tell you he was pizen an' you better look out fo' him, 'cause time he finished with you, you woul'n't be able to reckernize yo' ownse'f in a mirror. Ain't that funny?"

"Yeh," moaned Filbert. "It seems like it's most gwine make me laugh myse'f to death."

"What I like 'bout the whole thing, Filbert, is that Percy ain't frightened. Was he scared, an' did he stay away, our best customers woul'n't never have a chance to see what a swell fighter we got to proteck 'em. Now, what I hope is that the fight is real long an' bloody, an' ——"

"Stop!" Beads of cold perspiration stood out on Filbert's forehead and he was trembling as though with a chill. "You got to cease fum talkin' so aggressive."

Florian eyed his champion with surprise.

"Wha's the matter, Filbert? You talk kind of sick."

Mr. Mong's pose crumbled under Florian's friendly words, and he broke down with a full confession.

"Oh, Florian," he groaned, "Ise the most mis'able cullud man which ever got hisse'f into a mess. This thing was all a mistake fum the beginnin', an' the on'y reason I ain't tol' Brother Peters so is 'cause he has been feedin' me an' givin' me money, an' he said if I di'n't go th'oo with it he'd have me th'owed in the Big Rock."

"He sho' would."

"Brother Slappey, I know Ise big an' strong. I know Ise got good muscle. But I cain't fight. Minute I see somebody double up his fist, my foots git a cravin' to remove me to some other place. An' usually they do such befo' I can stop 'em. It's all a terrible mistake, 'cause instead of me lickin' Percy Capers, he's gwine wreck me all over Mistuh Peters' nice ballroom."

Mr. Slappey gazed compassionately upon the spectacle of a big, powerful man who was completely terrified. He himself had known physical fear and he was 100 per cent sympathetic.

"You is 'most as big as Percy," he commented, "an' I bet you is twice as strong."

"I know, Florian, but I ain't got the fightin' spirit. You has been awful good to me; cain't you git me out of this some way?"

Mr. Slappey shook his head. "I dunno, Filbert. Ise willin' to do my best, but Ise suttin of one thing: Somebody has got to whip Percy Capers tonight!"

"Tha's right, Florian. On'y it ain't possible that his name is Filbert Mong."

Mr. Slappey counseled his unhappy friend to keep his secret. Then the dapper little Beau Brummell paced up and down under the majestic pines, struggling to think of a scheme which might save Filbert and the business from utter disaster.

Unfortunately, matters had progressed too far for a halt to be called. All Birmingham was eagerly anticipating the noble battle which was in the cards for that evening. Percy Capers himself had promised to share in the festivities. And on the result of that particular shambles the future of the road house rested.

Should Filbert be whipped, or—worse still—should he refuse the combat, then colored Birmingham would decide unanimously and permanently that Epic's was no safe place for an evening of innocent dining and dancing. As a friend of Filbert's, Florian was sorry; as a stockholder in what had—until recently—been a comfortably paying enterprise, he was desolated.

Suddenly he whirled and rejoined Mr. Mong.

"Epic wants you to go to Bumminham with me to rent a Tuxedo suit."

"Yassuh. But he ought to buy it 'stead of rentin'."

"Why?"

"'Cause then I could use it to be buried in."

"Shuh!" grinned Mr. Slappey. "You ain't even gwine come close to bein' buried. I got an idea. Now hop into the car with me while we go to Bumminham an' I finish thinkin'."

They rolled onto the main highway and thence along the concrete toward Birmingham. It was obvious that Mr. Slappey hadn't a care in the world. He even burst forth into a rather tuneless song, the words of which vaguely disturbed Mr. Mong. Sang Florian:

"Come with me—oh, come with me,
An' us will atten' the massacree.
Oh, what a terrible fight there'll be,
An' what a noble fes-ti-vi-tee!"

He glanced at Filbert's sad face.

"Don't you like that song, Brother Mong?"

"I hate it."

"Tha's too bad. I decomposed it myse'f just a few minutes ago."

"But I thought you was reflectin' 'bout how to save me fum gittin' extincted."

Mr. Slappey shrugged. "I finished thinkin' 'bout that, Filbert. An' I has got a royal scheme. Not on'y is you gwine be safe but also by tomorrow mawnin' you will be a hero."

"A live one?"

"Abolutely."

Florian parked outside Yeast & Sneed's Tailoring Shoppe and escorted Filbert within. Both proprietors recognized their customer and were eager to please, but Filbert found himself unable to take any interest in the proceedings.

Florian then took him to the Penny Prudential Bank Building, an imposing structure on Eighteenth Street, which was of, by and for negroes. They flitted upward in an elevator and came eventually to an office with a ground-glass door on which was inscribed:

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Florian seated his friend in the waiting room while he himself pushed through the door marked Private. He remained with the medical man for perhaps fifteen minutes. When he emerged he was smiling broadly and triumphantly, and as he descended with Filbert to the street, he clapped that sad person on the shoulder.

"See this proscription?" he asked, holding up a small bottle.

"Uh-huh."

"Well, Doctor Atcherson filled that fo' me with his own hands, an' it is named Ruination!"

"Ruination fo' who?"

"Fo' Mistuh Percy Capers."

And in the car en route to Epic's road house, Mr. Slappey made a brief and triumphant explanation:

"I splained ev'ything to Doc Atcherson. I tol' him you had to go th'oo with it fo' yo' own sake an' also fo' the sake of the business. Also he has pussonally seen Percy Capers an' he hates him somethin' awful, an' agreed right away that Percy ought to git 'liminated quick an' tho'ough. So I got suggestive that he give me some medicine to do such, an' right away he agreed. An' this is the medicine."

Filbert announced that he didn't quite understand.

"It's thisaway," said Mr. Slappey. "We has advertised that our place is gwine be made safe fo' ev'ybody which ain't named Percy Capers, an' we cain't disappoint a crowd. There has got to be a battle this evening. Now, I an' you know good an' well that not on'y you cain't lick Percy but also that you is scared plumb to death of him."

"Amen!"

"Always Percy does the same way. He comes in lookin' like a gemmun an' actin' quiet. He orders a barbecue san'wich an' a lemonade. Then he eats real slow, lookin' aroun' fo' the most prominentest pusson to insult. Well, Ise gwine ack as a waiter tonight, an' the most pusson I waits on is Mistuh Capers. An' when I fix his lemonade, Ise gwine put seven drops of Doc Atcherson's medicine in it."

"An' what happens then?"

"He gits puny. He don't fall over or nothin', but all the stren'th goes right out of his muscles. But he don't know that he has been give no medicine, an' so he ain't scared. Then you walk over to his table an' sock him right in the nose."

Filbert was doubtful. "Sposin' that medicine don't work?"

"It's boun' to. I reckon you don't know how good a doctor Lijah Atcherson is. He's one of the best cullud docs in the whole South, an' when he says that who takes that medicine won't have no mo' stren'th than a cat, he means kitten."

"H'm. How about givin' Percy a double dose?"

"I could. But I don't want him to pass out without bein' socked."

"That woul'n't be bad."

"Yes, it would, 'cause he'd come back the next night, an' then we'd have to do it all over again. Git this, Filbert: Until just now you was in an awful mess. You di'n't want to fight nor neither you di'n't want to go to jail fo' makin' a contrack that you coul'n't keep. Now you has got a chance to mop up with a bad guy who ain't gwine have power enough to fight back, an' right away you git to be a real hero, an' Epic Peters is gwine be so grateful you will have a regalar job with him."

Mr. Mong was impressed. "That sounds swell. But is you positive shuah about the medicine?"

"I ain't worried about it at all."

"Yeh! But you don't have to do the fightin'."

"I tell you this is gwine scare Percy Capers of his own shadder. Now I ask you: Does you do it, or does you don't?"

Filbert reflected. Florian's logic was unanswerable, and so he reached an inevitable, if reluctant, decision.

"I does it!"

"Great! An' just to make insurance doubly sure, you make that fust punch a good one."

Filbert promised. And then for two hours Florian bolstered his slender courage. At the end of that time Mr. Mong was convinced that the medicine would prove efficacious and that his victory over the redoubtable Percy would be sudden, complete and comprehensive. It wasn't that he would have selected this method of procedure, but now that he was hopelessly involved, Florian's scheme did seem to offer a solution. And of course he was enthralled by the potential reward should everything work as planned.

(Continued on Page 142)

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Art Metal
STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 140)

Dusk merged into night. At eight o'clock Epic and Florian took Filbert into a private room and dressed him in the dinner jacket which had been rented from Yeast & Sneed. Mr. Mong was more confident. He figured that Florian would show some apprehension were he less than certain that Doctor Atcherson's medicine would work, and he left the dressing room almost with a strut to accept an introduction to the young lady who was to act as his decoy.

This particular damsel flung an adoring glance up at the hero. And well she might, for Filbert looked royally impressive in his formal regalia.

"Ise positively thrilled!" she quivered. "I ain't never befo' et dinner with no hero."

A warm glow suffused Mr. Mong. "Shuh, Miss Wishton, bein' a hero comes nachel to me."

"Is you gwine whip that bad man?"

"Whip him? Why, Miss Wishton, Ise gwine hit him so hard his ancestors will feel the shock."

From outside came the sound of an auto horn announcing the first of the guests. From that minute a steady stream of patrons flowed into the dining room. Most of them were in street clothes, although some few of the smarter ones sported evening dress. On the rostrum Professor Aleck Champagne's Jazzphony Orchestra dispensed toe-tickling music, but the dancing was indifferent. These folks had come to witness a drama, and until that drama occurred they were not to be diverted.

At nine o'clock Epic Peters entered, followed by Filbert Mong and Miss Wishton. They presented a grand sight; he resplendent in the hired outfit, and she a delightful little thing in a green dress of shiny, clinging material. As they crossed to the table in the middle of the floor a ripple of admiration and applause ran around the room, and for the first time since entering into the contract, Filbert was conscious of a feeling of complete satisfaction. From that moment his distrust of Doctor Atcherson's medicine vanished and he even found himself eagerly anticipating the moment when the fireworks were to start.

Filbert and the girl seated themselves and ordered dinner. All eyes were focused upon them and the atmosphere of the room was surcharged with expectancy. And then, just when a few of the eager spectators had commenced to wonder whether Percy Capers had taken a hint and decided that discretion was the better part of valor, that gentleman entered.

The first thought that came to Filbert as he set eyes on his *bête noire* was that Percy didn't seem at all frightened. As a matter of fact, Mr. Capers was smiling as though he, too, welcomed the impending fray. Miss Wishton made a remark to Filbert which was couched along those lines, but he favored her with a disdainful glance.

"Him?" sneered Filbert, attempting to bolster his own ebbing courage. "He ain't nothin' but a big balloom, an' Ise a needle."

Percy strutted across the room, almost to the center table. For one awful moment he stood smiling down at Filbert, and Mr. Mong felt that a schedule was about to be disarranged. He most definitely did not wish hostilities to commence until the belligerent stranger had been given his medicine.

Fortunately for Filbert, Percy did not immediately start the battle. With an unerring sense of the dramatic, he merely stared for a few seconds, then swaggered to his own private table on the edge of the dance floor. A whisper of excited conjecture swept through the room, and Epic crossed to Filbert's table with a gleeful comment.

"I thought maybe Percy would be scared," he observed. "But thank goodness he ain't!"

Mr. Mong watched. The stage was set, the principals ready, and at least one of them eager. Florian Slappey, in the garb of a waiter, accepted Percy's order and paused at Filbert's table en route to the kitchen.

"Same ol' thing," he whispered, "an' Ise gwine put an extra double dose in his lemonade."

"Don't let nothin' slip."

"I won't." Then: "You ain't scared, is you?"

"I is now. But once he swallers that medicine Ise gwine ruin him."

"Hot dawg, big feller! Ise rootin' fo' you!"

Florian pranced gleefully into the kitchen. With meticulous care he measured out into Percy's lemonade fourteen drops of Doctor Atcherson's prescription. Then he passed by Filbert's table again.

"It's in," he said softly. "You just watch the effeck on him."

Percy Capers, apparently not interested in any other person, bent himself with enthusiasm to the task of munching his barbecue sandwich and washing it down with the lemonade.

Filbert eyed him closely. For perhaps five minutes no unusual symptoms were apparent, and then it became quite evident that Mr. Capers grew languid.

Filbert's heart sang. He knew he wasn't mistaken, and a gleeful wink from Florian Slappey indicated that the zero moment had arrived.

But confident as Filbert was, he did not intend to inaugurate the shambles without a little reconnoitering. So instead of walking to Percy's table, he merely raised his voice so that his words could be heard by Mr. Capers and everybody else in the place.

"There's a piece of tripe in this room," uttered Filbert, "an' I don't like tripe."

Somebody tittered. Percy Capers raised his eyes slowly and gazed disinterestedly into Filbert's optics. And then it was that Mr. Mong's bosom heaved with triumph, for he failed to discern the slightest hint of resentment in Percy's glance.

"Seems to me," Filbert proclaimed loudly, "that somebody is gwine cut up capers tonight."

This sally evoked loud and admiring applause, but still Percy did not rise to the bait. And once and for all Filbert knew that Doctor Atcherson's medicine, administered in double dose by the reliable Florian, was working wonders.

Under the adoring gaze of his table companion, Mr. Mong now proceeded to throw himself with gusto into the hero rôle. He rose and strutted across the floor, pausing by Mr. Capers' table. Looking down at that gentleman, he spoke in a sneering tone:

"Hello, you!"

"Evenin'," murmured Percy in a tired voice.

"Who you is?"

"My name is Mistuh Percy Capers."

"Ain't no sense to that name. An' git this, feller: When you speak to me, be sure you speak polite."

"Yassuh," sighed Percy, "I sho will."

In the lobby, Epic Peters joyfully executed a double shuffle. His patrons were amazed and delighted, and Filbert's soul had expanded to mountainous size. He adored himself. Queer, he reflected, that he had never before suspected his own courage. Here he was paralyzing the pugnacious Percy with a few words and a tough look. Not that Doctor Atcherson's medicine hadn't helped, but Filbert was commencing to believe that the medicine had been unnecessary precaution.

He returned to his table, puffed with pardonable pride. Florian bustled forward to chat with a pair of new arrivals—Dr. Lijah Atcherson and his very thin wife. Florian was bubbling over with news, and he recounted to Doctor Atcherson the details of what had just occurred.

"He's got Percy buffaloed," grinned Mr. Slappey. "Doc, that medicine of yourn was a wonder."

The medical man smiled. "Was it?"

"Uh-huh. Percy just took all them insults an' never said nothin'. Say, listen: I give that feller a double dose. It won't kill him, will it?"

"No."

"What was in that medicine, doc?"

(Continued on Page 145)

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

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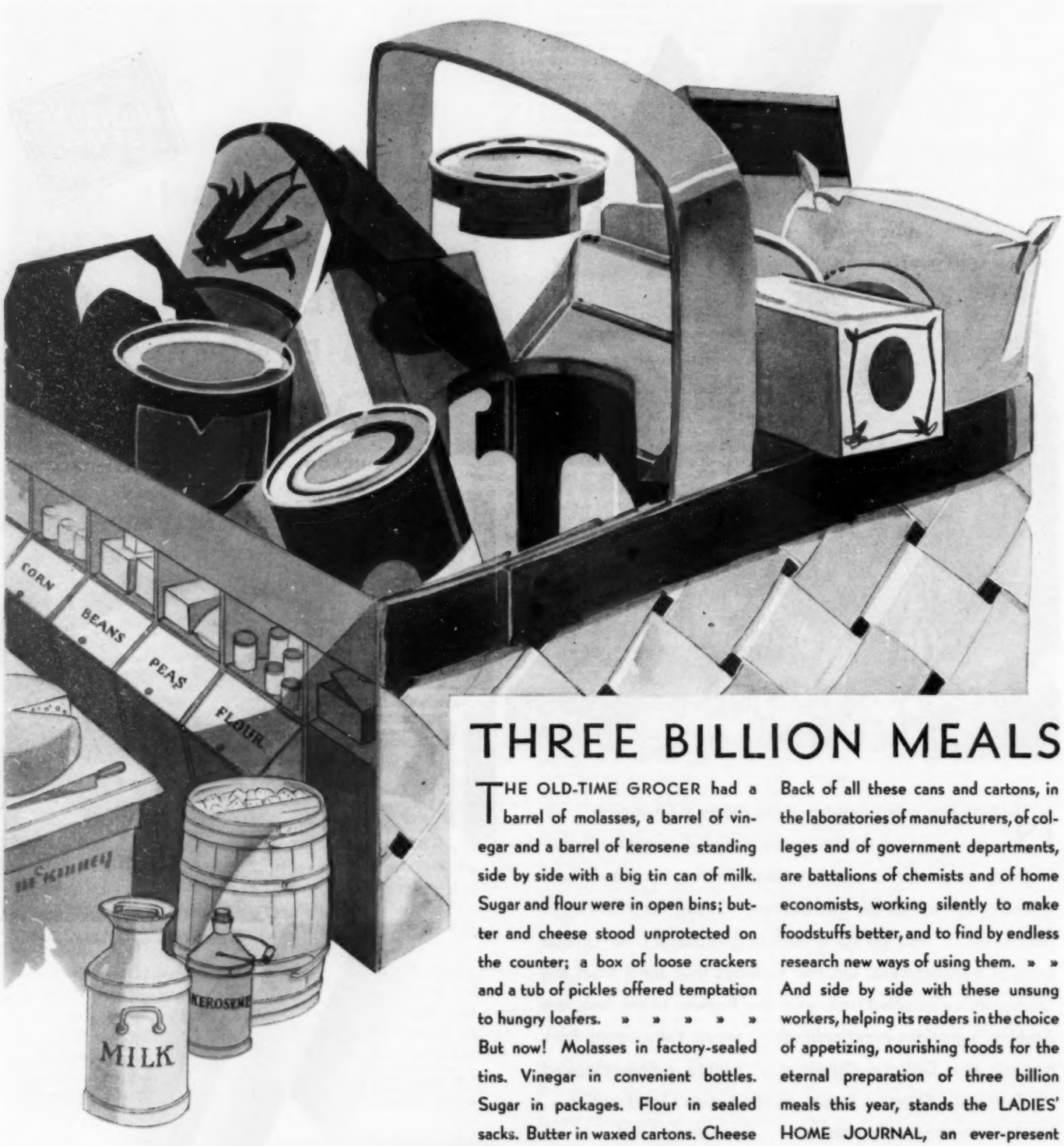

THREE BILLION MEALS

THE OLD-TIME GROCER had a barrel of molasses, a barrel of vinegar and a barrel of kerosene standing side by side with a big tin can of milk. Sugar and flour were in open bins; butter and cheese stood unprotected on the counter; a box of loose crackers and a tub of pickles offered temptation to hungry loafers. » » » » »

But now! Molasses in factory-sealed tins. Vinegar in convenient bottles. Sugar in packages. Flour in sealed sacks. Butter in waxed cartons. Cheese in tinfoil. Crackers in boxes. Pickles in glass jars. Even meat and spinach are joining the procession of packaged foods, and the new hard-chilling processes foretell a revolution in the distribution of perishables. » » » »

Back of all these cans and cartons, in the laboratories of manufacturers, of colleges and of government departments, are battalions of chemists and of home economists, working silently to make foodstuffs better, and to find by endless research new ways of using them. » » And side by side with these unsung workers, helping its readers in the choice of appetizing, nourishing foods for the eternal preparation of three billion meals this year, stands the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, an ever-present directory of what's new. » » »

LADIES' HOME
JOURNAL
THE LEADING
HOME MAGAZINE

(Continued from Page 142)

Atcherson gave a peculiar answer. "Psychology," he said.

"Psy-who?"

"Psychology."

"Whatever kind of knock-out drops is them?"

The physician's face became serious. "They aren't knock-out drops at all, Florian."

"Not —— Say, what kind of language is that you is usin'?"

"I thought this thing was all a joke," explained Atcherson. "Besides, I'm a reppitable and ethical doctor, an' I wouldn't dream of giving knock-out drops to anyone to use on anybody else."

Mr. Slappey felt weak.

"Then—then what was in that bottle?"

"Water!"

"Oh, my gosh!" Florian seated himself with complete sadness. Then he shook his head. "You is kiddin' me, doc."

"I'm not. But what difference does it make? This man Mong is big and strong. He believes he can whip Capers, and that means he probably will; simply because he's sure Capers is doped."

"Yeh, but he cain't," moaned Florian. "This heah Percy is pizen. Don't you reelize now why he tooken all them insults off of Filbert? It was just so my friend woul'n't lose his confidence, on account the mo' uppity Filbert gets, the mo' terribler it's gwine be when Percy dusts the furniture with him. You th'owed me down, doc."

"I'm sorry, Florian. But the next time you want knock-out drops, you had better not consult a doctor who has got ethics."

Mr. Slappey staggered into the pantry and went into executive session with himself. He was fond of Filbert, and therefore hated the thought that the misfortunate Mr. Mong was about to discover that Percy had merely been acting, and that the vaunted medicine was only water. Undoubtedly Filbert must be warned.

But a further problem confronted the appalled Mr. Slappey. Should he tell Filbert the truth, he realized that gentleman would exodust with startling speed. Immediately thereafter, Mr. Capers would swing into action and demolish Epic's road house and half its customers. Unquestionably, this was a situation which demanded that the psychological effect of Doctor Atcherson's medicine be multiplied and made to function.

Mr. Slappey hied himself to Filbert's table, curtly ordered the fair damsel to absent herself for a few minutes, and took the vacant seat. He gazed compassionately upon the large and athletic man.

"How you feelin', Filbert?"

"Swell!"

"Scared?"

"Of that feller?" Mr. Mong gestured disdainfully toward the apparently innocuous Percy. "Gosh, no! I eats fellers like him, an' don't use no salt, nor neither pepper."

"He—he does seem kind of puny."

"He plumb is. Doctor Atcherson must of invented a real swell medicine."

"An' how!" exclaimed Mr. Slappey fervently. "You don't even know half 'bout that medicine, Filbert."

"I know it has wrecked Percy Capers. Boy, won't he be s'prised when I sock him?"

"You an' him bofe."

"What you mean by that, Florian?"

"I mean that you is gwine be s'prised on how hard you can hit. An' I crave fo' you to remember this, Filbert: Put ev'ything you got into that fust punch, 'cause it's got lots of work to do."

Filbert was eager. "Shall I start now?"

"Yassuh!" counseled Mr. Slappey. "But don't let him know what's gwine happen until it's all over. One of the best fightin' rules in the world is not to let the other feller git up; specially when he's sittin' down to start with."

Mr. Mong needed no further urging. He rose and dusted his dinner coat with elaborate care. Then he commenced to circulate around the dance floor, pleasantly conscious of the fact that he was the cynosure of all eyes. If he saw that Percy Capers was glowering at him from under beetling brows, he gave no sign.

The guests sat tensely, their chatter suddenly stilled. It was the climactic moment of a great drama. Waiters ceased waiting, and even the hungriest customers eschewed temporarily the succulent delights of barbecue and fried chicken.

Filbert was almost regretful that he had only one world to conquer. His implicit faith in Doctor Atcherson's medicine was pitiful. He paused by Percy's table and hovered over that muscular gentleman. He did not notice that Mr. Capers had a very evil expression on his ebony countenance. As a matter of fact, he didn't care.

"Is you Mistuh Percy Capers?" he inquired in a loud voice.

Percy looked up and smiled slowly.

"Tha's what my ma calls me."

"Well," announced Filbert confidently, "you won't answer the nex' time she calls."

The figure of Mr. Capers started to uncoil. But it never finished the job.

Filbert himself was large and powerful. And his muscles had been made steely by the certainty that Doctor Atcherson's medicine had reduced the Capers menace to an absolute minimum.

He struck, and he struck hard and true. His right fist traveled only a few inches, but it had every ounce of Filbert's very considerable power behind it, and it landed flush on that particularly sensitive spot which is known as the button.

Percy wilted, and one of Epic's guests murmured an enthusiastic "Socko!"

Filbert was disappointed. This triumph had been too easy to be glorious. And so he wrapped a powerful right hand in Percy's collar and dragged the man to his feet.

"Fight like a man!" roared Filbert. "An' I'll teach you to come aroun' wreckin' folks' places."

Instinct prompted Percy to make a futile gesture with his right arm. That was sufficient cue for Mr. Mong, and he hung another one on Percy's jaw. From that second, Mr. Capers ceased to know anything about the events which were transpiring.

Five minutes later, Percy returned to consciousness. Thoroughly licked and completely bewildered, he dragged himself into the night air, ignoring the enthusiastic crowd which clustered about the triumphant Filbert.

Mr. Mong was accepting congratulations with the modesty becoming a great man.

"Shuh," he said, "that wasn't nothin'! I wisht he had of been twins, so I could really of showed you folks some fightin'."

Eventually, after the crowd had commenced dancing again, and Epic Peters had offered him a permanent job which was gleefully accepted, Mr. Mong was cornered by a delighted Florian Slappey. That dapper young gentleman pounded the victor enthusiastically.

"Man, you sho' accidented Percy somethin' terrible."

"Di'n't I just?"

"I tol' you all the time you could do it—a big, strong feller like you."

Filbert glanced around and lowered his voice: "You is a friend of mine, ain't you, Florian?"

"Ise a friend of anybody which can punch like you."

"An' you promise you won't never tell nobody that it was really Doctor Atcherson's medicine which whupped Percy?"

Florian's eyes twinkled. "Oh, boy!" he roared. "If that ain't rich!"

"What?" inquired Filbert.

"Just this," explained Mr. Slappey. "Befo' that fight started, Doctor Atcherson tol' me I had better warn you that his medicine wasn't nothin' but water!"

"Water?" The idea did not penetrate the Filbert brain very swiftly. "Y-y-you is foolin'."

"Ise tellin' the honest truth. You licked that feller, an' you licked him square. But if you ask me, I'd say you was downright lucky that you hit him befo' he got all the way up, 'cause then he might have murdered you completely."

Filbert was staring as though at an apparition. His eyes rolled and his jaw sagged. He was conscious of a distinctly unpleasant sensation beneath his belt buckle.

He had played with dynamite, not realizing his danger. An awful thought came to him: Suppose that first punch had been less devastating. He felt suddenly limp and ill. Then, without a word, he turned and darted toward the door. Florian pursued.

"Hey, Filbert! Where you goin' so fast?"

"Ise on my way to the Palace Club to find Percy Capers."

"Fo' what?"

Mr. Filbert Mong turned a stricken face toward his friend.

"I has got to tell him that this whole thing was a mistake and I apologize."

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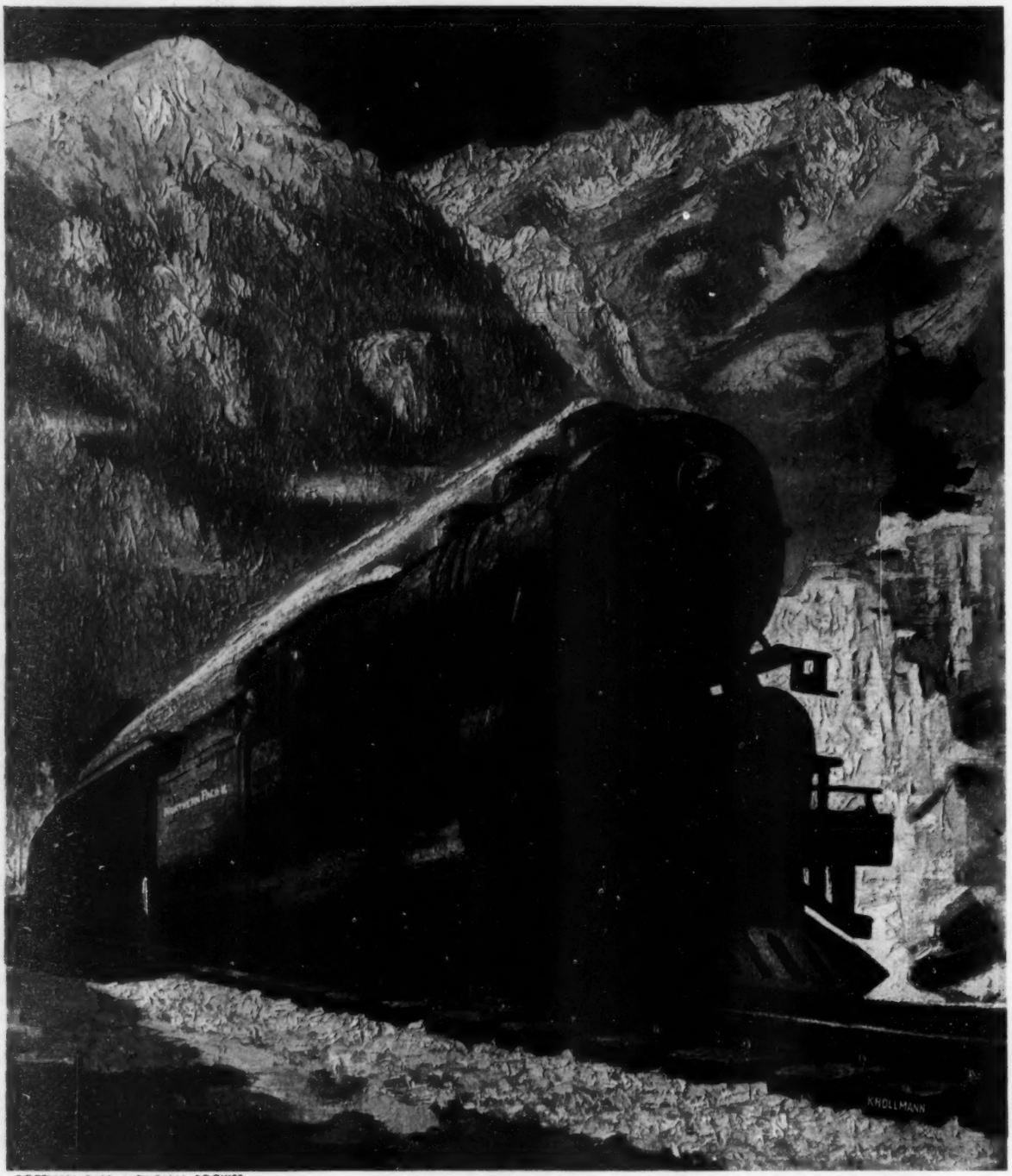

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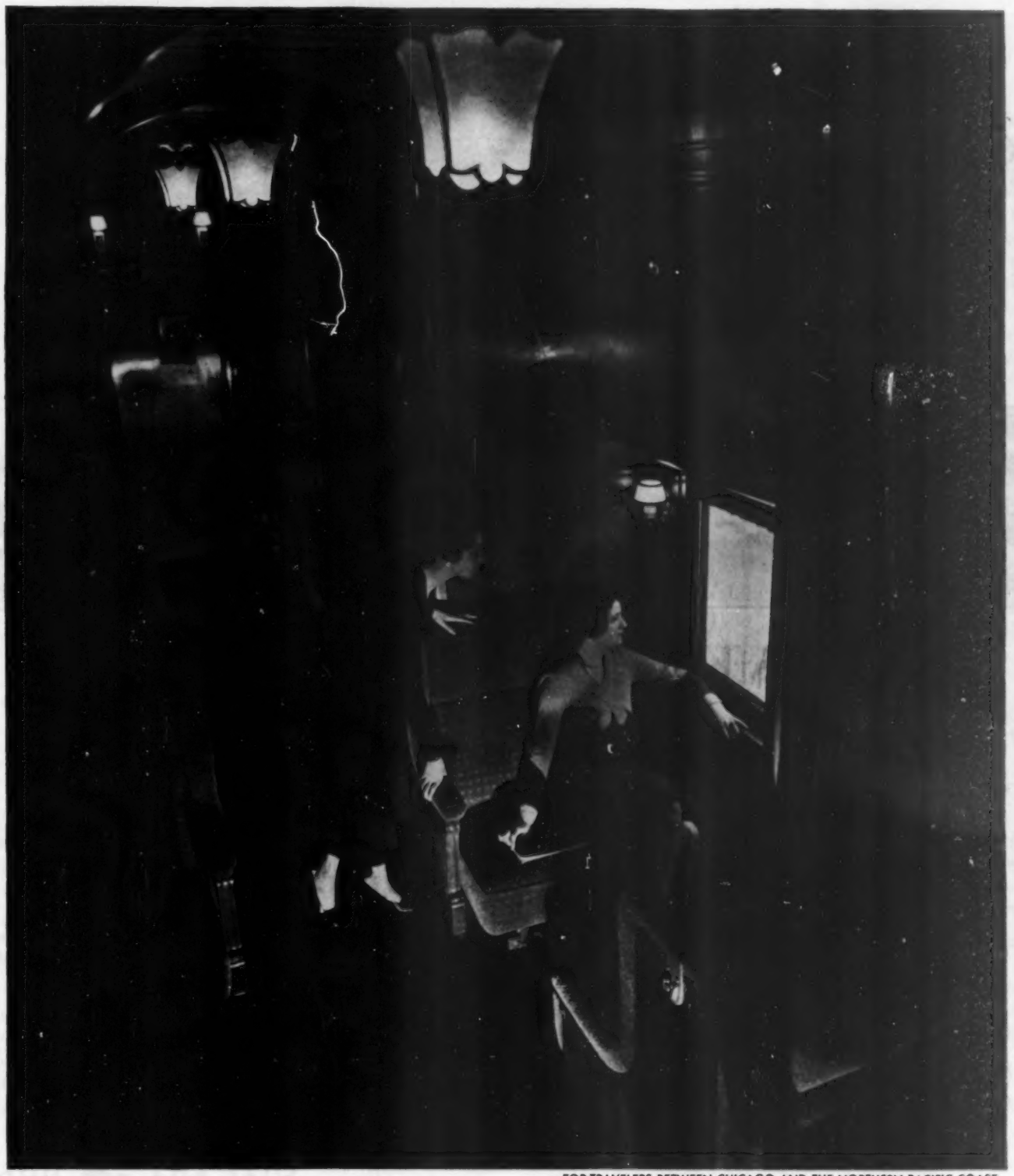

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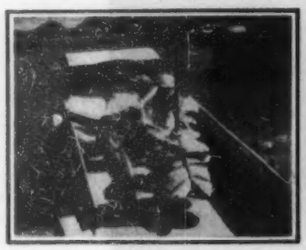

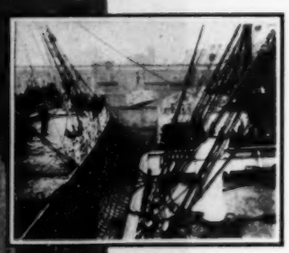

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CONFESSIONS OF AN ETIQUETTE TEACHER

(Continued from Page 37)

book on the market with the same approach to the consumer that he would have used in handling a new brand of jam. The chance remark of a librarian friend that the supply of etiquette books in the libraries was inadequate and that those in circulation were ragged and thumbed from use gave him his idea. Inquiry in New York, together with questionnaires sent to various sections of the country, confirmed this extraordinary report. At his suggestion, a mail-order house, wishing to test these findings as to a possible public, took over a consignment of old etiquette books that had been languishing on the publisher's shelves for years, and the sales campaign was put into the hands of a girl in the advertising agency who was positively inspired when it came to writing copy for this particular account.

New Food for the Columnists

Her own rise in the business world, from humble beginnings as an errand girl to her present responsible position as head copy writer, had dated from the time she had begun to consult an etiquette book. It had solved many of her own problems, so she could recommend it whole-heartedly to the thousands of girls who, she knew, were struggling under the same handicaps she had known. So, in making her sales appeal, she had all the fervor of a missionary throwing out a life line. In an incredibly short time every etiquette book the mail-order house could lay its hands on had been sold and orders were pouring in for more.

The book they had been selling was of the vintage of about forty years ago, and was so out of date as to be of little practical use as a guide in the modern social maze. So the young woman whose advertising copy had caused such a sensation was commissioned to write a new etiquette book. The author knew her public, but she was not sufficiently sure of her subject to make it convincing. It was the hasty work of one who obviously lacked authority. But in spite of this, it sold more than a million copies—an expensive edition at three and a half dollars and a cheaper one at a dollar—and made a fortune for the publisher who brought it out and demonstrated the extraordinary fact that an etiquette book could be a best seller. But it drew fire from every newspaper columnist in the country, and the laugh they originated at the expense of the etiquette book has not yet died down.

Undisturbed by the fact that humorists had the nation rocking with laughter, an old, conservative publishing house was convinced by the financial success of the experiment that America was actually etiquette conscious and that there was a field for an authoritative textbook written from the angle of a smart environment, and by a person with social prestige. So a well-known society woman assembled one for them. Her book had distinction, and she wrote with authority of the deportment of a set of which she was herself a part. Like its predecessor, it was an immediate success and retained its status as a best seller for five years.

But instead of impressing the funny men among the country's writers, it furnished material for their withering satire. Humorists once more tickled the ribs of the public on the subject of etiquette. Columnists joked about handing a silk hat to the masses, and cartoonists featured English butlers opening the doors of East Side tenements, and woebegone, down-and-out families seated at frowzy tables over remnants of corned beef and cabbage were shown gazing dejectedly at their finger bowls.

But in spite of all this ridicule at their expense, millions of people went right on buying etiquette books. And librarians everywhere not only reported that long waiting lists of patrons—men as well as women—were clamoring to read them, but they also complained that their public had suddenly turned dishonest and that great numbers of the books were being stolen from the shelves.

So, from the point of view of business, the etiquette book has never been a joke. Publishers treat it with deference because of its phenomenal earning capacity. And, in fact, a great many people refuse to consider anything funny for which the American public is willing to pay so many millions of hard-earned dollars, and insist that its financial prestige as well as its human appeal lifts it to a status warranting respect.

Although I have been impressed—as any author would be—by the first royalty check of one of my colleagues, and by the amount of money that publishers claim they have netted in the past decade from the phenomenal sale of etiquette books, still, respect for my subject emanated from a very different source. What really caused me to put a proper valuation on etiquette was the realization that hundreds of thousands of people recognized the need of good manners, were eager to know how to behave properly, and suffered agonies of embarrassment when they didn't know how to act in social emergencies. I learned that to do a thing correctly was as important as being able to do it at all, in the eyes of great numbers of men and women. Of what value to a girl was an opportunity to dine at the Ritz with a special young man, if she knew nothing of correct table manners when she went there?

Every day many of these people confide to me in letters like these:

"My husband and I have been saving for ten years to take a trip. Now we are planning to travel in luxury—Pullmans, meals on the train, and everything. Please tell me how I should act so I won't seem awkward."

To this woman, knowledge of etiquette was just as important as her railroad ticket.

Problems of the Dinner Table

A mother who was going to her son's graduation at West Point wanted to know just what clothes to wear and how to conduct herself so that the boy wouldn't be ashamed of her. That her dress and manners should be correct was of just as much consequence as her invitation to the commencement—of more importance, in fact, because she would rather have stayed at home than have her awkwardness or ignorance of the rules of polite society embarrass her son.

It is in hotels and restaurants that people seem to have the greatest desire to appear at ease. The anxiety of girls to enter the lobby of the Plaza with the air of having walked through fifty miles of fashionable hotel lobbies, and to seat themselves in public restaurants so the waiter won't think they have just arrived from a jay town, is responsible for many of the questions they ask.

But general suggestions will not satisfy them. They are insatiable in their demand for detail. "Does the man or the woman follow the waiter into the dining room?" "Which chair shall a woman take?" And they even ask: "On which side of the chair should a girl sit down?" Some favorite questions are: "What do you order?" "What are the fashionable foods?" "Does a girl give her own order to the waiter, or does her escort do it?" It is so evident from many letters that the pleasurable edge has been taken off of more tête-à-tête dinners for girls because they have bungled with forks and spoons or chosen the wrong dishes than by any accident of poor food or bad service.

It has also amazed me to what lengths girls will go to acquire the information necessary to put them at ease on these occasions. One of them sent me a menu from a fashionable hotel in Chicago, where she had evidently dined with her young man friend. She had underlined the dishes selected at a Thanksgiving dinner and asked me to tell her if she had chosen the proper things. At the noon hour on Saturday, the smart restaurants in New York are crowded with business girls so eager to know how to behave correctly when the time comes for them to be invited out by some Prince Charming, that they dip deeply into their weekly pay envelopes for these expensive luncheons in order to have the opportunity to learn what fashionable people do and what they eat.

The universality of these appeals for help in order to be able to do the right thing also increased my respect for etiquette. It was not from people in special sections of the country, or cultural centers, or cities alone that these requests for information came. I received them from people in every walk in life. And curiously enough, there was an undeniable similarity in the questions they asked.

Questions From All Classes

The girl from a remote rural district wants to know whether you eat olives with your fingers or a fork. The business girl, grooming herself to appear at ease in a smart restaurant, knows how to eat olives, but what bothers her is whether you use your fingers or a fork in eating asparagus, and just how exactly you dispose of an artichoke.

A grade-school child on the lower East Side, who had just mastered the use of a knife and fork, had seen a pictured advertisement in a magazine, showing a table with the usual array of flat silver. So many eating utensils were entirely beyond the needs of anything she could imagine, so her first question was, "What do people eat with so many forks and spoons?" Yet it is practically the same bewilderment which causes the uptown boarding-school girl to inquire, "When a dessert spoon and fork are placed with the dessert, do you use either or both?"

One day I received a letter from a woman in a little inland town, asking whether she should send out invitations to a bridge party by telephoning, by writing informal notes, or with a few lines on her calling card. And on that same afternoon a New York society woman who knows all about sending out invitations, even to receptions for royalty, without consulting the author of an etiquette book, frantically telephoned to ask me how she could get her invitations back most gracefully when sudden illness in the family made it necessary for her to cancel a party.

A man unfamiliar with social usage writes to inquire if he may wear a tuxedo at an evening wedding, but, on the other hand, the clubman, who knows, without asking, that it is never done, feels the need of help when he queries, "Do I wear white gloves at a presidential reception?"

A high-school girl, going to her first party in a hotel ballroom, indicates her anxiety as to what she considers the essentials that will carry her through this function gracefully, when she puts these questions: "What do I say to a man when he asks me for a dance? Do I thank him or does he thank me when the dance is finished?"

And the young deb preparing for her first Princeton Prom is in the same flutter of uncertainty when she appeals to me this way: "Am I supposed to take my own personal chaperon? Do I pay my own railroad fare? Do I leave a tip for the maid at the fraternity house? If I am the guest of a man and stay at a hotel instead of at his fraternity, does he pay the bill or do I pay it?"

Another thing which sent etiquette stock skyrocketing in my estimation was a certain type of letter which appears over and over again in my mail. It comes from all

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Kindly furnish information in regard to items for the purposes noted.

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parts of the country from mothers to whom the problem of bringing up their children is a serious one. They write me that they want, above all things, to give their boys and girls the knowledge of good manners which has been missing from their own lives. One letter is typical of hundreds:

"I missed good training in manners when I was young and have been handicapped all my life. My mother didn't have time to teach me, or perhaps she didn't know. I'm bound my children shall not suffer from this lack. Will you tell me the name of some good book that has up-to-date manners for children, so that I can give them a good start?"

I always take great pains about answering these letters, to whose writers I feel like taking off my hat. With these women there is never any suggestion of social levels; only a great longing to give their children the equipment necessary to make them more agreeable in the eyes of the world. I had a very definite manifestation of this in my manners class in a public school on the East Side, where children had obtained their working papers and were ready to take jobs but were kept in school by their mothers till the end of the term, because they wanted them to learn all they could about correct deportment.

Here is another letter which matches in spirit that of the intelligent, ambitious mother, but in this instance the object of affection is a husband instead of a son:

"I live on a ranch thirty miles from the nearest town. I've been through the sixth grade in school and can read and write quite well, but my husband never has had any schooling. He wants me to teach him at night. Can you give me the name of a good book that would help me brush up? He is so anxious to learn and I want to help him."

Sixty per cent of my correspondence is concerned with weddings. I have been queried about secret ones, "grand ones before the swellest people in town," one in a Catholic church at six o'clock in the morning, June weddings, fall weddings, double weddings, one where father and son were being married and wanted, each in turn, to act as the other's best man, second weddings, and even a third one where the bride was eighty and the man eighty-three.

Here is a girl who admits she has never been to a wedding and who writes as her own approaches:

"My finance has my pa's permit, so we're going to get married. What do I wear under my wedding dress?"

Keeping a Boy Friend's Interest

As a question, this sounds queer, of course, but to the perplexed girl it is important.

"Have you got to keep your veil on till midnight?" "Would red carnations be all right for the wedding bouquet? It's the only flower we can get here in winter." "My girl friend and I play the piano. At the wedding, should we play for the folks or just let the evening go as it comes?" These efforts to conform to a standard of correctness may be primitive, but they are nevertheless sincere.

Another girl consults me thus: "I've always wanted to have an outdoor wedding. We've got a strip of lawn about ten feet wide in front of our house. The grass isn't very good, but the bush is. Do you think people would gape and bother us while we are being married?"

A woman who confessed to having some lovely diamonds asked if she would have to be married in the evening in order to wear them. And still another confided in me that her marriage had been delayed till she was past forty, but as she had always wanted to be married in white satin and orange blossoms, she still hankered to go to the altar in this bridal array. And unless I assured her that she would appear ridiculous in the eyes of the neighbors, she intended to do so.

Next to the knotty problems submitted about weddings are the complications caused by the boy friend.

One girl writes of her difficulties thus: "But one thing I won't tolerate—and that's petting. If you let one fellow do that—I mean pet you—all the rest of the fellows you go out with will try it. One of them had a date with me Sunday night, and then ditched me. He said he had to go out of town, but it wasn't true, because I seen him. That's just one example. Something like that always happens. Can you tell me what's wrong, and I wish you'd help me. I don't like to just set around home while others is out having a good time."

Another girl, obviously bothered by her young man's wandering attention, asks me to suggest some relief: "Isn't it bad manners as well as an insult for a gentleman to flirt with strange girls when he is out with his girl? Should he toot his horn at every girl he sees on the road? Is it not his place to stay at her side if he takes her to see a parade? I believe I'm right, but have decided to let you settle the dispute. Will you please write and tell him what you think?"

Conversation is another subject which presents many social snags.

"When I meet strangers, please tell me what to say and how to say it," is a request I frequently receive.

"When you go to a reception, what do you say to the hostess? I mean what subject do you begin on?" is what I was expected to tell one woman. "I haven't any small talk," complains another. "Is there any way I can get it?" "What do you say when a man admires your eyes?" required some thought on my part before I replied: "Don't take him too seriously, and yet don't misbelieve him entirely. He might mean it, you know."

An Author Seeks Authority

But when one woman asked me to manufacture conversation for use with the Lord, I felt entirely inadequate. Her request was worded thus: "Can you tell me what to say in prayer meeting? I want to be able to get up and make a good prayer."

Another poser came to me from a woman in the backwoods of Maine who had heard me talk on the radio:

"For three years I have kept house for a widower, and last month we were married. The only way we have announced it is by my husband putting up a box of cigars. Now I'd like to know if I should give a party of any kind."

"Putting up cigars" suggested nothing to me but that they might have canned them, as one does peaches or plums, but someone versed in country phraseology told me that it was passing them around in the village store with a "Have one on me." But even then I didn't know whether, with this preliminary, to advise a wedding reception.

We who write etiquette books can't by any chance answer all the questions that are put to us. The author of one of them received a letter from a governor's lady inquiring about invitations to a special state function her husband was giving. It had some original angles and the authority on etiquette wasn't quite sure what precedent was correct. So she hied her to New York's best stationer.

"Just a minute," said the willing clerk, "and I'll look it up."

To her astonishment, she saw him fumbling through the pages of her own book. She said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't look in that! I wrote it."

Then there are letters to which no etiquette formula with which I am acquainted will furnish an answer, and yet, back of them there is such a human appeal that I am moved to consider them from some other angle than that of good manners. For instance, when a girl writes from a state university:

"I want to bring my roommate home for a visit, but I'm just ashamed to do it. My dad is the best person in the world, but he won't listen when I want the folks to act differently at home. Mother has promised that if I bring my chum we won't have to

(Continued on Page 153)

We once had to pay Tommy to drink his milk...

but now he even begs for it and is growing strong and sturdy

"WE KNEW it was wrong—but it was the only way we could get Tommy to touch milk. And goodness knows he needed it—he was so thin and frail. We'd plead and scold, but it didn't do any good.

"Now Tommy actually begs for his milk, and he can't seem to get enough of it. I mix it with Cocomalt, and he just loves the rich, creamy, chocolate flavor. He drinks it eagerly at every meal.

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Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—the element which makes summer sunshine so beneficial. This Vitamin D helps to *build strong bones and develop sturdy bodies.* And Cocomalt also supplies malt enzymes which help digest other foods that are in the stomach.

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WHEN these same men drive on land, they are just as *insistent* on having Kendall in their car motors as in their airplane motors. They take oil seriously because they know what it means to a motor.

They know, too, that nowhere in all the world is there a crude oil to compare with Bradford grade, the costliest of all the fine Pennsylvania oils . . . and they know that Kendall is the only nationally marketed oil refined *entirely* from this precious crude.

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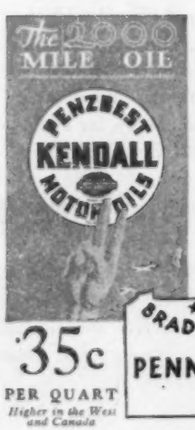

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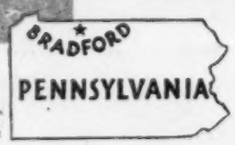

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(Continued from Page 150)

eat in the kitchen with the hired men, but my father says this is all nonsense and is only putting on airs."

In this case I feel like writing to the father instead of the girl, and asking him if there is any reason—since he has educated his daughter—why he can't educate himself, at least to the level of her standard, which demands a more beautiful way of doing things.

And a thwarted wife, who probably has no fault but that she has always wanted so little that her husband has grown inconsiderate, writes:

"All my life I've wanted an evening dress, and I've never had one. The other day I bought myself one—a lovely orchid satin, with silver slippers to match. Now I don't believe I'll ever be able to wear it, because my husband won't get a tuxedo. So I'd like to ask you if it would be proper for me to put it on when I go out with him, if he has on his business suit." I can scarcely refrain from addressing myself to this husband and from saying to him: "Oh, for goodness' sake, be a sport. Go buy yourself some evening clothes, and take your wife out, and I suggest you also send her an orchid or two to go with her dress."

A girl preparing to go to a house party wants to know if a seven-dollar-and-a-half pair of gold mules are good enough. I wondered what she would have substituted if I'd said no. What this girl needed was not only to be told the rule of etiquette which advises against ostentation in dress accessories but a lecture that would help her to acquire good taste in general.

Buying a Book by Proxy

And here is another woman, to whom I gave advice which, from an etiquette teacher, might be considered decidedly unconventional. She wrote:

"I've seen an ad in a Western magazine from a rancher who says he's lonely and wants to correspond with a lady. Tell me what to say and how to say it. And shall I begin the letter, 'Dear friend'? Shall I tell him how old I am, and that I weigh a hundred and seventy-two pounds, and that I've been a widow only six months! Or don't you think I hadn't better write to him? I suppose you don't."

One thing I have noticed in the course of my career as an etiquette teacher is that the more experience and social background a person has the more certain he is to consider good manners a necessary equipment if one expects to mingle pleasantly with his fellows.

The head of one of the largest corporations in the country, and a big enough person to have been asked to serve in the President's cabinet, said of an etiquette book: "You certainly can't go far without one." And as evidence of the sincerity of his remark, I noticed a copy on the desk of his secretary which looked as if it were often consulted.

A college professor's wife whom I know also added her quota of praise. A manual of deportment is a book of reference in her household and keeps the family manners in good shape, just as a dictionary settles their questions of pronunciation and spelling. To her, its presence on the book shelf called for no apology.

The young wife of a military attaché in London claimed that her knowledge of etiquette was her passport to diplomatic society, and, when her girlhood chum from a New England village scoffed at the idea that she took a book on manners seriously, said:

"You better believe I read them. The only trouble is that they don't tell enough. They left me high and dry on one harrowing occasion. Didn't I once go to a royal funeral in white gloves because I didn't know any better, and there was nothing in an etiquette book to warn me that a pair of white gloves would blaze out in Westminster Abbey like two incandescent lights? And not being able to sit on my hands or put them in my husband's pockets, I suffered the most agonizing embarrassment I have ever known."

Laughter at etiquette always comes from poseurs—those who know the obvious things and have not quite enough social background to make them confident of their position. But even while they laugh at the idea of others having to ask questions about etiquette or study it from a book, they themselves are keen to keep up with the changing styles in deportment. They want to wear their manners modishly, as they do their clothes. So, when one of them wants to know how a divorcee words her calling card, she gets the information surreptitiously instead of asking for it frankly. A woman of this type, whose ignorance of etiquette was her Achilles' heel, picked up an etiquette book in a Park Avenue shop and said jeeringly to the clerk: "Isn't it too perfectly absurd for anyone to have to consult a book?" A little later this woman's maid appeared with four dollars in hand, having been obviously sent by her mistress to buy the book she had so lately ridiculed. And it is so very often the case that the woman who scorns etiquette in public takes it seriously in secret, that I always suspect that the one who laughs most at an etiquette book sleeps with one under her pillow.

The Importance of Social Rules

Even my friends who tease me about my queer calling never lose a chance to get a bit of free information. One of them dropped his joshing long enough to ask me seriously: "When you are on a week-end visit, who suggests going to bed first—the hostess or her guests?" And prospective brides, who are always etiquette conscious, invariably ask me: "In sending out wedding announcements and invitations, is it proper to leave the tissue paper in them?" And I've never had a friend sailing on a first European trip who didn't question me as to tipping.

Even an editor was so amused at the contents of the fan mail which was pouring into his office that he was convulsed with laughter and said: "Imagine people caring enough about their manners to ask all those questions." And yet, in the next breath, he inquired quite naïvely: "By the way, I meant to ask you: In introducing a man and a woman, which name do you say first? I never can remember."

As a matter of hard, cold facts, etiquette is no laughing matter to a large slice of the American public. Nor is it to any of us, in the last analysis. If we intend to play the social game at all—and in these days, and in this country, who can avoid it?—we must know the rules. And, after all, why should we despise etiquette, when it is based on such a cardinal virtue as consideration for others? Manners are nothing but a gracious way of expressing such consideration. And if America is becoming sufficiently mature to appreciate such a virtue and is attempting, even by absurd methods, to acquire an outward expression of it through good manners, in my opinion there isn't anything so very funny about it. In fact, so convinced have I become of the importance of etiquette in a world so sorely in need of good manners that the people who laugh at etiquette make me laugh.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

"Did it ever occur to you, my dear, to stir a corpuscle or exert a cell or two of your own? We send our eating out, our cleaning out, and our children out, and even our cerebration out. Yesterday we drove our seven-thousand-dollar limousine sixteen miles to get nineteen cents' worth of hemstitching done at the Hem-and-Haw Hemstitchers. On the way back, I figured that, including chauffeur, gasoline, tires and insurance, the total cost was in the neighborhood of nineteen dollars. If you want your face washed, you go get a facial. We send our daughter to a boarding school, and that lets you out on her. You get your culture ready-made at the Tennyson Club. I married one woman, and I got eleven, including this manicurist, cook, two maids, nurse, the laundress, the sewing woman, and a few others. I presume it won't be long until you will be sending your teeth washing out to some teeth-washing organization, and having your back scrubbed by the Empress Josephine Back Scrubbers or somebody, and your knees polished by the Klassy Knee Kneaders, and your neck patted by some outfit on the Avenue. To save my life, I can't at this moment think of a single thing you do in this world except go places to get something done.

"What has become of the one-woman woman of yesteryear, who used to run her own bath water or carry it in a bucket from the well; who used to make her own soap, wash her own face and hair, do her own family washing, bake her own bread, can her own fruit, weave her own carpets, make her husband's pants and shirts, raise her own kids, and lots of them, and cook for a threshing crew? I am not suggesting that you aren't a great improvement on her, but sometimes I feel that you are too much of an improvement. Don't you agree, dear, that there might be a compromise, somewhere, between that type and the type which you represent?"

"I won't quarrel with you, Matthew. If you want to quarrel, you can call my lawyer. His number is Chickering ——."

"So you are sending even your quarreling out! Well, I'll be ——"

—Don Herold.

The Freudian Mother Goose

There was a crooked man,
And he walked a crooked mile,
And every single thing he did was done in crooked style,
Because his childhood straitness
And his training in sedateness
Demanded compensation in behavior that is vile.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
And all because, when a child of three,
He couldn't have pork chops with his tea.

Seesaw, Marjorie Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw—
Fault of her parents when they sent
The child to bed as a punishment.

Bye, Baby Bunting,
Papa's gone a hunting.
If papa doesn't rush back to baby
He'll get a mother fixation, maybe.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your psychopathy grow?
With fixed neuroses
And lots of psychoses
And repressed impulses all in a row.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to our house and stole a piece of beef.
His lack of all repressions has given us a grudge;
We'll have him psychoanalyzed by jurors and a judge.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie—
If you dreamed a thing like that with such a funny twist,
Wouldn't it be pie for any psychoanalyst?

—*Berton Braley.*

Ends CORNS

THEY NEVER RETURN

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads not only insure instant relief from pain: they remove the cause — friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, corns can never come back if Zino-pads are applied at the first sign of soreness from new or tight shoes.

No other method does this for you. Cutting your corns may lead to blood-poisoning. Harsh and caustic preparations expose the toes to acid burn. Zino-pads are thin, cushioning, soothing, healing, safe, sure.

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Kills Fleas ....Instead of stupefying them

PULVEX ALONE contains the one ingredient which U. S. Bulletin No. 897 declares is the only powder substance that actually kills fleas. When used, Pulvex kills the fleas; they never revive and reinfest the dog or cat. ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS to everything except fleas, lice, ticks, mites. Non-irritating to the skin. Odorless. Pleasant to use. A dusting keeps fleas off the dog for 14 days. Any wonder that leading dog breeders use Pulvex exclusively and highly recommend it? Give your children's dog a flea-free summer with Pulvex. At all druggists and pet shops, 50c; or direct from William Cooper & Nephews, Dept. A-181, 1909 Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Wear this comfortable KANTSINK SAILORBUOY Jacket when water mastering, sailing, aquaplaning or fishing—for safety's sake. Filled with Cellarith, the most buoyant material known. Approved by U. S. Steamboat Inspector, Dept. of Commerce (Lic 2048). Specify KANTSINK Vests, Belts, Cushions and Pads. At your dealers. If not, send us his name.

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WILL INDIA BLOW UP?

(Continued from Page 29)

perpetual native feuds to their own service. Thanks to the genius of the ex-clerk, Clive, the French were utterly defeated. The English East India Company found itself with trained armies in its pay; found itself progressively more and more involved in the internal affairs of principalities anarchic around its factories; found itself making conquests; found itself, like ancient Rome, perpetually obliged to enlarge its frontiers to protect the conquests already made. It was a process quite involuntary as far as the directors of the company at home were concerned. They most grudgingly consented to accept the kingdoms presumptuously conquered for them by zealous subordinates in India. From beginning to end, in their view, the real business of the East India Company was trade. If they had acquired an empire, it was by regrettable accident. Politically, that empire was put under the control of the British Parliament in 1773, but John Company continued to administer and protect British India with its own officials and its own army, until the Indian Mutiny of 1857 swept away that archaic anachronism and brought India directly under the imperial suzerainty of the British crown.

The Mutiny of 1857

In parentheses, that terrible uprising of the Mutiny was brought about by many causes, of which the famous greased cartridges were but the flash detonating a long-prepared explosion. Apart from the bitterly resented and perhaps unjust annexation of the kingdom of Oudh, which was one of the immediate factors, the most important cause was certainly the fatuously complacent incompetence of John Company's rule, dallying feebly with sedition it refused to believe was a real danger. From all time, the Oriental has acknowledged but one valid rule—the rule of the strong. In 1857 the paltering ineptitude of the company had become a bazaar jest from one end of India to the other, and for many months prior to the outbreak peasants and Sepoy soldiers alike whispered to one another to be ready for the day, to be made known by the sending of *chupatties*—the unleavened cake bread—from village to village and city to city. Who was behind that immense secret organization, functioning with an efficiency visibly un-Indian? At the time the British Government discreetly veiled the real instigator. There is no doubt today that it was Czaristic Russia, smarting from the Crimean War of 1854, and reviving those grandiose ambitions which Czar Alexander had shared with Napoleon on the raft at Tilsit. In many ways, as Britain is beginning anxiously to perceive, the dreadful Mutiny year was an ominous precedent of this year of grace 1930.

Such is the necessary, if skeletal, background essential for accurate appreciation of the situation in India today. It is a situation far more complex than is realized—or, at least, admitted—by those who so glibly pontificate about it to sympathetic audiences of well-meaning uplifters in Britain and America.

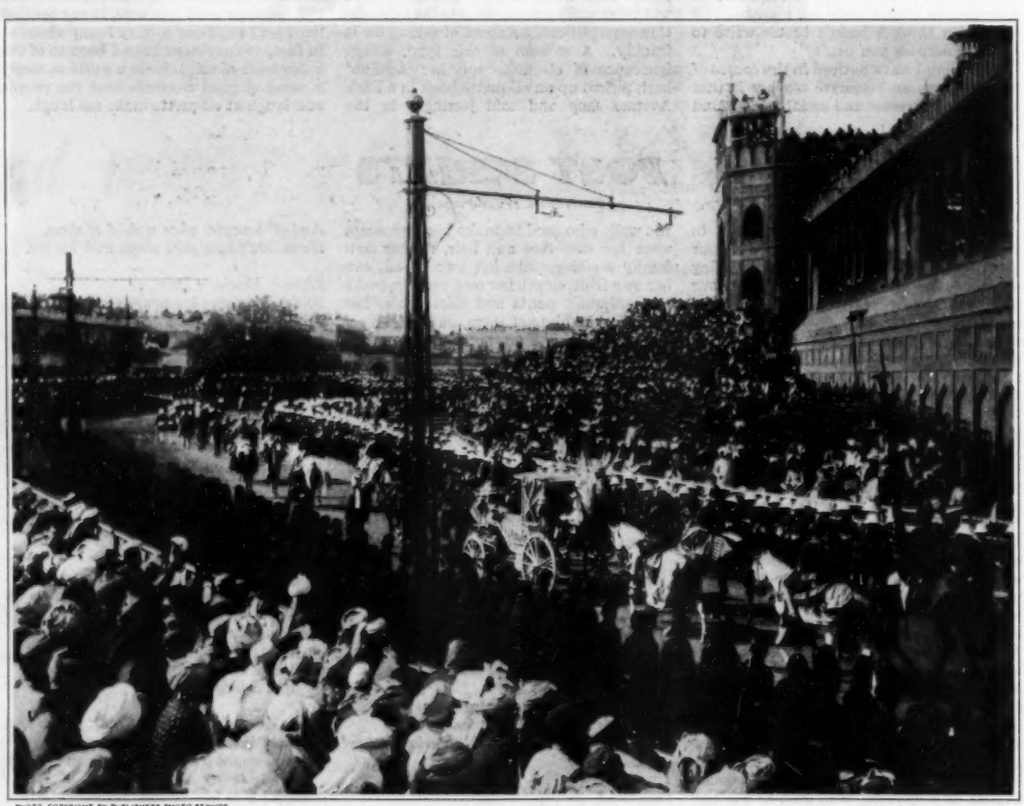
The demand for *Swaraj*, for dominion status or for complete independence, is merely a vague label for a multitude of conflicting ambitions, jealousies, hatreds and ideals. In mass, at a distance, it looks and sounds very impressive. India would seem to speak with one poignantly appealing voice. Analyzed, the picture changes to a phantasmagoria of deadly rivals jostling one another for power, and it is lurid with the most appalling menace to India if, indeed, the wearied British *raj* should abdicate or be expelled.

From early in the nineteenth century the eventual self-government of India has been the declared aim of the British. Government after government has reiterated it, the present viceroy the last of a long chain. The cynic may jeer that words cost nothing and are proportionately valueless. The Anglo-Indian official desperately trying to do his job efficiently has another opinion about these declarations. Every step that has been made toward implementing them has added enormously to his difficulties. He has no doubt whatever of the sincerity of the British people at home; he merely deplores that it is the sincerity of those benevolently ignorant of the conditions.

White-Collar Men in India

Not a little, indeed, of the present trouble flows from the altruistic activities of Lord Macaulay, in the late 1830's, who—with the announced purpose of fitting the Indian people to control their own destiny—insisted upon a system of Indian education in which English was the primary language and English culture the basis of the curriculum. The result has been to flood India with an enormous number of more or less superficially educated young men, chiefly Brahmans, fitted only for a government job or the law, and overwhelmingly in excess of the vacancies available in those occupations. Hence what to them is a genuine grievance—"the government educated me, and now the government lets me starve. Down with the government!" Nevertheless, the British have persevered, if slowly, along the path which the lofty liberalism of the nineteenth century believed to be the sole road to the millennium. Democracy was a political success in Britain. It must necessarily, therefore, be a success in India. That policy attained its most explicit expression in the report of the Montagu-Chelmsford Commission of 1917. Under the joint high authority of the Secretary of State for India in the Home Government and the Viceroy of India himself, it was announced that it was their sublime object "to disturb the pathetic contentment of the Indian masses." In this, at least, they have certainly succeeded.

(Continued on Page 157)



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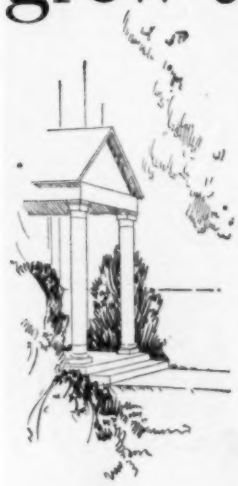
A Native Prince Passing Through the Streets of Delhi in a State Parade

"The fed grass grew two or three times faster . . . a thick, matted turf of green"



"Red Bird Farm"—one of the most beautiful estates in the exclusive Indian Hill Section of Cincinnati, Ohio—is the home of Mrs. George F. Dana, former president of the Garden Club of Cincinnati, member of the Garden Club of America and the Federated Garden Clubs of Cincinnati and vicinity.

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A plot of grass was marked off and fed with Lōma—just sifted on through an ordinary colander—then thoroughly watered. "At the end of one week," Mrs. Dana said, "the contrast between the Lōma-fed side and the unfed side was unbelievable. The Lōma side was a thick, matted turf of beautiful green—the unfed side was a sickly yellow in comparison."

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The Photograph shows what a difference Lōma *made in just a week's time, on the lawn at "Red Bird Farm"—home of Mrs. George F. Dana.*

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Lōma

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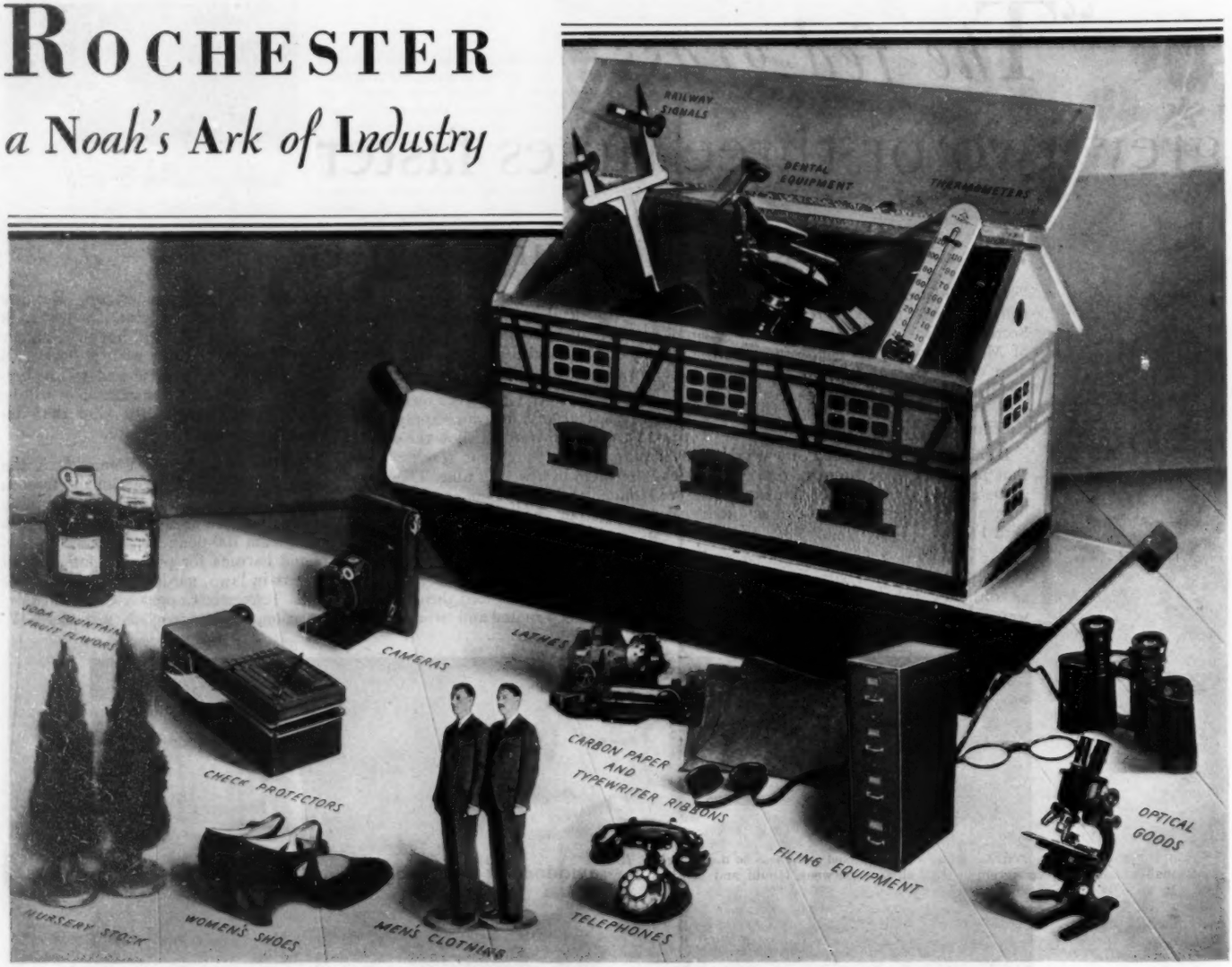
a Noah's Ark of Industry



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UNION TRUST *Company of* ROCHESTER

Member of the MARINE MIDLAND *Group.*

Combined resources over $500,000,000

(Continued from Page 154)

The definite recommendations of that report, to which effect was given in the reforms of 1919, were that for ten years there should be a provisional system of diarchy, or embryonically twin British and Indian government, subject to revision either way at the expiration of that period. The essential feature of the new system was the progressive Indianization of the services, some, such as education, medicine and local government, being almost entirely handed over to Indians. In 1928–29, according to the terms of the original act, the Simon Commission, composed from all parties in the British Parliament, was sent to India to investigate and report on the working of the reforms. Up to the moment of writing, the British Government has rigidly suppressed the report of its own commission. Both in Britain and India, it is believed that the considered verdict of that commission is definitely hostile to any extension of Indianization for the present, and that the British Government is afraid to face the noisy storm which would at once be inevitable. Not only would it infuriate every Indian politician, it would stultify every confident prophecy made by the enthusiastic idealists in the British Liberal and Labor parties.

What the Politicians Want

Probability is given to this belief by the fact that the British Government deliberately forestalled the report of the Simon Commission already in its hands, and virtually nullified it. After consultation with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and with the amiable permission of Mr. Baldwin, the personal friend who had appointed him as viceroy, Lord Irwin broadcast over India that the British *raj* pledged itself to grant dominion status to India, while prudently omitting to specify a date. If his object was to pour oil on the waters in advance, it failed. Though the British public has been reassured that the viceroy's declaration meant nothing inconsistent with the traditional British policy of a slowly progressive Indian home rule within the British Empire, all India believes that Britain has sensationally announced her intention to quit. It believes that the British have publicly confessed their fears and their feebleness. And the extremist leaders believe that only a little intensive agitation is necessary to hasten the hour of that departure.

What exactly do the Indian politicians want? The desires of the Indian people are, of course, not necessarily synonymous. Those in favor of dominion status want various things. Ignoring the infinitude of minor variations, to them dominion status means roughly that the British shall continue magnanimously to defend and police an India divorced from British control, an India governed henceforth exclusively in their own interests by politically active Hindus of the Brahman caste. Behind them are the extremists—some inspired by a fierce and heady patriotism, some mere vulgar intriguers, some the subsidized agents of world revolution—who will be satisfied with nothing less than the neck-and-crop expulsion of the British. Under the new national flag of independence are ranged many elements, the most important of whom have no illusions whatever as to what would surely happen in an India left to itself. They, indeed, cynically count on that welter of anarchy to provide them with the most magnificent of opportunities.

The Indian politician is an exceedingly articulate, not to say garrulously eloquent, person, and the student class which forms the bulk of his fighting force is not less so. They can and do make a clamor which resounds from one end of India to the other. What reality is there behind their claim to represent a united Indian nation? Of the 330,000,000 inhabitants of India, about 70,000,000 are Moslems. In a majority in the Punjab and the Northwest Frontier Province, elsewhere they are almost everywhere in a minority. If not all the direct descendants of the Moslem invaders, all are imbued with the warlike traditions of conquering Islam; they are the backbone of the Indian army. To the Moslem, it is religiously necessary to kill cows. To the Hindu, it is religiously abhorrent to touch a cow. Any day in India a glorious fight can be started by Moslems killing a cow in a Hindu neighborhood, or by Hindus attempting to prevent Moslem sacrilege on that holy animal. The fact is illustrative of that utter incompatibility of the two religions, which in 1000 years has not been lessened, but has recently become more pronounced. The cleavage fundamentally disrupts India into two unequal and fanatically antagonistic entities. Except in some of the large cities under strong British influence, and possessed of sufficient press publicity, no Moslem would bring his case before a Hindu judge if he could by any means avoid it. Nor would any Hindu willingly seek justice from a Moslem. He would never believe that he had received it, even if he had had it.

Some years ago, an alliance was, indeed, sketched between the Nationalist Hindus and a section of anti-British Islam, fervent in the Khilāfat agitation, led by the Ali brothers. That alliance came to a sanguinary end in the Moplah rebellion of 1921, when the Mohammedans, although in a minority, but believing prematurely that the British had abdicated, attempted forcibly to convert their Hindu brethren. Thousands of Hindu men were atrociously murdered, skinned alive, forced to dig their own graves—an unimaginable horror to them, since cremation is vitally necessary to their religion. Thousands more wandered to expire miserably after the crude surgical operation to which they had been subjected. Thousands of Hindu women were violated. The viceregal policy prescribed the utmost leniency to the rebels, lest the British should be accused of another Amritsar massacre. When—consequent on agonized Hindu petitions—the rebellion was finally crushed, it had cost the lives of at least 5000 Moslems in addition, with prison sentences on some 12,000 more. It also cost the lives of some hundreds of British officers and men. The total effect of this affair was to make a genuine alliance between Hindu and Moslem unthinkable. If a few notoriety-seeking Mohammedans vociferously adopt the cause of Indian independence, almost to a man the remainder of the 70,000,000 are implacably hostile to the purely Hindu movement of which Gandhi is the prophet and ostensible leader.

Gandhi's Real Followers

That takes 70,000,000 from the 330,000,000. There are at least another 70,000,000 of untouchables, who contemplate the possible triumph of their Hindu oppressors with an unspeakable despair. For them, the sole hope of even elementary justice—the right even to walk down a public road they may be summarily slain for polluting—lies in the scrupulous indifference of the British *raj* to either caste or conflicting religion. They also are passionately hostile to Mahatma Gandhi and his sacred cause. Subtract, therefore, 140,000,000 from the 330,000,000.

Then there are some 70,000,000 inhabiting the independent states, covering almost half the area of India. Those native states will have nothing whatever to do with the Gandhi movement, for reasons presently to be explained, and the agitator dwells not therein. Deduct therefore 210,000,000 from the 330,000,000. Deduct also some 2,000,000 Sikhs, some 5,000,000 native Christians, the Parsees high in the social scale, the primitive aborigines practicing the ancient religions of the jungle at the other end. That leaves approximately 100,000,000 Hindus as potential disciples of Gandhi. But at least 75 per cent of these are squalidly ignorant cultivators, scattered in the approximately 500,000 villages of India, and it is safe to say that the vast majority have never even heard of Gandhi except as the vaguest of rumors. There are,

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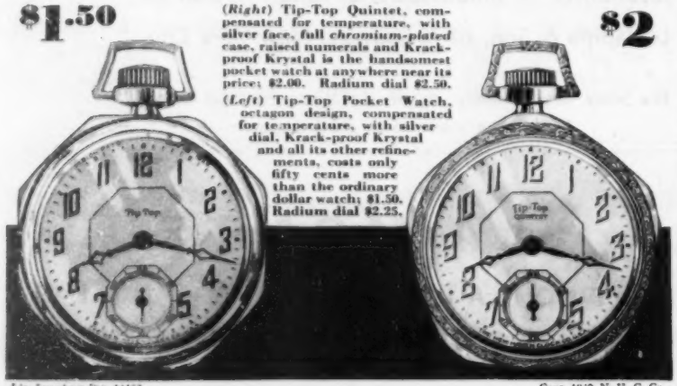
$2



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perhaps, not as many as 3,000,000 politically conscious Hindus.

Nevertheless, this small percentage is not to be despised. The power of well-organized minorities is well enough proved. If the leaders of the independence campaign can rally behind them any considerable proportion of those 100,000,000—and they stick at nothing to do so—then things will surely happen. In the past, the Indian peasant has been aware only of a disquieting whisper that the British are about to abdicate, and that it would be well to be on the winning side.

The Indian villager is almost universally in debt slavery to the Brahman *bannia*, or money lender, assisted by the similarly Brahman lawyer.

The triumph of Indian independence, as conceived by the Brahman leaders of the movement, means an unchecked Brahman despotism. The 70,000 or so coöperative societies were founded with the specific object of freeing the peasant from the Brahman money lender. Hitherto, with negligible exceptions, those coöperative societies have remained aloof from or hostile to the Gandhi movement. But this is no guaranty against what might happen in a nationwide wave of quasi-religious fanaticism. It is no guaranty against the cunning contrivances of politicians. Great Britain last year exhibited the amazing spectacle of the entire coöperative movement handing itself over to the Socialists, who are its only serious enemies, believing as they do in nationalization and municipalization, and who coveted coöperative funds to make up for those of which they had been deprived, since they could no longer enforce a compulsory levy upon trade unionists. If such a thing could happen with the highly educated proletariat of Great Britain, it is not beyond possibility that it may happen with the ignorant and easily fanaticized villagers of India. The accession of the coöperatives to the anti-British movement would present it with an immense ready-made organization extending to the remotest communities, possessing a colossal potentiality of economic pressure on the individual. It would facilitate a mass revolt on an overwhelming scale.

Nonviolent Noncoöperation

Gandhi, of course, has no chance whatever with the Moslems. Mahatma—Great Soul—Gandhi is an ex-lawyer who commenced public life by a passive-resistance movement among the Hindus of South Africa, where he lived for more than twenty years. Returning to India, he became a disciple of Gokhale. You may take your choice whether he is a supreme humbug or a self-deluded visionary. If you prefer—as do M. Romain Rolland, and Miss Slade, who acts as his secretary—he is a divinely inspired saint. He first came into real prominence in the agitation against the Rowlatt Acts in 1919. Those acts codified and modified previous acts for the suppression of revolutionary terrorism. They were in some cases less severe than those existing, but they made the administration of them more efficient.

At that time, India was honeycombed with conspiracies directed from Moscow, coöperating with the remains of the wartime conspiracies fostered by the German Consul General at Shanghai. The Indian Government felt that its safety depended on swift and effective measures. It was a critical moment. The Amir Amanullah of Afghanistan, relying on the support of Soviet Russia, was preparing an invasion of India. He issued a manifesto to the people of India, grotesquely parodying the Rowlatt Acts, and inviting all Indians, Moslem and Hindu alike, to unite in revolt against it and proclaim him, Amanullah, their ruler. The Khilafat agitation among the Moslems, directed by Turkey, then endeavoring to upset the Treaty of Sèvres, accentuated a situation further complicated by an anti-British conspiracy among some of the Sikhs of the Punjab. The entire cohort of Indian politicians mobilized itself furiously against the passing of the Rowlatt Acts, and in that wild campaign Mr. Gandhi put the previous leader of the independence movement, Mr. C. R. Das, completely into the background. He affirmed that the Rowlatt committee "utterly ignored the historical fact that the millions in India are by nature the gentlest on earth." He invited his followers to take a pledge that if the Rowlatt Acts were passed they would "refuse civilly to obey those laws . . . and such other laws as a committee hereafter to be appointed may think fit." They pledged themselves, in addition, "faithfully to follow truth and refrain from violence to life, person or property." It was the beginning of nonviolent noncoöperation. Thanks to the reputation for saintliness he had already acquired by the renunciation of the good things of this world, he leaped into an immense influence. From time immemorial the ascetic has been profoundly venerated by the Hindu, and Gandhi was clearly another holy man. Strong in this new power, he even offered and achieved an alliance with the Moslem Khilafat leaders, against the "satanic government" of the British. The immediate results were the Afghan War, necessitating the employment of more than 300,000 British and Indian troops, and the Punjab rebellion, with its ghastly sequel two years later in the Moplah rebellion.

In Homespun for a Day

Little things like these, however, were immaterial to Mahatma Gandhi. The only matter of importance was the expulsion of the unspeakable British. His plan was simple. Hindus should simply abstain from any contact with the government. They should passively refuse to pay taxes, they should remove their children from the schools, they should refuse election to the new legislature to be set up by the reforms. The government was, quite pacifically, to be paralyzed. In addition, since Great Britain had an immense trade in cotton cloth with India, all Swarajists should renounce the wearing of British cloths and should wear homespun *Khaddar* cloths instead. Indeed, every article of British manufacture was to be boycotted.

Gandhi had such complete faith in his method that, in October, 1921, he declared to the whole world that if independence were not attained by December, he would either die of a broken heart or retire forever from public life. The result was in many ways typical of India. Delirious crowds followed the Mahatma wherever he went, clad—for that occasion only—in the *Khaddar* homespun he prescribed. Next day they went back to their ordinary garb. Gandhi, of course, has a soul above such things, but it is notorious that some of his intimate associates made fortunes by supplying *Khaddar*—made in Japan—to the faithful. For the rest, the majority of Hindus speedily perceived that in the general paralysis he advocated, they would be the first to suffer. They gave lip service to his ideals and continued much as before. Only the student element, which had nothing to lose, still enthusiastically organized nonviolent mobs which promptly proceeded to violence and looting.

In February, 1922, Gandhi issued a public ultimatum to the British viceroy in which, under threats, he demanded a policy of absolute noninterference with the nonviolent activities of himself and his followers. Thanks to strong pressure from certain provincial governors, the viceregal government timorously made up its mind to arrest him. All stations were warned to make provision for the safety of European women and children, and to have forces handy to cope with disturbance when the dreadful tidings should become known. In March, Gandhi was duly arrested, and, to the immense astonishment of the government, not a dog barked. The Indian people seemed rather relieved than otherwise. He was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. During that imprisonment occurred an incident which further damaged a reputation already shattered by his arrest; for the simple

(Continued on Page 161)

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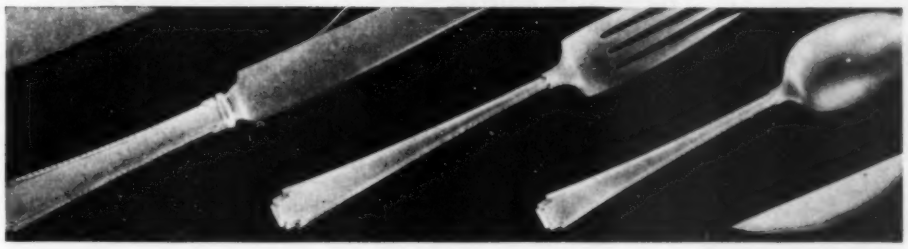

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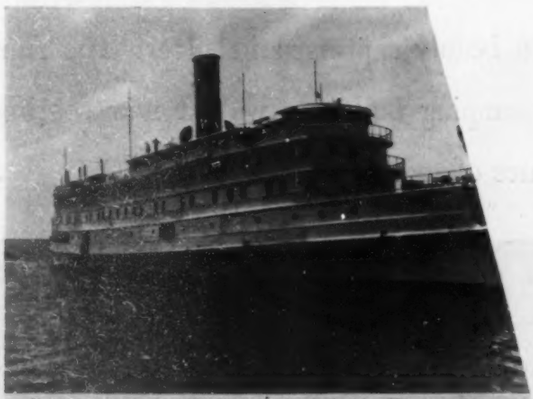
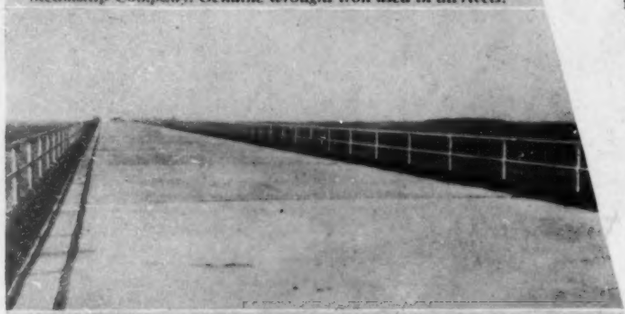


Passenger steamer "Yorktown," built by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company for the Chesapeake Steamship Company. Genuine wrought iron used in all rivets.



New bridge at Somers Point, near Ocean City, N. J. Here and on boardwalk at Ocean City, railing of genuine wrought iron pipe for protection against corrosion.

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IT costs upwards of one dollar to replace a rusted rivet in a ship's hull, while the cost of the rivet itself is less than eight cents a pound. Where ordinary rivets are used, thousands of them may have to be replaced annually, while wrought iron rivets, even in the oldest of ships, are practically everlasting, save in case of accident.

Genuine wrought iron is known the world over for its remarkable immunity to rust, even in salty air or salt water. Its toughness, under constantly repeated physical stresses and strains, is equally important. Hence the long-established and growing use of wrought iron rivets, chain, piping, ventilators, and other vulnerable parts of both large and small vessels.

Along the boulevards and beaches of seacoast cities, ordinary roofing, pipe, railings, bridge members, fences, and other iron work fall into rust and decay in a few short years. The salt-laden atmosphere is the Nemesis of many metals. But genuine wrought iron stands up—survives for a lifetime, and often for generations.

In and around industrial centers, corrosion plays havoc with plumbing and heating pipes, with roofing, spouting, fences, casement windows, tanks, grilles, gates, and other metal parts. Again, genuine wrought iron answers to the cry for greater economy through longer life.

In railroad operation, not only low maintenance cost but safety of human life is an ever present factor in the choice of materials. Therefore wrought iron has a very large place in railroad use. For piping, staybolts, engine bolts, brake rods, equalizers, and many other vital parts of cars and locomotives, wrought iron is the standard material.

If you use metals in the making of anything that is subject to corrosion, abrasion, vibration, or fatigue, you may find advantage in learning about the adaptability of wrought iron for your purpose. For desired information, address

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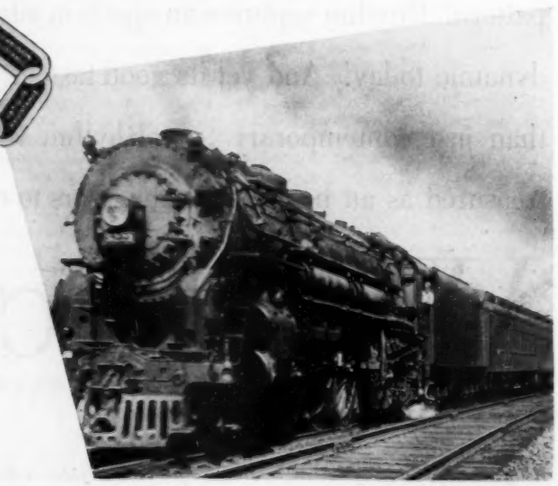
Left: Rayon Mills, American Chatillon Corporation, Rome, Ga. Genuine Wrought Iron pipe used in mills as well as in homes built for employees, for hot and cold water lines, drinking water lines, process piping and considerable parts of drainage system, also for return lines in heating system.

Below: Modern Railways use 100,000 tons of wrought iron a year in vital parts on locomotives and cars alone, which are subject to failure through corrosion and fatigue. Find the railroads with the best safety record and lowest maintenance cost, and you will also find they are the biggest users of genuine wrought iron of the highest grades, for various purposes.



Wrought Iron

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

(Continued from Page 158)

Hindu had begun genuinely to believe that Gandhi had substituted his *raj* for that of the old government. It happened that he contracted appendicitis. Now, Gandhi had vehemently denounced European hospitals and European medicine as "instruments for propagating sin," and had urged all true Hindus to employ only the ancient Aruvedic medical science. The British prison officials naturally asked him which native doctor he would prefer. He demanded a British surgeon. They said it was impossible, because if he died they would be charged with having maliciously caused his death. He, however, insisted that he was entitled to British medical treatment. To obtain it, he gave the British an exoneration in advance from any consequences of the operation performed at his own request. The faithful sighed and shook their heads. After two years' imprisonment, the government—believing that Gandhi's influence was dead—released him unconditionally. In fact, he did for a time relapse into almost complete obscurity.

Nevertheless, the anti-British movement went on. Fiercely inculcated by a swarming native press hatred of the British became the first law of existence to every young Hindu of the student class—to precisely those elements most expert in organizing mob intimidation. From 1923 onwards, the Swarajists, abandoning Gandhi's policy of noncoöperation, obtained a majority in the Indian Legislature and consistently devoted themselves to thwarting every government project for the better administration of the country, in particular opposing every measure which might strengthen the hands of authority against subversive conspiracy. Year by year, with the progressive Indianization of the services, British prestige was systematically undermined. Year by year, political crimes of violence increased and industrial strikes became more frequent and more vicious. But it was in 1927 that things really began to move again.

The No-Rent Campaign

In that year, Soviet Russia, having assisted the Kuomintang to conquer all China from Canton to the Yang-tse, was double-crossed by Chiang Kai-shek. In a few months the whole elaborate scheme of using China as the prime factor in world revolution was blown sky-high. The Communist organization within the Kuomintang was ruthlessly destroyed, the Chinese Communists exterminated, and the Russian Communists expelled. Moscow turned promptly once more to India, in which it had taken a persistent interest since 1919. It announced, in its charmingly frank manner, that it was in India, after all, that the power of British imperialism would be smashed and the world revolution inaugurated. And it got busy on the job. Liberal subsidies revitalized the network of revolutionary secret societies which have existed since pre-Mutiny days. A corps of British and Russian Communists, expert in the provocation and revolutionary utilization of strikes, was imported. An Indian agitator who had been a conspirator in Mexico, in the United States and in Berlin, and for a time had been an instructor of revolutionary agents in the Soviet seminary for such at Tashkent, was put in ostensible command of the Indian Communist Party. He may, indeed, be in real command, but Moscow rarely advertises the names of the people on whom it genuinely relies. Strikes, political assassinations, derailments of trains, outrages of every kind, occurred with intensified frequency over the length and breadth of India. Lajpat Rai, a Punjabi notorious for the past twenty years, Pandit Moti Lal Nehru and his son, Jawahar Lal Nehru, sprang forward passionately to denounce the government in the Legislative Assembly and in the All-India National Congress, composed exclusively of extremists, for 1927. They achieved a spectacular success by persuading that Congress to boycott the forthcoming Simon Commission and by passing a resolution to the effect that the goal of the Indian people was complete independence.

Gandhi's nonviolent propaganda might never make a revolution, but it creates precisely the atmosphere which makes revolution possible. At any rate, he canceled his engagements for Europe in 1928—he was booked for a Youth Congress at Vienna—and proceeded to organize a no-rent campaign in Bardoli. In this he was more successful than, probably, he had anticipated. Gandhi's stock went up. Once more, as in 1919, the full power of the revolutionary societies and the revolutionary press was switched to his support. Once more, the saintly Mahatma Gandhi became the idol of the credulous Indian masses.

Independence Day at Lahore

It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the details of the process. It reached its penultimate culmination at the All-India National Congress, held at Lahore, in December, 1929. A complaisant Indian Government—whose ways are not for the uninitiated to understand—actually allowed these professed revolutionaries to picket the congress area with their own police, known as Congress Volunteers—bands of student youths armed with iron-shod staves. The proceedings were typical. The viceregal train had just narrowly escaped being blown up. One of the most prominent leaders, who had also been one of the chief figures in the Punjab rebellion of 1919, vehemently pronounced a passionate eulogy of political assassination without the slightest protest or interference from the authorities. The congress then enthusiastically fixed the twenty-sixth of January as the date for the proclamation of independence and the unfurling of the national flag. A farcical touch occurred when some 7500 Sikhs marched in from the countryside with the announced intention of wiping out these despised Hindu revolutionaries. The Hindu revolutionaries promptly appealed for British police protection, and a body of Gurkhas gently herded the Sikhs under the walls of the fort. Thence the Sikh leaders proceeded to confer with the Hindu revolutionaries, and it being made obvious to them that the British were manifestly unfit to rule, they returned to their followers with the announcement that they had pledged their coöperation to the Swarajists until complete independence should be achieved! This, perhaps, is not quite so funny as it sounds, for it was only the fact that the countryside Sikhs stood aloof from the rebellion of 1919 which made possible its comparatively bloodless suppression. It is a case where the grotesquely humorous merges into the ominously symbolic.

On January twenty-fifth, independence day duly dawned and the national flag was duly unfurled. In the cities there were demonstrations from which the Moslems stood significantly apart. In the rural areas, most of the peasants were culpably ignorant of the fact that they had been pledged to be a nation never resting until it had shaken off the yoke of the "satanic" British oppressor. It became necessary to find some pretext to bring about a clash with the authorities. Early in March, Gandhi announced a new campaign of civil disobedience. He proposed to lead a nonviolent march of his supporters to seize certain government salt pans; for salt is a government monopoly essential to the finances of what is by a long way the most lightly taxed country in the world, although the government percentage is but fractional compared with the profit made by the retailer. At the moment of writing, riots are in progress all over India on a scale never seen before. From Chittagong on the Burmese frontier to Peshawar in the Northwest Province, from Karachi on the northeastern seaboard far south to Bombay and Madras, revolutionary mobs are fighting sanguinarily with the police and troops, while on the frontiers the fierce Pathans are restless. Gandhi's own organization is quite incapable of producing so widespread a turmoil, in which not only Hindus but some Moslems

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and many Sikhs have participated. The simultaneity and the dispersion, the identical methods employed, point clearly to the work of scientific master revolutionaries. The policy of the government is perhaps supersubtle. It is a little difficult to see why it should have increased the staff of telegraph officials in the affected area specially to insure that the subversive Indian press may adequately report the saint's revolutionary activities. Again, India was being reluctantly convinced that the British *raj* is afraid of Gandhi.

Meanwhile the government, terrified though it was of making Gandhi a martyr, and impaled on the dilemma of losing prestige either way—since to arrest Gandhi after a six weeks' campaign was to confess his influence and not to arrest him was to admit impotence—was compelled, by increasing unrest all over India, to take action. On May fifth Gandhi was arrested. Characteristically ultra-timed, the manner of that arrest merely intensified the impression that the government was afraid of Gandhi. Police agents surreptitiously stole into his camp outside of Karachi in the dead of night, seized him and spirited him away in a purdah wagon reserved for women, while his followers were unaware that anything was happening. He was taken to Poona and imprisoned without formality of a trial, under the old ordinance of 1827. At the time this goes to press—the middle of May—it is too early to determine the effects of this belated action; probably, since he has been left at liberty so long, it would have been better to continue to treat him with lofty contempt, the while keeping order. In any case, Gandhi is merely the puppet of vaster forces yet to show their hand. The immediate repercussions were trifling. The Nationalist War Council declared two days' mourning and agitators and a congress of volunteers succeeded in paralyzing all the mills in Bombay, while stone-throwing crowds had to be dispersed by rifle fire. The British responded by a partial precautionary measure of mobilization. They are particularly sensitive of danger on the frontier, where the tribes are seriously restless, doubtless excited by Russian revolutionary agents. Typical Indian fanaticism and simplicity were demonstrated when the earthquake two days later, in Burma, was attributed to divine displeasure at Gandhi's arrest. Probably after temporary effervescence Gandhi will again fall into oblivion, as in 1922, but the real revolutionary forces have planned a campaign immensely transcending him, and will certainly continue. A decisive battle may or may not be fought this year, but now it is menacingly inevitable and can no longer be conjured away by the velvet glove of a fist no longer believed to be of steel.

What Britain Stands to Lose

It is precisely this conviction, wider and wider spread, which is the chief menace to British rule. Obviously, it is only with the acquiescence of the governed that a handful of officials, backed by a derisorily small army, of which only a fraction is available for service in the interior, can administer so vast a subcontinent. That acquiescence has hitherto rested on the certainty of the masses that, however small in appearance, the power of the British was amply sufficient to enforce order. The certainty is fast vanishing. All India is feverishly, anxiously or exultingly, asserting the opposite. The British *raj*, plainly to all men, is both feeble and afraid. Therefore, it is doomed. Perceiving it, all classes of wealthy Indians—Hindus, Parsees, Mohammedans—are sending their money out of the country at such a rate as seriously to affect the rupee exchange. The British investments in India, totaling some £1,000,000,000, are chiefly in government bonds and railway enterprises, and are not susceptible of such removal. It is the flight of specifically Indian capital which is reversing the normal flow of gold. For, contrary to the current fantasies about the "drain from India," India normally has a credit balance on her exports and annually receives, and hoards, some £55,000,000 gold plus some £15,000,000 silver. The Indian capitalist reads the writing on the wall. He is convinced that a disaster is imminent.

Now, despite the fact that the trade in Lancashire cotton goods has seriously been curtailed by local Indian competition—with a tariff against Britain—and the rivalry of low-cost Japanese products, India is still one of the great markets for British goods. The loss of it—and it would be a complete loss if the announced intentions of Gandhi were to prevail—would be a disaster for British industry which, in its present depressed state, might be catastrophic. That is one of the reasons for Moscow's interest in India. Besides, there are the £1,000,000,000 of investments. Quite apart from what Britain conceives to be the moral duty of her responsibility toward the Indian people—a moral duty of which the people at home are a little wearied—it is impossible for Great Britain to walk out of India.

Whatever they may say while they are in opposition, even Socialist politicians are convinced of it directly they take office. Yet every day it is becoming clearer that if the present process continues, the British at no distant date will find themselves fighting for their lives as in 1857.

General Dyer's Reward

This time their chances will be infinitely poorer. It is abundantly evident that the British are fast losing that superb confidence in themselves which was the sole reason of their original success. Thanks to the Indianization of the services and to the precarious prospects ahead, the Indian Civil Service no longer attracts the best type of young Englishman. In fact, instead of being besieged by eager candidates, it is now becoming difficult to recruit it adequately. One reason is purely sentimental, but nevertheless potent. Young Britishers particularly do not like the idea of their wives being attended in childbirth by Indian practitioners. The British officers in command of native troops are equally in dread that with a derisory compensation for a lost pension, they may any day find themselves on the ship for home, their careers broken. Neither civilian officials nor soldiers have any confidence in the power of the British Government to protect them. More than anything else, the famous Dyer case has shattered their morale at the foundation.

In 1919, as already described, Soviet-supported Afghanistan was preparing to invade India. Timed to coincide, a vast conspiracy was scheduled to break out in the Punjab—through which pass the British lines of communication to the frontier. The British were to be attacked in front and blown up in rear. The Afghan invasion was dated for May, but the revolt in the Punjab exploded prematurely, in April. Mobs seized Delhi, Lahore, Amritsar and other centers. Everywhere incendiary placards, alleging Gandhi's authority, recommended the violation of European women and the extermination of the British. The viceregal government issued orders that the most drastic measures should be taken. On April eleventh, Brigadier General Dyer—a soldier with a great reputation, born in India, speaking every dialect and immensely popular not only with the native troops but with the better classes of Indian civilians—arrived with 1000 men in Amritsar, a nodal point. He found the city already evacuated by the British civilians, including more than 100 European women and children. The mob was in possession, had sacked and burned several banks and murdered the British managers, had beaten and left for dead a lady school-teacher.

By beat of drum, in concert with the civil authority, General Dyer prohibited any seditious assemblage in the city. On April thirteenth, he learned that a great mob—variously estimated from 5000 to 20,000 strong—had gathered in an open space

(Continued on Page 165)

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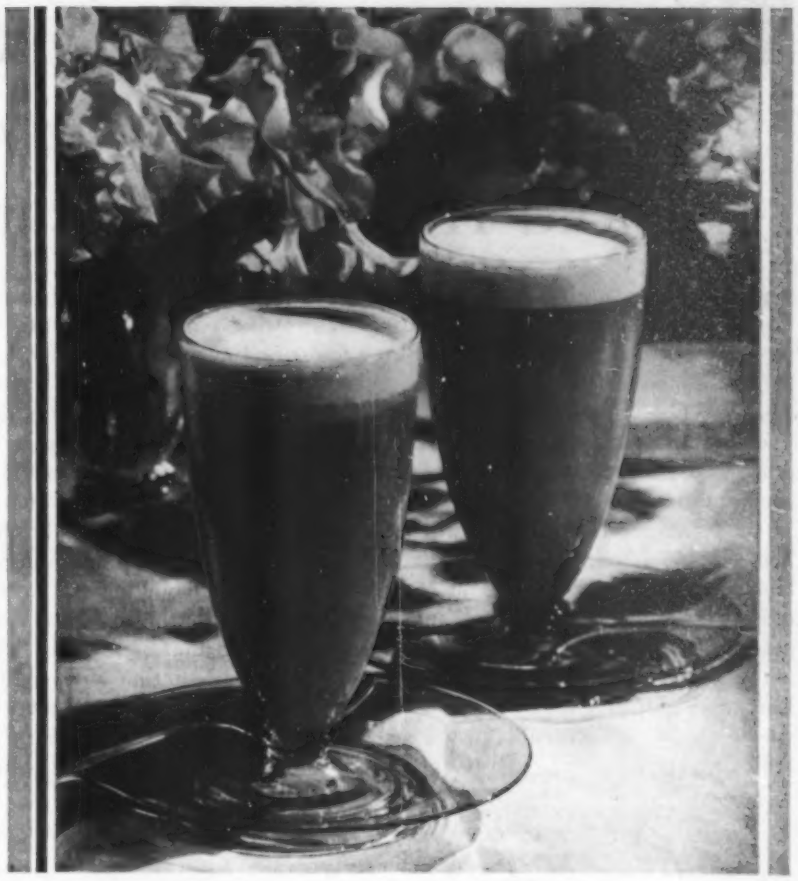

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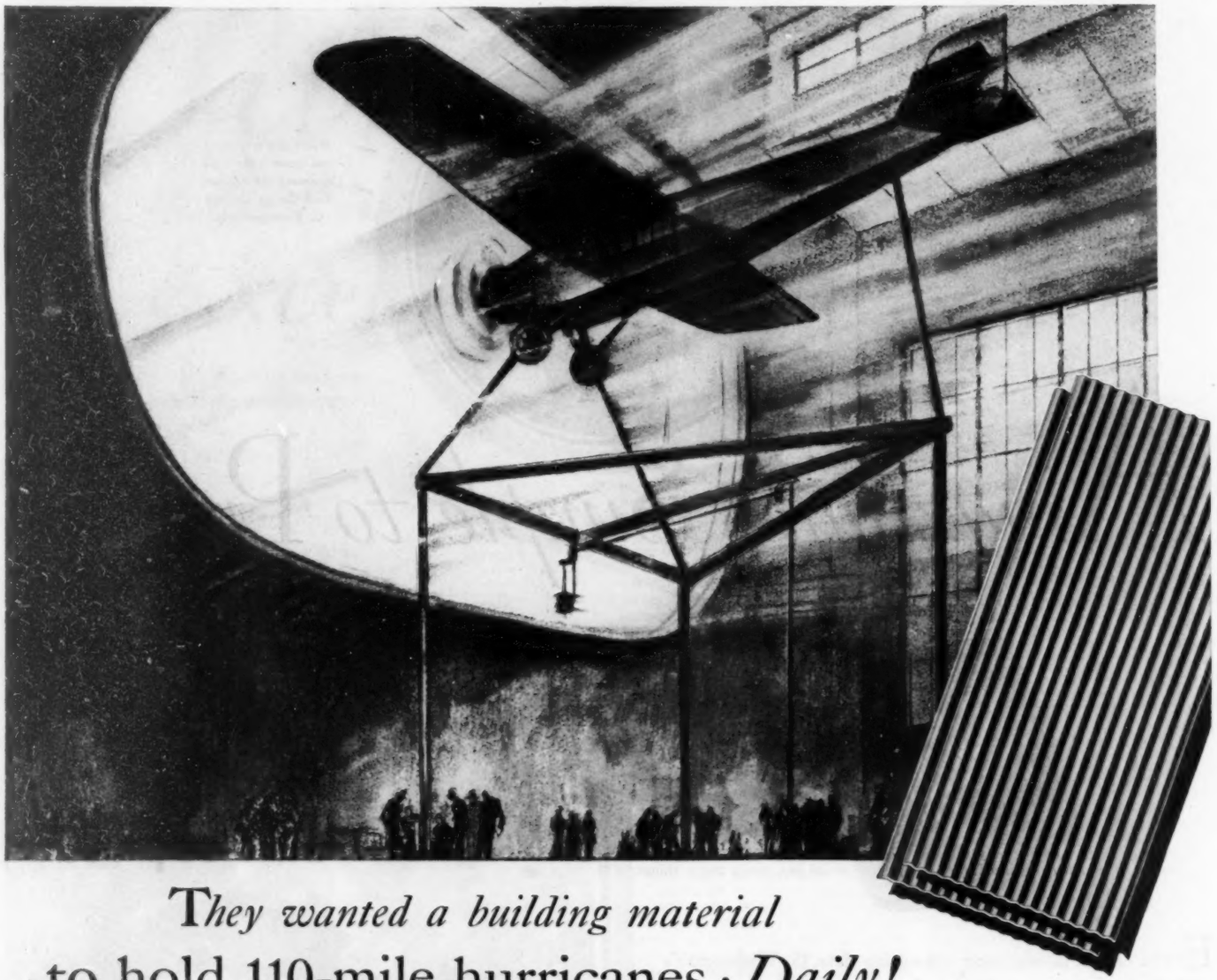

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In one of these laboratories is the largest wind-tunnel in the world—and to this, a second even larger tunnel is now being added. One large enough to test full-sized airplanes and airplane parts in a wind-stream of 110-mile velocity! In this air-stream—pulled through the tunnel by fans of 8,000 horsepower—the airplane, or part under test, will be subjected to conditions closely approximating those of actual flying.

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(Continued from Page 162)

called the Jalianwala Bagh and was being harangued by revolutionary orators. Taking ninety Indian troops, mostly Ghurkas, with no machine guns, he boldly and, perhaps, rashly marched to the spot—which was, in fact, a death trap, with but one exit for his force if it were attacked. Without hesitation he opened fire, expending some 1600 rounds and killing from 400 to 500 of the mob. Then he retired. Instantly, the word spread like wildfire over the Punjab: "The *sahibs* are shooting!" After that word had been carried—all the wires were cut—there was no need to fire another shot anywhere in the province. The rebellion collapsed.

Every European in India and every law-abiding Indian were alike convinced that by his prompt, if ruthless, suppression, General Dyer had averted the horrors of another Mutiny on a vaster scale. Not only the government but the local population publicly approved his action. The Afghan War broke out and Dyer was employed in high command. Meanwhile, the Indian politicians, furious at the collapse of their rabidly suicidal plans, had got busy. They stampeded the weak viceregal government, they put pressure on the government in London. Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford were eager for "a favorable atmosphere" for the introduction of their reforms. Dyer was thrown to the wolves and was deprived even of an opportunity for self-defense. He was dismissed from the army and died of a broken heart before he was completely vindicated in a British court of law some years later. Not only was Dyer ruined but every officer, whether civil or military, concerned in the suppression of the revolt was censured and penalized. The government, to save its own face, pretended that the situation had never been really serious.

Now, the fate of Dyer and his subordinates is starkly vivid in the memory of every British officer and civil servant in India. Henceforth they must fight against the almost irresistible temptation to let any outbreak become so serious before they take action that the authorities cannot subsequently deny it. And the only way to suppress a thoroughly organized revolution—history proves it over and over again—is to nip it in the bud.

The Native Princes

From the purely British standpoint, the Dyer case is their greatest handicap. But the real command of the situation rests not with the British but with the native princes. Few outside India realize the importance of the native states. Comprising 40 per cent of its area, it is possible to go from the north to the south, or from the east to the west, without ever stepping on British-ruled soil. In fact, an anti-British French writer, Pierre Loti, once amused himself by doing so and wrote a book he called India Without the English. These territories lie athwart every main line of communication in the subcontinent. The government of British India has no authority over them whatever. They are governed in every case by quite independent native princes, both Hindu and Moslem, who are in direct treaty relations with the British crown as from sovereign to sovereign. Those treaties, solemnly reaffirmed when Queen Victoria took over India from John Company, are their greatest pride.

They have hitherto been intensely loyal to the British connection which has meant for them a hundred years of peace and immense prosperity. They showed that loyalty in the Great War, and seventy-three years ago in the Mutiny. It would have been utterly impossible to suppress the Mutiny if all the native princes, with the exception of Gwalior, had not remained zealously faithful.

But now the princes are, to say the least of it, nervous. They have no liking whatever for a government of Bengali lawyers whom, as fighting men themselves, they despise with an unutterable contempt. They see British India being handed over to precisely such a government, and they scornfully mark the avowed intention of the Nationalists to incorporate them in that money-lender-ruled paradise. But they are by no means certain that the British Government will not attempt to sacrifice them.

Already they believe that Britain has been, at the mildest, careless alike of their interests and of their treaty obligations. In the matter of the stabilization of the rupee, and again in the matter of tariffs, applicable to all India, considerable injury has been inflicted on them without even a pretense of consultation.

Russia Right on the Job

Accordingly, last year—simultaneously with a British commission to inquire into their prerogatives—they met in conference in London to urge their standpoint upon the British authorities. Whatever reassurance they received, it was not such as to fill them with enthusiasm. In 1919, when it seemed as though the British were going to abdicate, all the major princes looked to their armed forces, engaged British and other adventurers, and prepared for the wild time looming ahead. Then the British crushed the Punjab rebellion and defeated Afghanistan. The princes smiled and breathed again. But subsequent events have gravely disturbed them. They see the British desperately attempting to placate the implacable. They, like the loyalists in British India, see the British Government as one from which its friends have nothing to hope and its enemies nothing to dread. They see British India falling into a chaos where Hindu and Moslem will be at death grips, and where the *babu* politician will issue eloquent orders there will be no disciplined organization to enforce. They see the British *raj* committing suicide. If there is another nation-wide rising—like but vastly greater than that of 1857—it will be a miracle if the native princes again support the British.

Hampered by their hostility—or even their sulky neutrality—the British cannot possibly maintain themselves. The native princes would immensely prefer things to remain as they have been until recently—a strongly governed British India and themselves respected as sovereign allies of the British crown. But if that can no longer be—if India is to relapse into anarchy because the British have forgotten that the first duty of a government is to govern—then the long-sheathed swords will flash out again. Once more will come the gloriously stirring times of pre-British days, when warriors swarmed to battle, state against state, and conquest and loot were the prizes of valor.

Meanwhile, Soviet Russia has created a belt of Soviet Republics along the northern frontier. In Afghanistan, through which passes the immemorially trodden route of invasion, Soviet aviators and Soviet machines constitute the Afghan air force, and Soviet instructors train the Afghan army. The Afghan Amir has been sufficiently instructed by the fate of his predecessor Amanullah, who, two years ago, was foolish enough to be more impressed with Great Britain than by the best staged shows Moscow could provide. Throughout India, the agents of Moscow are working—organizing the casteless proletariat of the new industrial India; flattering the ambitions of discontented Moslems whose fibers yet thrill to traditions of the jihad—the holy war—flattering the infinite conceit of permanently adolescent Hindus who think in terms of an ancient Aryan civilization which at its highest attained to the dizziest realms of transcendental thought, and who thence look down upon the crude Westerner. All one to them are the fanaticism of Islam, the bitter controversy over the Sikh shrines, the saintliness of Gandhi. All are but means to an end.

Their one aim is to push the British Empire into a corner where it cannot help but fight a foredoomed battle.

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THE ADMIRAL
Style No. 730

A shoe that wears its style with an air of self assurance, a shoe worthy of a ten dollar price ticket, but like all Quality Fives it is featured throughout the Nation at only Five Dollars. Complete range of sizes and widths.

J. W. CARTER CO., Manufacturers, Nashville, Tenn.
Makers of the Famous Carter Kangaroo Shoes.

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED STYLE BOOKLET IN COLORS

Make Your Car's Top New

—also tire cover

Do It Yourself for $1

It's amazing the difference $1 can make in the appearance of your automobile. A dirty, shabby, weatherbeaten top mars an otherwise good looking car. Get a package Warner Autotop Roofing (two coats). It easily and quickly brings back the top's original lustrous beauty. You do it yourself. No other top treatment offers the same advantages as Warner's:—a priming coat and a finish coat. More lasting, more preservative, more beautiful. Warner Autotop Roofing has withstood severest tests in all kinds of weather. Insist on Warner's at your garage, service station, hardware or accessory store. If dealer cannot supply you, send $1 and we will mail you package postpaid. Write name and address in margin. Warner-Patterson Co., 920 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

1st coat Similar to priming coat in house painting; protects and preserves. Thin enough to permeate weather-damaged material. Resilient. Restores fabric's flexibility. Resists destructive sun rays.

2nd coat Finishing coat that gives high satin lustre. Dries in four hours. Combines with preservative base to form a finish that strongly resists all weather action.

Enough to refinish one top complete

SPORT STYLES...

You'll go a long ways to find a Golf Shoe on a par with this FLORSHEIM. Its attractive lines are smart, its construction sturdy. Then too, skeleton lining adds coolness to its easy-going comfort!

The MOHAWK . . . Style M-402

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers - - Chicago

The Florsheim SHOE

Most Styles $10

The FLORSHEIM *Shoe*
for the Man who Cares

PLENTY OF ROOM TO SWING

Slip on an Alligator Golf Shirt—roomy!... Comfortable—weatherproof—shoot par in the rain!... So compact, it rolls up and straps to your bag.

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY · SAINT LOUIS
Sales Offices: NEW YORK · LOS ANGELES · CHICAGO · PORTLAND, ORE.
Models for men and women, $7.50 to $25.00. Boys and girls, $5.00 to $15.00
Sold only at best stores

ALLIGATOR

THEY TOLD BARRON

(Continued from Page 11)

"It costs $25,000 a week to make a picture, and if you keep your company going for four weeks extra, then it costs you another $100,000. A concern will put $100,000 into a ship and sink it, and all they have left is the negative. Mary Pickford is perhaps worth $2,000,000. Her husband has put $1,500,000 into Robin Hood, which is too much.

"Will Hays is the master of the moving-picture business today. He plans all the policies in relation to the public. He told Zukor, who had $750,000 in Arbuckle pictures on his shelf, that the public would not stand for them and they could not be shown. The stars are scared and Hays is keeping an eye on Hollywood.

"We have written into our contracts that when an artist is arrested or connected with any public scandal or guilty of any immoral practices, we can cancel his contract."

February 11, 1923.

In the lounge, after church service, Guy Lowell said: "When H. C. Frick bought his North Shore site through Dennie Boardman, he did not realize that he had no water front and could not even lay a pipe down to get salt water for his bathroom. I think F. H. Prince attempted to fix matters. Frick offered two sisters $1,000,000 for their place beside his, so he could get the water front. It had no interest for them. Then he turned to the other side, but the owner would name no price for her place or the water front.

"The matter was finally arranged by the sisters giving permission to Mr. Frick to run a water pipe across their beach."

Prince says: "Frick left only $75,000,000—$20,000,000 to his daughter, $5,000,000 to his wife, $10,000,000 to Harvard, $10,000,000 to Princeton, $5,000,000 to Technology, and so on, but specified that inheritance taxes should come out of his charitable bequests.

"Neither Frick nor anybody else I ever heard of were successful speculators."

February 12, 1923.

Coue, in B-40 with twelve of us, says, as he pressed my left knee, "Rub it and say, '*Ça passe; ça passe.*' Close your eyes and say rapidly with the lips, but aloud, 'Every day and in every way I am better and better.'"

Later he said, "When you want to go to sleep, say it twenty times aloud, but don't think about it. When you think about it you are working."

S. S. OLYMPIC, February 14, 1923.

Guy Lowell said: "Andrew Mellon has one certificate in his box valued in the market at $350,000,000. It is Gulf Oil. Some people think he is the second-richest man in the world.

"Davis was the son of a Boston preacher. He graduated from college, did hard labor for two years, and then, in Pittsburgh, began some little real-estate deals. He went into Mr. Mellon's bank and said, 'I want to borrow $200. I will tell you the worst. I am a college graduate and the son of a minister, but I mean to pay.' Mellon made him a personal loan and kept track of him and loaned him more. When Hall invented the aluminum process, Mellon selected Davis to be the manager. Hall got what inventors don't usually get as the reward of their labors, and left $20,000,000 in trust for the promotion of education, with Davis as sole executor."

LONDON, February 20, 1923.

Had twenty minutes' chat at Hyde Park Hotel with Ambassador Harvey, in his parlor. He takes gloomy view of England's outlook and said he had been working for a debt settlement with the United States for a year and a half, telling the English there was no possible way of progress for the two nations in harmony except by settlement; that this was the foundation of international prosperity.

He said: "We got the thing settled at the psychological moment. If the settlement had been delayed we would never have got a cent."

NEW YORK, January 16, 1924.

Charles M. Schwab said that, after getting a $100,000,000 order from the British, he went up to St. Andrews, and Carnegie offered to make him a life member of the club to induce him to play more golf. The bill came in to Carnegie for $1100.

He said: "I don't understand this. It might be $1000 or $2000 and I would pay it, but $1100 I don't understand. Send the bill to Charlie; he don't know the difference between $1100 and $1000."

Charlie then said: "Mr. Carnegie, I thought you were going to make me a life member."

Carnegie replied: "I went the limit when I proposed you."

NEW YORK.
About February 20, 1924.

Cleaves, manager for Hirsch, Lilienthal, at the Ritz office, said, "Philip Armour died about twenty years ago and Ogden Armour became worth $200,000,000; yet Ogden went to bed every night at nine o'clock and started out to work every morning about six."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
June 17, 1924.

At lunch with Dumaine, and Nichols, of the Internal Revenue office, and Hearst's new manager for Boston.

The latter said:

"Hearst made $8,000,000 last year, which was, of course, a small percentage of his gross overturn. Anybody could take his papers, throw away several of them and make $15,000,000 a year. But Hearst doesn't care about money; he prefers expansion. He is willing to give $1,000,000 more for the Boston Post than it is really worth; but Grozier's will forbids its sale. Before taxes last year the Boston Post made $1,500,000. The Boston American does about $2,000,000 in advertising."

Dumaine said: "The Germans knew how to make dyes but did not know how to dye cottons. We took German dyes and made blue shirtings. The only complaint we had was from the junk dealers. They wrote complaining that they could not bleach the blue out of Amoskeag cotton."

CHICAGO, June 29, 1926.

Ernest R. Graham said: "Charlie Schwab said to his wife: 'Old woman, we have had a good year and you can have $2,000,000 to do what you please with.' The next morning she said, 'Charlie, did you mean what you said last night?' Mrs. Schwab took that $2,000,000 and started a home for boys on Long Island. There was never a word about it in the newspapers."

Graham said: "Mrs. Gardner was a wonderful woman, but, when aroused, could swear the equal of any man. When in her beautiful palace, an old woman took her hat pin and tried to jab an object on the table to see what it was made of. Mrs. Gardner, who was standing by very simply dressed, exclaimed, '——, woman, this is no bargain counter.'"

MIAMI, FLORIDA, February 23, 1927.

Dr. Curtis H. Muncie, aurist, told me of his success in opening the Eustachian tube from inside. A child once inadvertently bit a finger and put him out of business for some weeks; and now his fingers are insured for $400,000.

He told Mrs. Bishop later that his clinics here in Miami showed him that the tissues were softer in this climate and could be better manipulated than in any climate he had ever found.

MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA,
March 23, 1927.

Took Madame Galli-Curci and her husband, Homer Samuels, from the Flamingo

(Continued on Page 169)

Will your car be ready when Summer says, "Let's Go"

THE joy of summer will be yours if your car is fit to go the route. Let's check up now and see. Just ask yourself these four simple questions:

Does your car perform as briskly, smoothly and quietly as it did when new?

Are you keeping up the appearance of your car?

Would you feel entirely secure in driving with your family through remote regions?

Is your car equipped with all helpful and needed accessories?

All of these questions are vitally concerned with your personal comfort and peace of mind.

Care will save your car. Why not know that your car is right! There is just one way to be sure—make regular visits to a reliable shop or service station.

You'll find that regular inspection and servicing pays. It pays in peace of mind, in motoring satisfaction, in economy of operation and upkeep, in pride of ownership. Preventive maintenance protects your motor car investment.

Chances are your car needs expert attention now. Drive to the nearest reliable establishment. Put your car in good hands. Get it ready for summer driving and start today.

MOTOR AND EQUIPMENT ASSOCIATION

NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT

© 1930, M. and E. A.

A new Powerful Non-poisonous Antiseptic for mouth and throat

● Its active ingredient is 70 times stronger than carbolic acid . . . yet if your children should accidentally swallow it, it would do them no harm

● This antiseptic, Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37—powerful, non-poisonous—was discovered after years of research in the laboratories of a great university. It opens a new era in the care of mouth, nose and throat, and all open wounds.

Its active ingredient has seventy times the germ-killing power of carbolic acid. Yet the solution would cause no injury if a child should accidentally drink it.

Twenty-seven mouth washes tested for antiseptic power

Recently, 27 mouth washes were tested in the laboratories of a great university. They . . . "were examined full strength or in the strongest dilution recommended on the label for use in the mouth.

"None of the twenty-seven mouth washes examined were found to be capable of destroying the test organisms under these conditions even on five minutes' exposure, whereas all the three dilutions of Solution S. T. 37 were found to be completely germicidal in fifteen seconds, one-twentieth part of this time." Quoted from Dental Cosmos, Sept., 1927. (Every mouth contains organic matter. These tests were carried out in the presence of organic matter to simulate conditions in the mouth.)

To give your mouth and throat *intelligent* care, Solution S. T. 37 should be used twice daily as a mouth rinse and gargle. It is odorless, it does not stain, and it has a sweet, pleasant taste. You should make it a practice to use it after exposure or the minute you feel any irritation in nose or throat.

It may be poured, also, full strength on cuts and abrasions—Solution S. T. 37 will not sting or burn. It is actually soothing. Ask your doctor and dentist about it. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle today from your druggist. 50¢ and $1.25.

This product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S.T.37

(Continued from Page 166)

to the Miami Biltmore. They both drank only milk flavored with a few spoonfuls of coffee—just as Lady Swaythling had taught me. Madame said, as she put her hands on her forehead and her stomach: "I must have confidence and know that these two points are right, and then the sound must be carried with unison from these two points."

When I asked madame how it was that she looked to me younger and so much more girlish now than when I met her at her summer home two years ago, she promptly answered: "Reading Swedenborg. I am younger and fresher and stronger. Swedenborg has remade my life. I have now no fear and no nervousness. I know everything is all right. I am in peace and happiness, and have nothing to worry about."

Homer Samuels said that Boston was the best musical center in the United States. He said the number of people who could give a paying concert in New York could be counted on one hand, but people gave concerts in New York to make a record there.

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA,
March 29, 1927.

Took lunch with Col. William Boyce Thompson. He says he has had two men in Africa. Africa cannot produce copper at under twelve cents a pound. The three big copper producers of the world are Utah, Chile and Braden; and Kennecott has two of them. He says Fred Ecker, vice president and treasurer, is a big man in the Metropolitan Life. He was offered $200,000 per annum to join the Chase Bank. Ecker has to invest $1,500,000 a day every day for the Metropolitan Life.

We figure that this is one-tenth of the daily money that must be reinvested in this country, of which there must be about $3,000,000,000 a year going into listed stocks and bonds. Ten million dollars must be invested and reinvested in this country every day.

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA,
April 6, 1927.

Interview with John Harris, of Harris, Winthrop & Co.:

"I think, Barron, you are right about agitating for a Federal law that nobody should use the word 'bank' except under Federal supervision.

"I knew President Charles Perkins of the C. B. & Q. very well. When he was out West I could not induce him to exercise. He said he would get warm and uncomfortable. When I came East with him some time later he seemed to be conscious of the approaching end. He said to me, 'My race is run.'

"Perkins told me that other railroads expected to get the business of the C. B. & Q. from the engineer's strike tying up that road. He said the only letter written to him after that strike was by Vanderbilt, of the New York Central, who said he thought the New York Central and every road ought to contribute to Burlington a part of the cost of that strike, for the Burlington was defending them all. He, Vanderbilt, would recommend that the directors pay a part of the Burlington loss.

"Perkins was that honorable that, when he found a bank in Nebraska to which he had lent his name as a director, had failed, he sold his Calumet & Hecla, and other stocks, and saw to it that all the depositors of that bank were paid in full. This meant a loss to him of nearly $700,000."

PALM BEACH, FLORIDA,
April 9, 1927.

Called on Kroger, the groceryman, of Cincinnati. He gave us his life's history from farmer boy to a majority ownership in 3400 grocery stores in the Middle West, starting with Cincinnati and reaching north to Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo and Northern Michigan, east almost to Pittsburgh, and west almost to Kansas City. The reason he had not extended farther is the same reason that J. C. Penney told me he had not extended his stores—lack of trained men to expand the organization.

PALM BEACH, April 10, 1927.

Dr. W. L. Kingsley said: "Yes, it is true that C. W. Bingham paid only $4.65 a front foot for his property here. He came here thirty years ago and wanted to buy a 100-foot front and build a winter cottage for his boy, who was not well. They would not sell him such a small piece and he had to buy 2873 feet. For years the seller boasted that those devils might skin the public on oil in the North, but he had put it all over one of them. He had made Bingham pay more than four dollars a front foot for nearly 3000 feet, or $13,000 for that jungle land between the ocean and the lake."

From various persons interested, I get these figures on this piece of ocean-front property:

1896. C. W. Bingham bought part at $4.65 per front foot.

1915. He sold part of his at $27.50 per front foot.

1917. Paris Singer bought part of Bingham's at $90 per front foot.

1918. Dr. W. L. Kingsley bought Singer out at $160 per front foot.

1924. Mrs. Horace E. Dodge bought part at $888 per front foot.

1925. Mrs. Dodge sold to speculators at $3300 per front foot.

1927. They failed and she sold at $1400 per front foot.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASSACHUSETTS,
July 25, 1927.

Col. George Harvey said: "When I started my paper and said some things Wilson did not like, the Attorney General thought it would be a good thing to put me in jail, and the cabinet O.K.'d it, but Wilson had sense enough to say, 'No.'

"When the matter was pending, I met Justice White, and he told me that he understood that I was to be thus dealt with. He said, 'If they try it, just send your lawyer to me.'"

GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS,
September 9, 1927.

Had more than an hour interview with John Hays Hammond in his library at Gloucester, between three and five P.M. today. He showed me a long letter from Chief Justice Taft, who weakened his heart by exercise and starvation to bring him down 100 pounds from 340 too quickly.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN,
September, 1927.

A gentleman of finance was descending the steps of the house of Morgan. A friend inquired, "Why, what is the matter with you? You look so depressed."

"I have just been subjected to the unconscious arrogance of conscious power."

October 15, 1927.

At Morgan Butler's dinner party—fourteen present. Senator Butler told me: "Dwight Morrow may possibly be worth $5,000,000. Mrs. Morrow thinks it is wrong to make money, and has been urging her husband for five years to retire from money-making.

"Coolidge was recently wrestling with his Pittsburgh speech, and had about four pages written when he said to me: 'I wish somebody would kick me twice if I ever agree to make another speech.'"

NEW YORK, November 16, 1927.

Had luncheon at 1:30 P.M. with F. H. Prince, Guy Currier and George Harvey at Ritz-Carlton Towers, and left Prince and Harvey at six o'clock at Mr. Harvey's house.

Harvey says: "John D. is a most remarkable man, and has the most marvelous brain I have ever heard. He works on schedule time. At eighty-seven years of age, he devotes so many minutes a day to this and so many minutes to that. He devotes eight hours a day to considering reports of various interests which come up to him, after having been threshed out by his corps of investigators and reporters.

"He does not read the daily papers, but has special reports made to him of the news and of everything of interest. He is still the supreme dictator in the financial world, with his massive wealth.

"He and Morgan never agreed and never could do business together. The story of the purchase by Morgan of the Rockefeller ore lands in forming the United States Steel Corporation will be told in my forthcoming book, if Rockefeller approves of the story, copy of which I have with me.

"Morgan asked Rockefeller to come in to see him when he was organizing the Steel Corporation. Mr. Rockefeller replied that he did not come downtown and was out of business. Morgan asked him if he might see him, and Rockefeller replied he would see him at his house on purely social and personal matters. Morgan called and opened up on the Steel Corporation, and Rockefeller quietly replied: 'Mr. Morgan, you must have misinterpreted my invitation for you to call. If Mr. Morgan desires to do business, he will go to see J. D., Jr.'

"Mr. Morgan sent for John D., Jr., who called on Mr. Morgan and declined to name any price for the Rockefeller ore properties. Everything was held up in the Steel Corporation organization, and so Morgan appealed to Frick, who had met Rockefeller. Frick made an appointment at Pocantico Hills, left his carriage outside, and walked in and met Mr. Rockefeller on his grounds, who said: 'Mr. Frick, I object to anybody naming a price for any other man's properties. I would like to know of you, Mr. Frick, if you do not consider the price that I have heard named for my ore properties as below their value.'

"Mr. Frick said: 'I do consider that price below their value.'

"'Then,' said Mr. Rockefeller, 'I will trust you to represent me. I do not wish to stand in the way of any improvements or progress, but I will turn my properties over to you. Represent me and you can dispose of them as you wish.'

"Frick demurred at this trust by Mr. Rockefeller, but Mr. Rockefeller said he would trust Mr. Frick implicitly. Thereupon Mr. Frick returned and sold the properties."

Harvey said: "I was with John D. once when he mumbled that he did not like the proposed St. Paul reorganization. It did injustice, he thought, to securities held by his friends, as well as by himself, and he turned to his lawyer and asked who was the best man to represent that situation, and Root was selected; and when it was incidentally dropped that Mr. Rockefeller was behind the protest, the reorganization plan was instantly changed and Mr. Rockefeller and his friends got what they desired.

"Mr. Rockefeller is the absolute master, but he and Morgan could never agree, and there is still no love lost between the two houses, or families, although the Morgans have floated the Standard Oil 7 per cent preferred shares.

"I once asked John D. if he could put, in a few words, to what he attributed the success of the Standard Oil. He was silent for five minutes, and then said: 'We never deceived ourselves.'

Harvey said: "The American public likes Henry Ford. He is an individual hero, and the American public demands either a hero or a victim, but they prefer a victim.

"I think Coolidge has unnecessarily put himself in a hole. If he had said: 'I do not want to run,' the people would have understood it, but 'choose' is a word the people do not understand outside of New England.

"Now, if Coolidge should be drafted—as I think he must be—and accepts the nomination, will not the people think he has tricked them, played politics and used a doubtful word, so that he could be drafted into nomination and put into an office which he really wanted? There is no question but that he could have been nominated and elected. When I was a guest with him in Washington, just before he left for the West, he was pretty well tired out, overworked, and told me he was thinking the matter over and would probably decide in the West as to whether he would run again or not. I think he took at least three days,

Quickly Go Where the Fish Bite Best!

—with a CAILLE Red Head!

Distant fishing haunts are next door to the owner of a Caille Red Head, for he has speedy, dependable water transportation to carry him in a jiffy to his favorite far-off fishing spot.

The only Outboard Motor with Electric Starting plus Multi-Flexible Control

Think of stepping into your boat, starting your motor with a press of a button (if you have selected an electric starter equipped Red Head), and shifting from neutral through three speeds forward, into high, just as you drive your car! Or moving at trolling speed over the habitats of the husky muskie! That's the keen pleasure Red Head owners are experiencing! Whether you own a small fishing boat, or a rakish runabout, there is a Red Head Model that will make your boat perform at its best. See the new Caille Red Heads at your dealer's now. Write for your free copy of the New Caille Catalog.

CAILLE MOTOR COMPANY
6536 Second Blvd. Detroit, Mich.

One nickel buys much writing—ease in Dixon's Ticonderoga—America's favorite 5¢ pencil!

DIXON'S
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
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Your Ancestry

If you are interested in your family history, send 10 cents in stamps for our 176-page priced catalogue of over 4750 genealogical books.

Goodspeed's Book Shop
Established 1899
7 Ashburton Pl., Dept. F-1, Boston, Mass.

3 WONDERS Easy to attach to ANY CAR
$3 SAVES MOTOR REPAIRS GASOLINE
REMOVES CARBON and OILS ALL G.C. PARTS

Larger sizes for Trucks, Tractors, Motor Boats. Increases life of motor. Saves yearly up to $90. Endorsed and used by Packard Motor Co., N. Y. Used on 200 trucks of R. H. Macy & Co., N. Y. Complete equipment postpaid on receipt of $3. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Dealers, Agents and Salesmen Wanted
HOWLETT-DAVIS CO. (Dept. 3) Newark, N. J.

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY
$400 KEI-LAC MACHINE EARNED $5,040 IN ONE YEAR. $140 machine earned $2,160. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary.
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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

Friendly five shoes

THE AIKEN
Black and White No. 340
Smoke and Tan No. 341
Genuine Calfskin, Combination Last.

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BUY TWO PAIRS

This summer, wherever well dressed men are gathered, the Aiken and its Friendly Five companions will be much in evidence. Ten sport shoe styles in distinctive combinations of colors and leathers, some with leather soles for street wear, some with rubber soles and heels for beach or deck. Others specially designed for golf. And all possessing the traditional Friendly Five smartness, comfort, and quality . . . at the famous friendly price of five dollars a pair. Your dealer has them now.

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers
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FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

Cash! Cash! Cash!

Lots of it!

Deduct your own big commissions. Added bonus paid to real workers. Additional profits possible. Working equipment supplied. No investment required. Experience unnecessary. Find out today about selling some of your spare time. You win if you like our plan. If you don't, you lose only a postage stamp! Take the chance.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
835 Independence Square,
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Mail me your offer. I'll look it over.

Name.....*Age*.....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

BREATH-TAKING Beauty! Decorated folding Bridge Set in rich Oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess. Upholstered seats, decorated leatherette top and two insertable ash trays for corner legs. Write today for beautiful folder.

LOUIS RASTETTER & SONS
1355 Wall St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

and the final word he selected was the word 'choose.' That is my judgment, although I do not know. Of course, he conferred with nobody, not even Mrs. Coolidge. Some people, in Butler's position as chairman of the national committee, would have resigned on the spot.

"The Republican Party is now without a leader or an issue, and yet he is the head of the Republican Party, and its leader, and there is no candidate in sight. The politicians do not like him personally, but he is a strong party man, and since 1922 has held public office and is always with the organization. The politicians know they can win with him and they, of course, are for him.

"I think the reports about Hoover being ineligible are circulated by the men who want Coolidge. It is true that the people in Wall Street who backed Coolidge so handsomely have disturbed him a good deal. They have demanded a lower tariff, and Coolidge is firm for a high tariff. But these same people want Al Smith as governor of New York, and they do not want him in the White House, because it is unsafe to put the Democratic Party in power nationally.

"The result cannot be otherwise than the drafting of Coolidge. He told me in Washington that he was satisfied he could be nominated and elected. I think he still does not know his mind. Some days I think he wants to be President and other days I think he is tired of the whole business and wants to quit.

"Coolidge has a most tremendous admiration and respect for you. He even quoted you against me on the English situation, and in terms very flattering to you."

PALM BEACH, April 1, 1928.

Doctor Billings, of Chicago, called when I was there. He told Shepard some years ago that he had never seen a very rich man die happy. He named five big men whom he had attended to their deathbed, and they had all been unhappy, notwithstanding their millions. There was always family trouble, or woman trouble, or some other trouble.

EN ROUTE PORTLAND TO ROCKLAND,
August 8, 1928.

Edward B. Aldrich said: "The Aldrich estate is of about ninety-six acres and pays $8000 taxes. Father—Senator Aldrich—bought his $500,000 yacht for $25,000, so he could sleep nights on the way to New York and on his return. He spent $25,000 more to fix it up, sold without loss, and when it burned, another fellow collected $150,000 insurance. The president of the —— Bank asked him to make a bid for the president's yacht. Father said he could not afford it. The fellow said: 'Make me a bid anyway.' Aldrich bid $25,000, and the banker said: 'The boat is yours.'"

BAR HARBOR, MAINE,
August 12, 1928.

Called upon Bishop Lawrence by appointment at his home this Sunday afternoon at four P.M., and spent an interesting hour, with a beautiful panorama view over Frenchman's Bay. Had a taste of the J. P. Morgan tea—a chest of which is sent the Bishop every year. The Bishop has sixteen grandchildren here, is seventy-eight years old, but is in good health, and preached this morning.

He has been coming here fifty-eight years and is the oldest summer resident on the island. He built his house forty years ago. In the depths of the real-estate depression at Bar Harbor, seven or eight years ago, he bought two big adjoining houses for $7000 and $3000 each, fully furnished with silver and everything.

The Bishop is engaged in making addresses and rounding up an organization to preserve the beauty of the island, on which there are still no advertising signs.

BAR HARBOR, MAINE,
August 28, 1928.

Called on John T. Dorrance, director of the Pennsylvania Railroad and owner of Campbell's Soups, spending $3,500,000 a year in advertising.

Dorrance is fifty-four years old. Now goes to bed every night at nine P.M. and has been taking it easy for nearly a year and a half. His German doctors tell him that if he will be careful, they will put him back to where he was at thirty.

He was educated in Germany and bears the title of doctor of philosophy. When he was graduated, he gave his father and mother everything he had.

Dorrance says that Vauclain, of Baldwin Locomotive, is a very wonderful man at more than seventy, rising at six A.M. but retiring at nine P.M. Samuel Rea can be a director, but not an officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He is more than seventy.

Alexander, of the National Bank of Commerce, of which Dorrance is a director, is a great banker. Atterbury is making good with the Pennsylvania.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of reminiscences by Mr. Barron, as compiled by Mr. Pound and Mr. Moore. The second will appear next week.

ALASKA BEARS

THE EDITOR, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST: Shortly after my article appeared in THE POST anent the Alaska brown bear, the Biological Survey issued a monograph entitled Alaska Bears Still Have Protection. A little later I also received a courteous unofficial letter from a member of the Game Commission. The gist of both documents was the same—namely, that I was in error in my statement that all protection had been removed from these bears. Technically I must plead guilty to that count. At the time the article was written I had no access to the ruling itself; and my informant, who was a high Alaskan official, evidently considered minor details unimportant as compared with the main issue.

But without local knowledge, the monograph looks convincing. Its average reader would be quite justified in concluding that its title was correct. But closer scrutiny reveals that the "protection" amounts to very little.

Here is what the regulation provides: For nonresidents—that is, sportsmen—an open season from September first to June twentieth, and a limit of two. Certain districts are designated in which the resident also is subject to the same season and the same limit. Everywhere else the resident can kill at any time; there is no restriction on him.

Now, naturally, the value of this "protection" against the unlimited killing by the resident depends on the relative importance of those certain designated districts. They make an imposing list in a paragraph. There are a lot of names. Five islands are mentioned, as well as various portions of the mainland.

But the list does not stand analysis. The islands are insignificant in size and remote in location. The mainland is not so suitable from any point of view having to do with ultimate conservation.

And of the great islands on which the brown bear is best known, can be best preserved inside natural limits, could afford the best and surest sport, could be best studied,

(Continued on Page 174)

Ken·Rad

Fine Radio Tubes

KEN·RAD

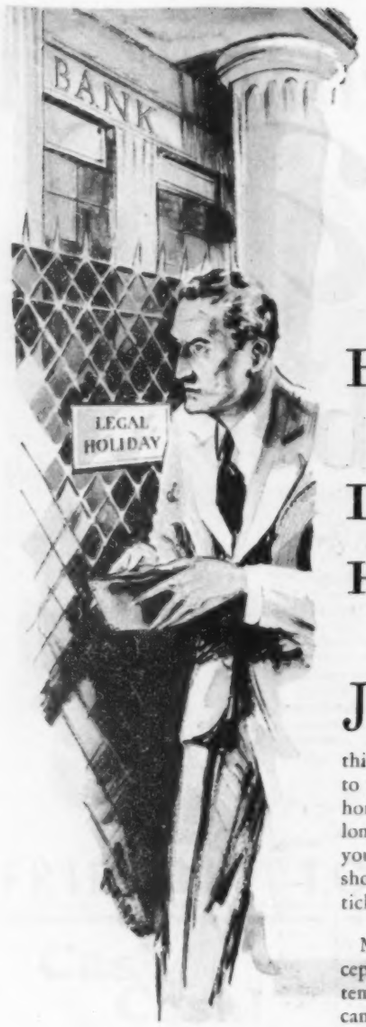
As Old As The Radio Industry . . .

Sometimes eight years is a long time . . . In the radio industry it's almost a "lifetime." Eight years ago radio, with its magic, was just finding its way into American homes and Ken-Rad was starting to manufacture radio tubes. At that time there were only two other manufacturers of tubes . . . It was a trying period of pioneering for Ken-Rad, even though we had years of previous experience in building electric lamps to aid us.

Starting virtually with the radio industry—developing, perfecting and refining our product through every succeeding year, there is every good reason for the excellence and dependability we offer in Ken-Rad Radio Tubes. They are the product of knowledge and experience—truly "the fine tubes of radio."

You who appreciate fine things will want Ken-Rads. You will know how to value the extra measure of sweetness and mellowness—the additional life and vigor that Ken-Rad gives you. And you will be willing to take an extra step, if necessary, to go to the discriminating shop that offers you not merely tubes, but Ken-Rads, the fine tubes of radio.

THE KEN-RAD CORPORATION, Incorporated, *Owensboro, Ky.*
A Division of Ken-Rad Tube & Lamp Corporation



HE *forgot* IT WAS A HOLIDAY

JULY 14th and Bastile Day! Banks closed, of course, and all Paris celebrating. How often has something very much like this happened to you—a holiday while away from home, and out of funds! With Mellon Travelers Cheques in your pocket, you are never out of funds—every shop, hotel, garage, and railroad ticket office becomes your "bank."

Mellon Travelers Cheques are acceptable the world over. They are no temptation to a thief because they cannot be cashed except when countersigned by the owner in the presence of the person who cashes them. If lost or stolen, the purchaser receives prompt refund.

Before leaving on a trip, either here or abroad, convert your expense money into Mellon Travelers Cheques. They are obtainable at banks throughout the United States in denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100 and $200, bound in neat little wallets. They are sold at only 25 cents premium per $100. Mellon Travelers Cheques are issued and guaranteed by

MELLON NATIONAL BANK
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA
Capital and Surplus $21,000,000

MELLON *Travelers* CHEQUES
25 CENTS PREMIUM PER $100

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Have you a growing shelf of *Advertising Booklets?*

DECORATION · COOKING · GARDENING · BUILDING · BEAUTY · STYLE
TRAVEL · HYGIENE · SEEDS · BULBS · PAINTING
BATHROOMS · BOOKS · CLOTHES
VACATIONS
FURNITURE · REFRIGERATION · HEATING · HEALTH · BABIES

Clipped coupons will build a library of things that are new and interesting!

IS there a shelf in your library for the well-printed picture-and-text books that describe the important new things you see advertised?

One bride began such a collection when she started her hope chest.

Under "*Decoration*" she put catalogs and booklets that show the way to arrange living-room furniture for comfort, tell what color of rug to use with a red tile sun-porch floor, illustrate the kind of fixtures that should be used with scenic wall papers.

Coupons clipped from the advertisements of the linoleum and rug people, the furniture and fabric makers, the paint and wall paper houses brought them.

Under "*Household Equipment*" she places books and booklets on machines that will wash and iron the new family's linen, wax the floors, keep hot water always on tap.

Her section on "*Food*" is already a treasure chest of unusual menus—thanks to the glorious cook books sent her by the beverage and the breakfast food companies, the fruit growers, the flour and the flavoring firms.

This publication and others in your living-room teem with offers of advertisers to send these same booklets to your home. The text is a world of information boiled down, made clear and interesting. Colors and photographs are faithful to the goods. Good printers, good printing papers, and modern high-speed printing presses are responsible for their neat, orderly appearance.

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

Our program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. It includes a plan for cutting the cost of printing through a simplification of the number of paper sizes formerly held necessary.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

In addition, many of the uncertainties of press-work and printing are overcome through a series of scientific tests of each run of Warren's Papers. These tests, made at the mill, insure standardization of printing, folding, and binding qualities.

The result is better printing on better paper at lower costs to printers and buyers of printing.

So, when a good printer suggests the use of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, he is thinking not alone of a better piece of printing, but also of the savings that will result.

If you are a printer, or if you sell with the help of printing, our coupon clipped and returned will bring details of this Warren program, and a series of mailings that will help in the planning and preparation of printed pieces.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, 89H Broad St., Boston, Mass.
PRINTER ☐ USER OF PRINTING ☐
Send details of the Warren Simplification Program, which shows how to save time and money in planning printing.

*Name*_____
*Firm Name*_____
*Firm Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

Students of Steel Praise *the new* VALET BLADE

"WE examined the new Valet blade under the microscope . . . made an actual shaving test. The findings of the microscope were confirmed by a cool, smooth, comfortable shave in record time."

* * * *

Concise and uncolored—signed by every member of the graduating class in metallurgy at the University of Pittsburgh—this report tells why men who know steel prefer the new Valet blade!

Pittsburgh students studied the new Valet in laboratory and bathroom. They searched for the facts and got them. They examined the inner structure of the steel — saw its crystalline pattern—pronounced it fine and uniform in quality. Enlarged a thousand diameters — Valet's shaving edge was proved to be keen, smooth and free from imperfections.

The new Valet is built of triple-hardened steel finished to a micro-edge by precision methods. Magnetic testing and magnifying mirror inspection reveal the slightest flaw—assure unvarying uniformity.

Physicians and dermatologists everywhere prescribe the new Valet for the correction of skin troubles caused by improper shaving. They say that the Valet is easier on the face—a safeguard against infections. It glides lightly—smoothly—without irritating the skin. Men who know faces confirm the preference of men who know steel.

The new Valet blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning. It always holds the blade at a friendly shaving angle. Use the new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 170)

photographed and observed, not one is mentioned. I refer to Kodiak—from which the bear was first named—Admiralty, Chichagof and Baranof islands. There the resident can kill at any time, at his own sweet will. If you are curious enough to get out your atlas, look them up on the map of Alaska. Then find, if you can, Hawkins, Hinchinbrook, Montague, Yakobi and Shuyak islands. The latter are the "restricted" islands.

I quoted the word "restricted." That does not mean fully protected. On them the bear can be hunted. But if the resident thinks the bear dangerous to "person or property," he may kill bear "at any time or place." Which lays it wide open to the cattlemen mentioned in my articles; as, indeed, to any other resident desirous of shooting bears. For is anyone naïve enough to suppose that loophole too small? And how shall the best-meaning official check up, when all one has to do is to assert, "My dear old family goat was endangered"?

And I am reliably informed that there is on foot a movement to make it worth while by permitting the sale of hides. Ask the buffalo about hide hunters!

The April number of The Pacific Fisherman, in its report of a convention of a branch of the canning industry, quotes a resolution passed demanding that "the executives of the various states, Canada and the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries," investigate the stomachs of the fur seal with a view of proving they eat salmon. The recommendation is given point by another article in the same issue which concludes: "I fully and sincerely believe that the treaty regarding the fur seals between the United States, Great Britain, Russia and Japan should be abolished *and the seal herds destroyed.*" (My italics). This refers to the famous Pribiloff herd, saved only by a long and difficult international diplomacy as to pelagic sealing. There is no imminent danger that this rather megalomaniacal proposal will come to much, but it illustrates the trend of thought. But the influence of similar gentlemen, similarly actuated, has caused the government at Juneau to have paid, since 1923, bounty on more than 60,000 American eagles! And in certain parts of Alaska, this year past, to have caused a bounty of five cents apiece on trout tails, which have thereby attained a status as currency!

Of course, every man really in earnest thinks his own specialty the most important in the world. But when the tail wags the dog so vigorously, what can we do but admire?

Evidently the emergency still exists.

—STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

The style, color and comfort of Heywood Wakefield Reed and Fibre Furniture set it apart from the commonplace. This distinctive furniture will bring the charm and sunshine of outdoors into your home, and it will do so at a surprisingly reasonable price.

TO BE SURE OF FINE FURNITURE LOOK FOR THIS RED AND BLACK TAG

Chair R 865 C, davenport R 865-60, coffee table R 842 G and lamp R 933 E are illustrated above in a natural tone finish with orange and green decorations. . .

Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Company, Boston, Mass., to cover the cost of mailing our new edition of "Color Furniture in the Home."

TONCAN

Our Kitchens! Keep them bright and friendly with faithful, honest Enamel!

Dress up the bedroom, the bath, the living room . . . but in the sacred confines of the kitchen, where we women spend so many hours, give us surroundings bright and cheery! Give us smooth surfaces that gleam in honest cleanliness. Give us spotless enamel-made things . . . things that tell at a glance how well we've cleaned them . . . appreciative things that respond to good treatment with a life-time of faithful service.

That's the attitude of most women! Doo-dads in the rest of the house, perhaps, but only honest, practical, usable, long-lived enameled things in the kitchen!

Here's a bit of worth-while advice to follow when you're shopping for enameled kitchen tables, refrigerators and ranges and cabinets and the scores of other porcelain enameled articles of every day use.

Inquire if the metal beneath the attractive enamel surface is Toncan!

Question your dealer closely on this point. If he says, "This article is made of Toncan" . . . you know it's honest. You know that its maker is reliable; you know that the glistening surface is on there to stay.

For it's the metal under the enamel surface that counts! Enamel is baked on this metal in an oven of terrific heat. The slightest flaw, the most minute imperfection in the base metal causes the surface to chip, to blister, to crack.

Perhaps it might take years for these imperfections to make themselves apparent. But it's safe, it's sure, it's positive protection to secure a Toncan base whenever you buy enamel-made household utilities.

Remember this point... Toncan means life service.

TONCAN COPPER Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

Central Alloy Steel Division

REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION · YOUNGSTOWN, O.

Mark the man who gets ahead ! You'll note his Face is Fit

The man who gets ahead! Character, health, industry—these are the things you'll mark in him. Then, not less, to cap them all, *Face Fitness.*

And, as naturally as their feet are set in pathways of success, millions of these oncoming men turn every morning for the *Face Fitness* they know is essential to Williams Shaving Service—WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM and AQUA VELVA!

First the Williams lather, quick and thick. Lather that has been for ninety years the Standard by which all others have been judged. To feel it rise in copious coolness on your face is one of the real pleasures of the day. It's a coolness that comes from the expert blending of proven ingredients; coolness that leaves no after-sting.

The Williams lather is lather for the skin as well as for the beard. Of course the drug clerk says, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Then Aqua Velva. Made just for after-shaving. Scientifically made to meet the needs of the newly shaven skin. It gives a lively thrill that seems to wake up sluggish tissue. Takes care of tiny nicks, abrasions—often there without your knowing it. Protects from dust and germs. Conserves the natural moisture that's essential to good complexions. *Keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit.

Williams Shaving Service in the morning. Quick and cool and pleasant. Then all day a face that's comfortable, well conditioned, Fit. The coupon, or a post card, will bring you a Free Trial Size of each product. They will offer pleasant proof.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very New! Ask your dealer.

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. P40, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 3883 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL

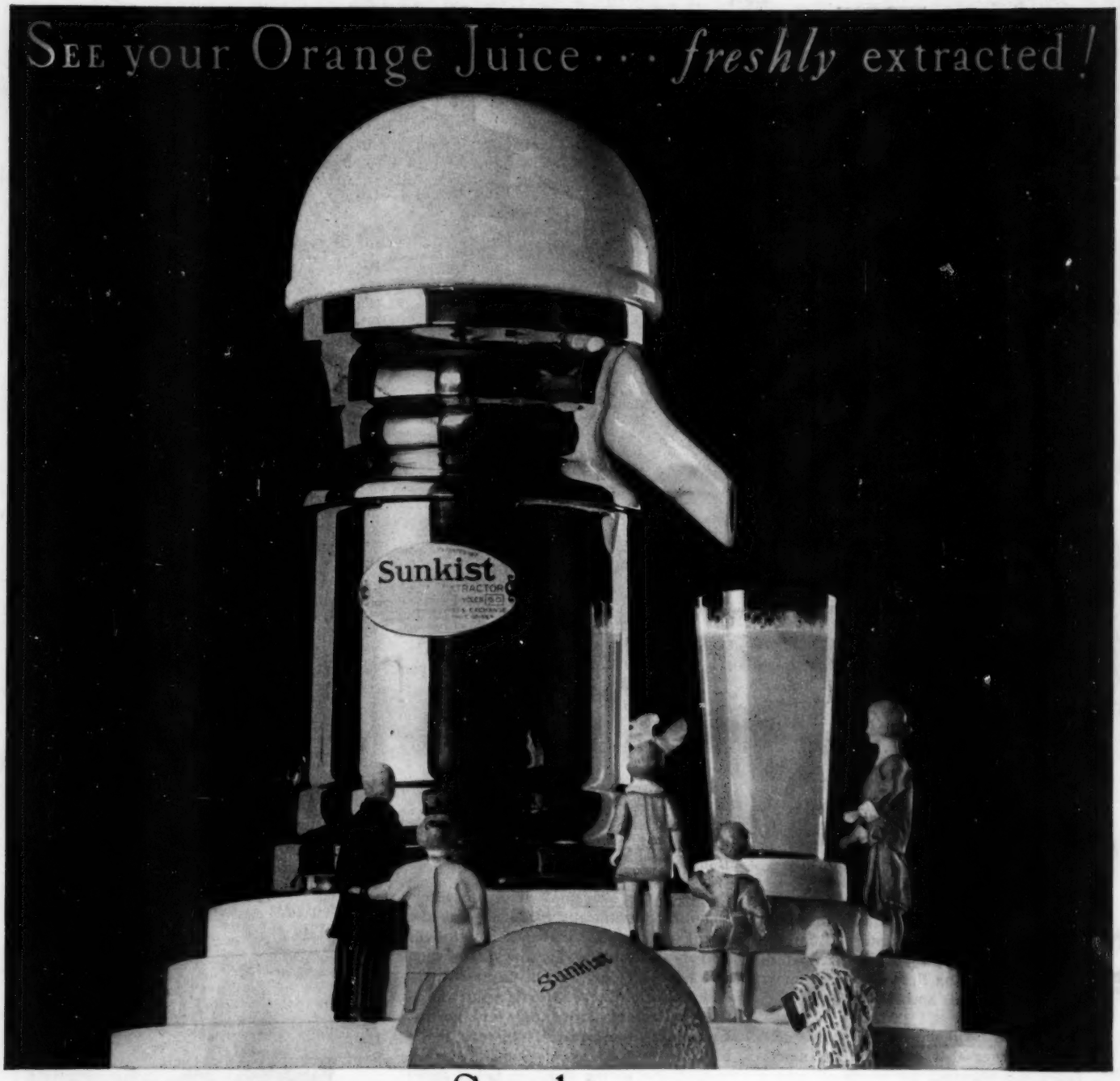
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

.....

.....

.....

See your Orange Juice . . . *freshly* extracted!



CALIFORNIA SUNKIST ORANGE JUICE is of such prime health importance that you should guard against impositions flaunting the word "orange" and inferring it to be pure juice. *Only freshly extracted Orange Juice contains the health-making elements your body so greatly needs.*

Your safeguard away from home is the fresh fruit drink fountain displaying the big Sunkist Extractor —assurance that the orange juice will be extracted before your eyes. More than 55,000 Sunkist Extractors minister to health-seeking millions every day.

California Sunkist Oranges have been proved by science to have the richest juice and finest flavor . . . what your taste always told you . . . and extra-rich in vitamins and mineral salts. A further suggestion:

The health value of Orange Juice is increased by adding to each glass the fresh juice of half a Sunkist Lemon. Lemons, like Oranges, are among the chief sources of vitamin "C" which cannot be stored in the body longer than 24 hours *and must be replenished each day.* You should drink two eight-ounce glasses of combined Orange Juice and Lemon Juice daily to supply an adequate quantity of this vitamin.

Start the day . . . RIGHT . . . with *fresh* Sunkist Orange and Lemon Juice—and repeat as often as you like—to correct logginess, headaches, loss of appetite, sour stomach, "biliousness." Each is a symptom of Acidosis, caused by over-indulgence in acid-forming foods. Oranges and Lemons, though acid in taste, are *alkaline in reaction* and potent preventives and correctives of this prevalent malady.

Send to the address in the adjoining column for the popular free book "Telling Fortunes with Foods" which discusses Acidosis and presents normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing menus approved by an eminent authority.

The trademark "Sunkist" on skin and on tissue wrapper assures dependable quality. © 1930 C. F. G. E.

Sunkist *California* Orange Juice

Richest Juice

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor; simple to operate; only two instantly removable parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the Orange or Lemon Juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. Obtainable with alabaster glass bowl, $14.95, delivered in U. S. A. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check or money order to address below. Canada delivery price $19.95. Send for new free catalog of "Sunkist Health Hints and Household Accessories."

Finest Flavor

Dealers using the Sunkist Extractor make drinks to your order from fresh Oranges and Lemons rather than serve synthetic compounds. Look for this machine. It is visible assurance of the use of fresh fruit juice. PROSPECTIVE Buyers: Write to address below for full information about the unusual profit-making possibilities and practical merchandising cooperation offered with this speedy, efficient machine. Please state business.

ADDRESS—CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
DEPT. 106, BOX 530, STATION "C," LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA